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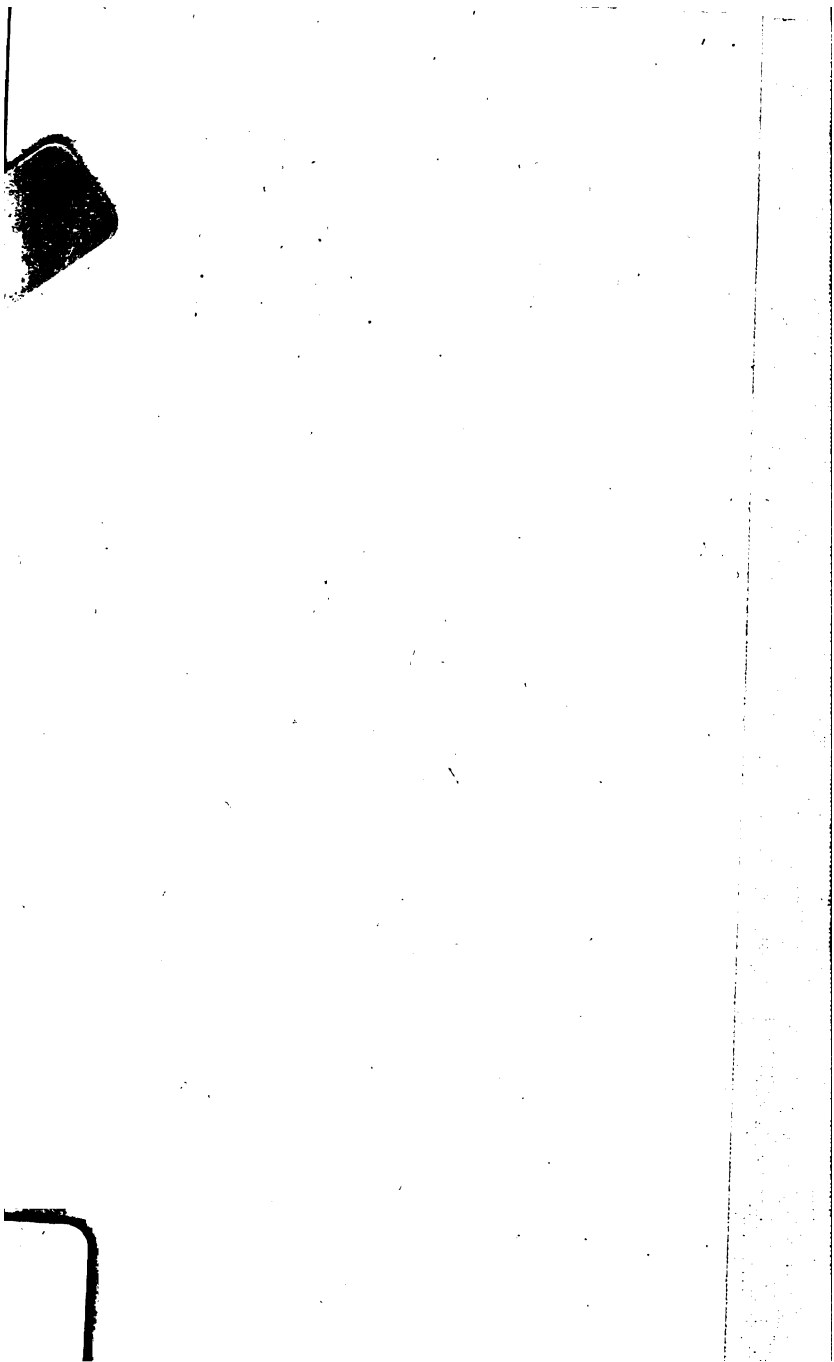
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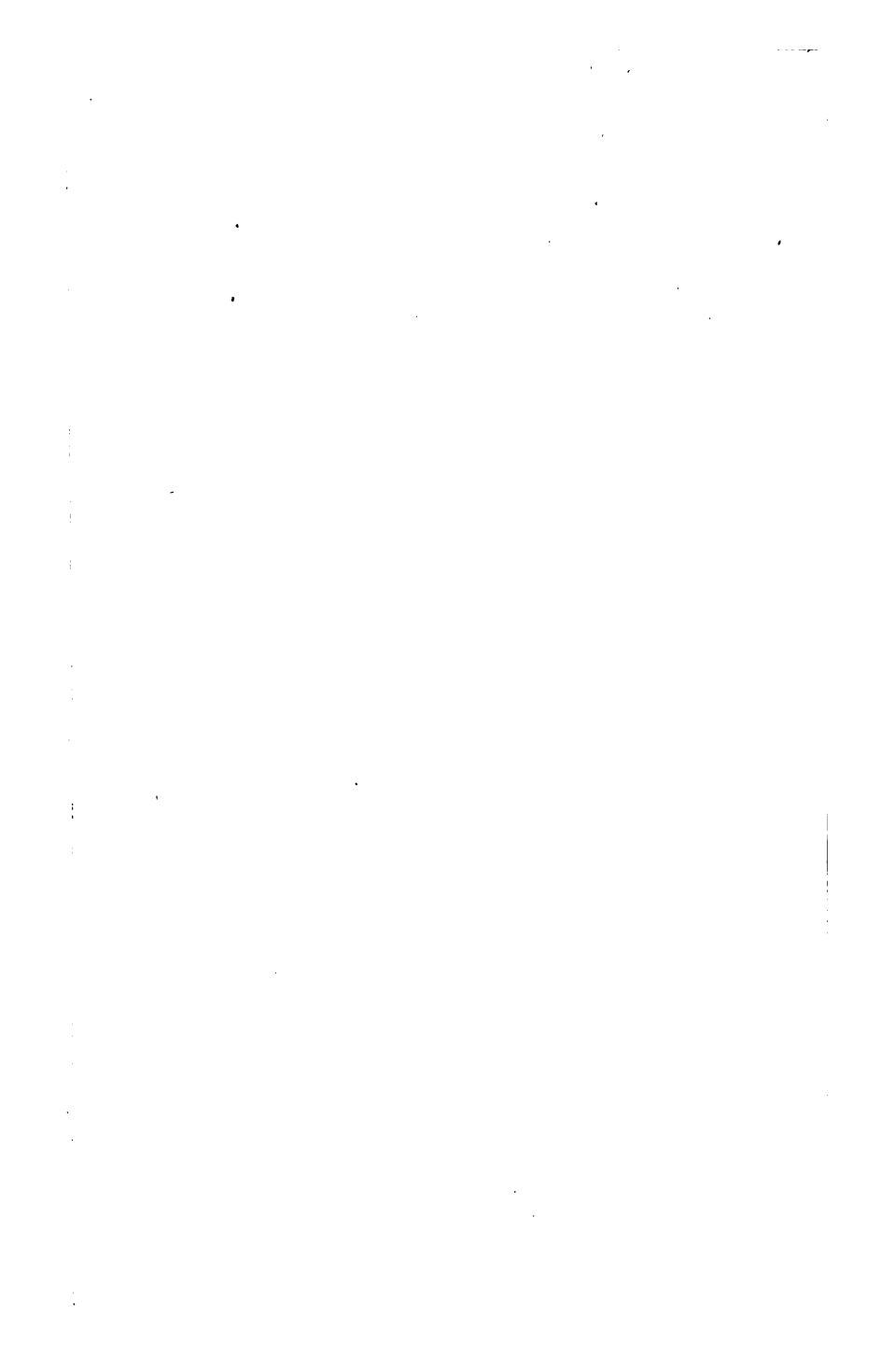
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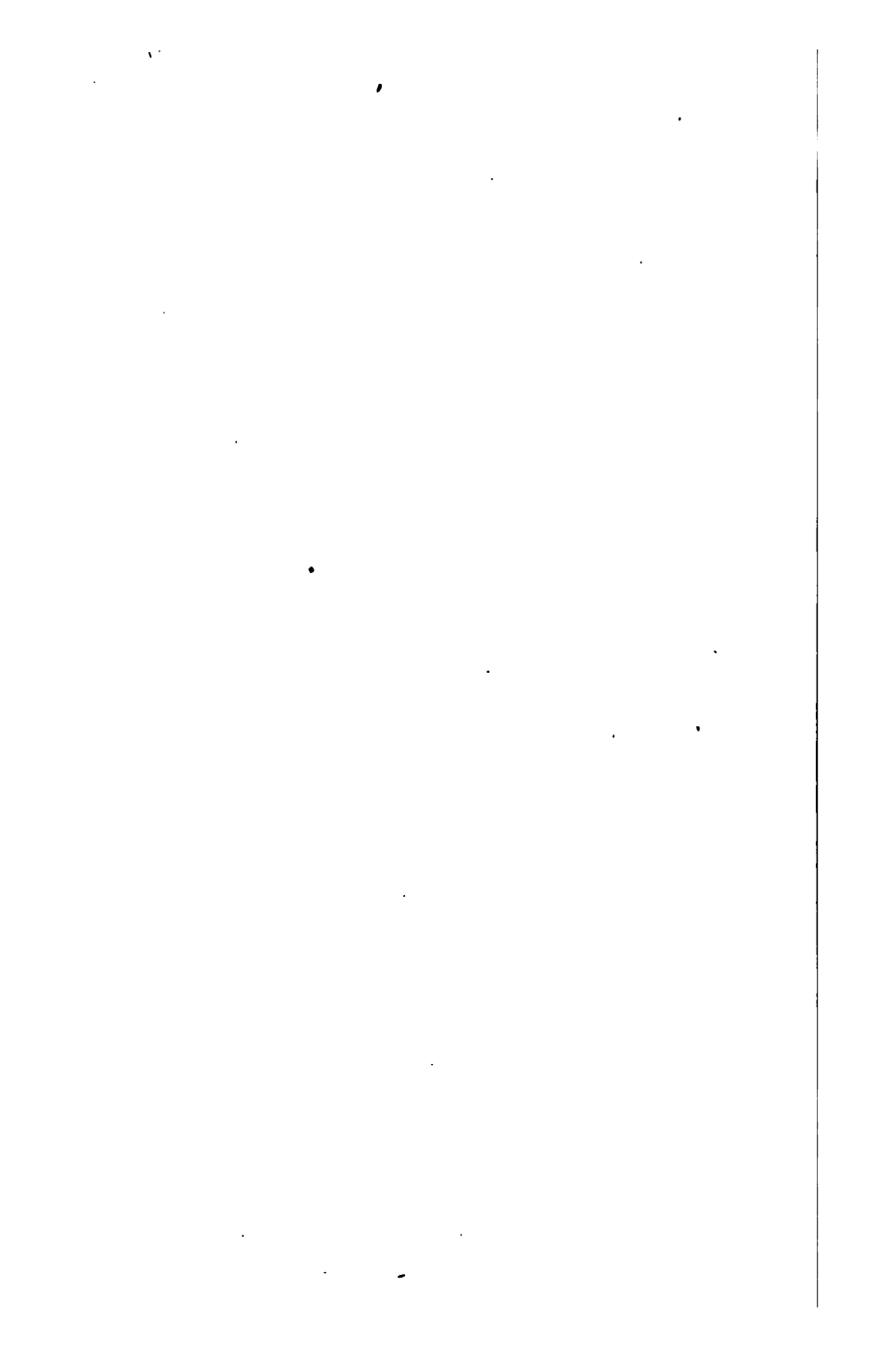


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**CORRESPONDENCE**  
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**COMPRISING**  
**SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES**  
**OF**  
**GOETHE, THE SCHLEGELS, WIELAND**  
**AND OTHER CONTEMPORARIES.**

**WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND NOTES,**

**BY LEONARD SIMPSON, ESQ.**

**IN THREE VOLUMES.**

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stances, what more can the reader demand of me, than to entertain him with an interesting subject in as agreeable a manner as possible? But I think you have missed the mark, in seeking for the impulses of the Prince's actions in his philosophy: they should rather be sought in his wavering between that philosophy, and his former predilections, and in the insufficiency of his reasoning, which led to indecision of character. Your mistake consists in seeking the main-spring of his actions in this philosophy, whilst the motives are to be found in his dissatisfaction with that philosophy, which, as you say, is imperfect and inconsistent, and this makes him miserable; and he endeavours to escape from such a state of unhappiness, by drawing closer towards his fellow-men. I rejoice, however, that we agree on many points; but some passages would, I thought, have had more effect upon you. But this may arise from the fact, that the ideas they contain are not new to you; whilst I, who have read but little in this line, was obliged to spin them all out of my own brain. The proof, for example, that morality depends solely on greater or less activity, seems to me well established. I have, moreover, increased my store of knowledge by this work, and that is better than if I were paid ten dollars a sheet for it. Compare this philosophy (apart from that which I was obliged to give the Prince as a poetical personage) with the philosophy of Julius, and you will find it more matured, and on a sounder foundation.

I perfectly coincide with your judgment of the 'Iphigenia,' and I adopt your reasons for excusing my occupying my time in translating it, as my own—namely, that I may acquire greater simplicity in plan and style. To which you may add, that a closer

acquaintance with the Greek writers, will make me more familiar with the True and the Beautiful, and will enable me, by rejecting what is bad, to form an Ideal which will correct and give a finish to my style; and, therefore, you will not chide me for sacrificing an odd hour to them. It is true, they have cost me both time and labour, especially the worst parts of 'Euripides.' The choruses gain by my translation; that is to say, what they would not have gained by another translator, for the diction in the original imparts great beauty to them. When you have seen the last two acts, (which will, perhaps, give you a better idea of the original, as well as of the translation), compare my translation with the Latin version of Joshua Barnes,—for this Latin version was, properly speaking, my original. You will then perhaps allow, that no small *quantum* of enthusiasm was necessary, and that there is a great deal of original matter in the translation, to produce it in its present shape. I challenge many of our poets, who pride themselves upon their Greek and Latin, to do what I have done from so cold a subject. Like them, it was not in my power to make use of the *finesses* of the Greek text. I was obliged to guess at my original, or rather to create a new one.

I cannot help laughing, when I think over all I have written to you about Goethe. You will have acquired a deep insight into my weak points, and have inwardly chuckled at me; but let it be so. I wish you to know me as I am. This man—this Goethe—is in my way; and he reminds me so often how hard fate has been upon me! How tenderly was his genius nursed by fate, whilst I am still compelled to struggle against it! It is too late for me to make up for all the time that has been lost, and after thirty it is too

late for a man to re-model himself; nor could I attempt to do so for three or four years to come, as I have, at least, four years still to sacrifice to my destiny. But I pluck up a good heart, and look forward to a happy change for the future.

If you could procure me within a year a wife, with an income of 12,000 dollars, for whom I could feel an attachment, I would then, in five years, write you a 'Frederickiad,'\* a classic tragedy—as you so insist upon it—and half-a-dozen fine odes.

You are desirous to know my mode of living here. You have guessed it. I see very little company. On my return from Rudolstadt, people at first wondered at the retired life I led; they soon got accustomed to it, and nobody now thinks about it. I refused invitations to dinners and suppers, and, at last, I received none. Bertuch, Councillor Voigt, and some others, visit me at times, and I them: a month often elapses between my visits to Wieland, and I drop him a line, if requisite, on matters of business. My acquaintance with him gets on in this manner, and I can increase or relax it at pleasure.

My most frequent visits are to Charlotte. She is in much better health and spirits than she was last winter. But since my return I have imbibed certain principles of liberty and independence in my actions, to which my relation with her and all others must give place. All romantic castles in the air must fall in, and the solid structures alone remain. Our friendship has daily new charms for me, and has had the most beneficial influence upon me. I could not now form such another, for you would scarcely believe

\* An epic poem on Frederick the Great.

how much of the misanthrope is mixed up in my manner of thinking. Sorrows, misjudgments of men, frustrated hopes, have rendered me timid and distrustful. I have lost the light-hearted lively faith I once placed in Man; and therefore my confidence in the professions of friendship from a man is easily shaken, especially if I have reason to suppose that his judgment and his inclinations are not yet settled on a firm basis.

Why should we live thus separated from each other? If I had not so deeply felt the degradation of my mind before I left you, I should have never done so, or should have speedily returned to you. But it is sad, that the happiness which our living together procured me, was incompatible with the only circumstance which I could not even sacrifice to friendship—the inner existence of my mind. I shall never repent me of this step, as it was good and necessary; but still it is a cruel privation, a hard sacrifice, for an uncertain blessing.

You will presume that I am to-day in a dissatisfied or hypochondriacal humour; but it is not so. It was thinking on my present position which engendered these thoughts. A pleasant existence awaits me at Jena, from which I hope to derive many advantages. I cannot live there, as hitherto, an isolated life, as I shall be what I never was before, a member of a society which holds more or less together. At Jena I shall become a citizen who has certain external obligations to attend to; and as the latter are not distressing, and I have no one placed over me, I hope to accustom myself to them. I shall have many things to write to you as soon as I get settled there. There are many who look forward to my arrival with pleasure. The Schützes will give me a hearty welcome. I do not promise you

that I shall not engage myself soon, if a favourable opportunity offers. What I stand most in need of is peace of mind—from which all my nobler joys proceed. Can I be too eager to ensure this? I must be the whole artist or nothing.

Write to me soon if you have time. You did not say on what day my last letter reached you. Let me know, as there is a change in the postal arrangements. I did not receive your letter of the 3rd March until the 9th.

SCHILLER.

Weimar, 3 March, 1789.

A cold in the head has prevented me from working, so I have been indulging by giving the reins to my imagination. Your idea of an epic poem on Frederick II. is beginning to take some shape in my mind, and affords me many a pleasant hour. I think I may, sooner or later, set to work at it. I do not think I am deficient in the requisite talents for an epic poem. You will allow that I am well versed in all the events of that day, (which will be the main axle on which the poem must turn), and a profound study of Homer will make me equal to the task.

An epic poem in the eighteenth century must be something essentially different from one when the world was in swaddling clothes, and this is what chiefly attracts me. As in the 'Iliad,' the different branches of Greek culture are laid before the reader; in the same manner our customs, philosophy, our administration, the arts and sciences, must be perfectly revealed in harmonious unison. You will understand what I mean. Nor do I feel disinclined to invent the necessary machinery for this work. I should make it a point to fulfil all that is

requisite for an epic poem in form and matter. It is customary (and perhaps justly so) not to allow any work to be styled classic unless its species be distinctly discernible. This machinery, however, which, with a modern subject, in so prosy an age, seems to offer the greatest difficulties, may increase the interest in a high degree if adapted to this modern spirit. All sorts of obscure ideas are rolling about in my head on the subject, but something good may yet come out of them. You will, however, scarcely guess what metre I should decidedly choose for the poem? No other than *ottave rime*. Any others, iambics excepted, are hateful to me as death. And with what elegance serious and noble thoughts would appear in such pleasant fetters! How the poem would gain by the easy flow of soft-sounding rhymes! It must be written so that it may be sung, as the Greek peasants sang the 'Iliad,' and as the Gondoliers of Venice sing the stanzas of 'Jerusalem Delivered.' I feel myself capable of writing good verses, and a few passages in my poem of the 'Künstler' will prove to you that I am not wrong in making the assertion. I have also thought what event of his life I should select. I should prefer one of misfortune, which would allow a more poetical development of his character. The battle of Collin, for example, or the victory of Prague, which preceded it; or the melancholy combination before the decease of the Empress Elizabeth, which found so happy and romantic a solution in her death.

The main action should be as simple as possible, so as to allow a broad view of the whole chain of events, however rich in details the different episodes might be. I could pourtray his whole life and the age he lived in, and I could not find a fitter model than the 'Iliad.'

Homer, for example, makes a characteristic enumeration of the allied Greeks, and of the Trojan host. How interesting it would be to pourtray in vivid colours the principal nations of Europe, their national character, their governments, and to give a rapid sketch of their history in six or eight verses. How interesting for the present age! Statistics, commerce, agriculture, religion, laws,—all this might be pourtrayed in a few lines. The German Diet, the English Parliament, the Conclave at Rome, &c. I should also pay an honourable tribute to Voltaire. Whatever it might cost me, I should place the free-thinker in a glorious light, and the whole poem should bear that stamp.

Let us have some conversation on this subject.

I expect this week the official announcement of my call to Jena. The rescripts are already there, and I have already sent the notification of my lectures for the summer term. As I did not wish to have too much work on my hands this summer, and yet at the same time it was requisite that I should commence with Universal History,—as otherwise my colleague Heinrich might have appropriated it to himself as a *res derelicta*—I have announced public lectures on Universal History, and private lectures on my 'Revolution in the Netherlands,' which latter, however, I do not purpose giving. I have been told that it was quite optional: I need only say that I had not a sufficient number of pupils, or some such excuse. In October, however, I shall change matters entirely, making the latter the subject of my public lectures, and Universal History of my private one, by which means many who might attend my public lectures, because they cost them nothing, may be induced to subscribe to them in private. I have this moment received a letter from Schütz, who

advises me not to announce any private lectures, lest it should be a drawback to my first appearance in public. Schütz has procured me chambers which, comprising furniture and a lecture-room, will not cost me more than forty dollars. As soon as I have obtained an interview with the Duke, and received the official notification of my appointment, I shall run over to Jena for a day and make my arrangements.

I forgot to answer some of your questions. I have nothing further to tell you about the 'Memoirs,' except that I should like you to send me some extracts from English history, of the Middle Ages. I have come to an arrangement about the French memoirs. As my knowledge of English is so small, I cannot give you further instructions. The collection of French memoirs, of which I spoke to you lately, is published periodically at Paris, beginning with Joinville under St. Louis. But I shall commence with the 'Mémoires de Comines.' Two volumes will be devoted to French history, one to English, and the fourth to German, Spanish, and Italian history alternately, as the case may be. As regards the working of the 'Memoirs,' I send you the following as a guide:

1. To reject everything in the shape of pedantic effusion, so as to reduce the original one half, if possible.

2. To preserve all characteristic traits, however insignificant, and to touch on well-known facts as shortly as possible.

3. To enrich the original with notes of a nature to enhance its historical value.

4. To give a free translation, making literal translation subservient to style.

I enclose you my contract with Mauke, which will



put you *au courant* of the rest, as also a journal with a critique on the French publication. The appearance of a publication in France at the same time as ours, is a favourable circumstance. I leave you *carte blanche* as regards the selection of the English memoirs, and shall not give myself any more trouble about them. I only recommend you to get them of as old a date as possible. It will be as well to tell you what I mean by 'Memoirs.' First, the writer must have been an eye-witness of the events of which he narrates. Secondly, he must describe some great event in which many persons took part, or else the life of one celebrated man who witnessed many events;—therefore neither chronicles nor history. Thirdly, he must throw new light upon known events. When you have thought the matter over, let me hear your opinion.

Dresden, 19 March, 1789.

I have three of your letters to answer, and your poem of the 'Künstler' is before me. Where shall I begin? But the man has precedence of the poet, therefore your letters first. You may fancy that your opinion, and that of Wieland on my treatise, have considerably flattered my vanity. But I am still more anxious to hear Wieland's opinion on the work I have now in hand. Its title is 'On undue severity against Enthusiasm.' I hope to send it to you by to-day's post.

I do not find any similarity between your style and Gibbon's, except that at times he is too ornamental. But it is of a different description. In your endeavours to make a narrative as vivid as possible, ideas arise before you more fitting for the poet than for the his-

tarian. Gibbon, on the contrary, endeavours to shine by philosophical observations, and these are often neither so natural nor of such value as yours.

I have read the first part of the '*Histoire Secrète.*' What interested me most, and which is really well written, is the description of the Duke of Brunswick. Your Duke will not be over-well pleased with the observations made upon him. In other respects we Saxons came off scot-free. The position of the writer, however, which he cannot conceal, has a bad effect. His observations are not those of an independent citizen of the world, nor of a man of business, who has an honourable situation. He is continually begging for an ambassadorial appointment, and endeavours to make his news a means to attain that end. His observations, however, are clever, and, as far as I am capable of judging, correct.

I wish I could have an hour's conversation with you upon your personal affairs. Letters are but poor speakers on such matters. These are subjects which can only be treated orally. Only avoid hypochondria and all will go well. For your years you have done much, and your progress has been great. Compare '*Carlos*' with the '*Robbers*,' the '*Künstler*' with any other poem from the '*Anthology*,' your style in the first number of the '*Thalia*,' with that in the last, or with the '*Netherlands*.' How much time did not Lessing need between his '*Young Philosopher*' and his '*Minna*?' It is a great advantage to you that your mind is enriched by the large extent of your memory. Every scrap of knowledge receives life in your brain. The most base metal is turned into gold by a sort of alchemy of enthusiasm. It is essential, however, that all your wants should be provided for,

and I think the 'Memoirs' will do this. It is much better that you should confine yourself to public lectures during the first half year. Do not undertake more professional duties than can be expected of you. If you throw up the 'Thalia,' you will have more time for study and other works of a higher order. You have not time to undertake an epic poem, a Professorship, the 'Memoirs,' &c., all at the same time. And now for a few remarks on your poem 'Die Künstler.' I do not think that any of your works does you so much honour as this one. The commencement is incomparable, and it contains many passages of surpassing beauty. The elegance of the verse and language, combined with the richness of the ideas, has never been equalled in Germany. What I miss in the poem is a want of clearness at times, which is, however, almost essential in the poem. On the first reading, I think the intellectual reader ought to understand the poet, even should he not dive to the full depth of his meaning. And even a less thinking public must connect an idea with the words, though this idea becomes more developed, in proportion as the soul of the reader approaches nearer to that of the poet. The best passages in the poem, where philosophical substance is clothed in poetical language, are the most clear. I regret now that I did not commence my letter with the poem, as I must conclude in haste. You have given me a pleasant hour. You know how my spirit rises to the spell of your best powers. I am proud that I can understand you.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 26 March, 1789.

I have been to Jena to look out for chambers, and have succeeded pretty well to my satisfaction. The urbanity of my good friends there, will greatly facilitate my first entrance. I have also seen a specimen of their social arrangements. There is a club there, established half-yearly by the professors, to which a certain number of students are admitted. Balls and concerts are given there. I went there one evening : there were about one hundred persons present, and, considering that more than one-half were students, it passed off quietly enough. The subscription is eight dollars for the half-year, which includes five-and-twenty suppers :—wine of course is an extra. I have subscribed to it without, however, expecting much pleasure from it. It is a saving of time, as much may be done there which would be tedious in one's own room. There are a good many young men appointed at Jena, who promise well for forming an agreeable society. A young countryman of mine, of the name of Paulus, has been appointed Professor of the Oriental Languages ; a Dr. Basch, well versed in Natural History, is also worthy of a nearer acquaintance. These, with Reinhold, Hufeland, Schütz, and others, will form agreeable acquaintances. Of a more refined society, especially of educated women, I fear there is a bad chance. Griessbach's house is the most run upon, but there is nothing there. I hope to spend some pleasant hours at Reinhold's. On the whole, however, I perceive that I shall have to rely principally upon study, the fine country, and our correspondence.

There is no lecture-room attached to my chambers, but I did not seek one, as it would have added to the price ; and Döderlein's and Reinhold's are at my ser-

vice. I shall, therefore, probably begin my lectures in a theological lecture-room. I have already issued the printed announcement of a series of public lectures on Universal History. I leave this for Jena in the first week of May, and shall open shop\* in the middle of the month.

As you may imagine, I am now reading hard at historical works. To have a certain plan of action, I have selected 'Millot's Universal History.' Beck's is too voluminous, and the notes take up more room than the text; a method which does not please me, and shows want of taste. It is, however, of service to me, as it often sets the Frenchman to rights. I have ordered Schröck's 'Universal History' to be sent to me from Leipzig; and with these three, aided by Robertson, Gibbon, Bossuet, and Schmidt, I hope to be enabled to produce something good. But, dating from this summer, I shall make myself well acquainted with all the best historical authors. In Spittler's 'Sketch of the History of the Church,' which I am now reading, I find a great deal of very interesting matter, which may lead to future investigation. A real Universal History ought, in fact, to consist of the history of philosophy, of the arts, of customs, of commerce, and of politics. I have such a plan in view, and shall soon put my hand to the work. What I have read of Gibbon—that is to say, all that has been translated, consisting of the first two parts—has given me, a great deal of information, although I must confess I should not select him as my model. It is a work of genius, of deep study, and great reading; but it is not free from a certain juvenility, and at times from a forced

\* A literal translation.

style, wanting in taste. Much, on the other hand, is collected and produced with a masterly hand. I look impatiently forward to the continuation of it. If you have the opportunity, I wish you would send me a few historical works from your library, which I may not be able to procure at Jena. But I shall first make inquiries.

You have been a long time without writing to me. I sent you a parcel from Jena about a fortnight since, containing three numbers of the 'Mercury,' which you must have received by this. If you do not like the 'Mercury,' do not keep it on my account. I shall keep it for my father or my sister, who are always glad to read anything of mine.

SCHILLER.

Weimar, 30 March, 1789.

I received your letter just as I had put mine in the post. It gave me great pleasure. Your judgment of my poem answers all my expectations. I was certain we would understand each other. I fear that your too remarks about some passages being obscure, are correct. I have heard the same remark made here. Wieland does not understand some passages. I am the more vexed at this, as these very passages contain some excellent ideas which I should have liked to have made as clear as possible. Let us take, for instance, the passages you alluded to:—

1. '*Das kind der Schönheit—empfangen.*' What I mean is this; every work of Art, each work of Beauty, forms a complete whole; and as long as it occupies the artist, it is the sole engrossing object of his thoughts: thus, for example, a single statue, a single column, a poetical description; each is self-

sufficing. It can exist for itself, and is perfect in itself. But then, I say, that as Art progresses, this perfect whole is split into parts of a new and greater one ; its final destination is then no longer in itself, but it has an ulterior object ; and thence, I say, it has lost its crown\*. The statue which before reigned supreme, cedes that distinction to the temple which it adorns ; the character of a Hector is in itself perfect, but is only a subordinate member of the 'Iliad ;' the single column is an addition to the symmetry of the building. The more rich and perfect is Art, the greater number of perfections does it offer to our enjoyment ; each perfect in itself, but contributing to form one great work, and the greater exuberance of multiplicity is offered to us in unity. When I further say, that the Zeus of Phidias bends in the temple at Olympia, I say nothing else than that : this statue, which in itself would be an object of universal admiration, loses that high standard as soon as it is placed in the temple, and only adds its share to the combined majesty of the edifice. But the peculiar beauty of this passage consists in the allusion to the bending position of the Olympian Jupiter which was in a sitting posture in this temple, and

- \* " Die Säule muss, dem Gleichmass unterthan  
An ihre Schwestern nachbarlich sich schliessen  
Der Held im Heldenheer zerfliessen."

(*Die Künstler.*)

- " Und eine zweite höh're Kunst entstand  
Aus Schöpfungen der Menschenhand.  
Das Kind der Schönheit, sich allein genug,  
Vollendet schon aus eurer Hand gegangen  
*Verliert die Krone* die es trug  
Sobald es Wirklichkeit empfangen."

(*Die Künstler.*)

placed in such a manner, that it would have borne away the roof of the temple if it had stood upright. The reader who is aware of this fact, will be pleased with this side allusion. This bent posture of the Olympian Jupiter always greatly pleased me, as it says as much as this, that the Divine Majesty had condescended to adapt itself to the circumscribed position of Man, for if he had stood upright—that is to say, appeared as God, inevitable destruction would have followed.\*

2. *‘Die seine Gier nicht in sein Wesen reist.’*  
Every sensual desire has its origin in a certain impulse to incorporate with itself the object of that desire to draw it forcibly to itself, from the taste of the palate

\* The Temple of the Olympian Jupiter was situated in the plain of Olympia, in the sacred valley in Elis, on the right bank of the river Alpheus. This master-piece of Phidias, was like the statue of Pallas, made of ivory and gold, and was, without the pedestal, forty feet high, with the pedestal sixty. Jupiter was represented sitting on a *θρόνος*. The great richness with which the throne, pedestal and sceptre of this simple but majestic representation of the Father of the Gods were adorned; the profound wisdom in the preparations of the colossal work, and the sublime idea which the artist had formed and here embodied of the majesty of Zeus, made this statue one of the wonders of the ancient world. The idea of Zeus is said to have been suggested to Phidias by the celebrated verses of Homer (Il. i. 528) and the impression which the God in this work, made upon the beholder was that of a God ruling in omnipotence, and yet graciously inclined to listen to the prayers of Man and to grant his wishes. *Vide* description of Pausanias, v. 11; Comp. Liv. xiv. 28; Quinct. xii. 10. § 9; Quatremè rede Quincy, Jupiter Olympien, ii. 11. Flaxman, Lectures on Sculpture, pl. 19 and 20. The statue existed till A.D. 415, when it was destroyed in the conflagration at Constantinople, whither it had been transported by the Emperor Theodosius I.



to sensual love. Several desires destroy their object by incorporating it with themselves.

3. '*Der Leidenschaften wilden Drang—in den Weltenlauf.*' The moral phenomena of the passions, the actions, the doctrines of Man, which in the mighty course of nature cannot always be followed, and may be overlooked, become materials in the hand of the poet. He makes them subservient to his artistic views, by attributing actions to this or that passion, &c. Man by degrees applies these artistic proportions to nature; and if he discovers in himself or around him any of the phenomena alluded to, he attributes to them certain qualities—that is to say, he fancies himself a part or member of a system. His mind, artificially prepared for a love of harmony, can no longer suffer discord. He seeks symmetry in everything, the symmetry which Art has revealed to him. But:

4. He applies this law of symmetry too soon to real life, as many parts of this great edifice are still hidden from his sight. To satisfy, therefore, this feeling for symmetry, he is compelled to have recourse to Art. Thus, for example, he wanted the necessary light to be able to take a general view of the life of Man, so as to recognize therein the beautiful proportions of morality and bliss; in his simple mind he found disproportions; but as his mind has become familiar with symmetry, from the poetical powers of his mind he adds a second tie to life, dissolving in the second the disproportions he finds in the first. This gave rise to the poetry of an Immortality. Immortality is the offspring of a feeling for symmetry, according to which Man endeavoured to judge the moral world before he had acquired a perfect knowledge of it.

The comparison: '*Der Schatten in des Mondes Angesichte,*' &c., has a high value in my opinion. I compare the life of Man, in the preceding verses, to an arch, that is to say, to an imperfect portion of a circle, which is continued through the night of the tomb to complete the circle; (to be governed by a feeling for the Beautiful, or for the Arts, is nothing more nor less than a striving towards perfection). Now the young moon is such an arch, and the remainder of the circle is not visible. I, therefore, place two youths side by side, the one with a lighted torch, the other with his torch extinguished. I compare the former to that portion of the moon which is light, and the latter with that part which is in darkness, or what comes to the same. The ancients represented Death as a youth, of as beautiful a shape and countenance as his brother, Life\*; but they placed an inverted torch in his hand, to signify that he was invisible, in like manner as we believe in the full circle of the moon, although it appears to us only as a portion of a circle, or a horn. I had a comparison of Ossian in my mind at the time, which I endeavoured to ennoble. Ossian, speaking of a man at death's door, says—"Death stood behind him like the dark side of the moon behind its silver horn." The whole of this verse must, in fact, be read with the principal idea present to the mind—namely, that Man once aroused to a feeling of Beauty, Harmony, and Symmetry, cannot rest until all around him is unison, or—what comes to the same—until he has given the most perfect shape possible to everything near him.

\* Da zeigte sich mit umgesturzttem Lichte  
An Kastor angelehnt, ein blühend Pollux Bild.—  
(*Die Künstler.*)

I find it a difficult task to be my own commentator—at least, on paper; in conversation I could soon explain to you all I mean, but perhaps after all the above may suffice.

I am very curious to see your new Treatise. I think I can make a shrewd guess at its contents; and no doubt your old ideas on enthusiasm have found a good place in it. Send it to me as soon as possible.

SCHILLER.

I have a P.S. to add. A personage here, said to be a man of taste and feeling, read my poem of the 'Künstler.' I had occasion to speak with him on the subject. There were *some* (he laid stress upon the word I have underlined) passages in it, he said, which pleased him exceedingly; but some did not, especially where a distinction between mind and body is presupposed. (This somebody is a great *materialist*.) He said the verses were good and harmonious. The commencement of the poem was not to his liking. When I asked him for his reasons, he said it was owing to the expression. "*O Mensch!*" which gave rise to hateful feelings, &c.\* I wish you would write me your opinion concerning this criticism. I will give you my reasons another time.

N.B. This fellow (*dieser Mensch*) thought at the time he was saying something very civil to me. He told me on a previous occasion that poetry had such

\* *O Mensch!*—in this instance—O Man! The word *Mensch* is however used in German to stigmatize any person for low or vulgar habits. *Der Mensch da*, with a tone of contempt, is equivalent to "that fellow." *Ein Weib-mensch*—a woman of bad character *Mensch*, however, is employed to express mankind in general—Man.—*Translator*.

an effect upon him, that he could scarcely help kissing any book that gave him pleasure. Forget not to send me your true opinion on this person, who is however a stranger to you ; but do so on a separate sheet of paper.

I send this off at once, and have no time to write to you more fully to day. Before this day fortnight has elapsed I shall send you one hundred and fifty dollars for Beit ; you may therefore tell him so. I will pay him the remainder at the end of the year, or at Michaelmas. I am curious to see your Treatise. I enclose you an article by Reinhold, which is highly spoken of. Towards the end of May, Bode will be paying you a visit, which will cost you a few flasks of Rhenish. He is the author of the work entitled 'More Notes than Text ;' but he wishes it to be kept a secret. His ideas on Freemasonry will no longer interest you, nor will he probably himself ; but he is a person of some reputation, and it is as well you should know him personally. He is fond of having attention paid him, and endeavours to be a favourite with the ladies ; Minna and Dorchen must therefore do their best. He is a kind-hearted soul, and deserving of some consideration. I have a bit of political news. It was the King of Sweden himself who gave orders to his ambassador to commit the act of murderous incendiarism in question. I had it from the Countess Bernsdorf, who is a good authority.

Dresden, 31 March, 1789.

During your absence from Weimar a letter from me must have arrived, which I posted on the 20th. I trust you have received it by this. Your letter about Jena makes me hope that your life there will be pleasant enough : you are at least certain of some society.

There is one idea in your letter—a most excellent idea no doubt—but which makes me tremble for you. It seems that history will share the same fate with you as other things, which it was your intention to make accessories, and which excited your enthusiasm in a manner that did not harmonize with your interests. Your idea of a Universal History is excellent; but to carry it out to your satisfaction it would be necessary for you to throw up every other occupation. It would require the whole of a man's life. I do not wish in any way to spoil the perspective of what will be your chief occupation. All I wish is, that you should not aim too high, and that you should be content with satisfying the expectations of your auditory, not giving yourself more trouble than is compatible with your circumstances. Your idea, or something approaching it, would gradually form itself.

I think Gibbon a first-rate hand in the selection of his materials, but not in his manner of using them. He comprises pretty nearly everything that appertains to the Universal History of the time about which he writes, and especially of the Middle Ages, where reliable sources are difficult to be had: he may be of essential service to you. I should almost recommend you to get the French translation, as the German translation will not be ready for a year or two. Or could you not read it in English? It would be a good opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the language. You could rub up your grammar in a very short time, and you could commence reading the first part with the translation to help you. I'd lay a wager that after having thus read half of the first volume, you might read the rest without any further assistance. I will send you any historical works I possess, that you cannot

obtain at Jena. The only two that I cannot well spare are Bayle, and the Historical Lexicon.

I perfectly agree with you about the 'Memoirs,' and shall hunt out the ablest English memoirs I can, so as to set to work at once.

I am still brooding over your poem, and cannot yet bring my ideas to bear upon it clearly, both as regards its philosophical and poetical structure. You may prepare yourself for a long sermon upon it, when I shall also give you my opinion of Moritz's pamphlet. I am glad you have not relinquished the idea of an epic poem on Frederick. Your idea of making it a monument of the age pleased me exceedingly. I have also no objections against the *ottave rime*. But is the ordinary usual machinery of an epic poem so absolutely necessary? On the selection of the principal event of the poem I have no idea. But I feel greatly interested in the undertaking.

I have read the eighth volume of Goethe's works. I admire his talent for hitting off character. This is often the sole merit of a poem. Ideas and verses are often of less importance. The last poem is perhaps the best—'The Secrets.' I have been puzzling my brains to unriddle his meaning; perhaps you can help me out.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 12 April, 1789.

The reason why I answer your two letters together, is to be attributed to that confounded Treatise, which I hoped to have finished, but which the devil seems to have taken in hand. I go out riding every day with Count Gessler on one of his horses, which is very pleasant; but some of my best hours are thus lost, and

other circumstances have also interposed. Last week I spent a whole morning in writing a letter to —you would scarcely guess whom— the publisher S—— at Leipzig. He was jealous of his wife, whom he suspected of intriguing with a merchant's clerk, and this led to some violent scenes between them, so much so, that she wishes to obtain a divorce. On Palm Sunday they came to us quite unexpectedly, accompanied by our amiable sister-in-law. The next day I received a most silly epistle from the husband, who wished me to act as mediator. I sat down and wrote him my mind in pretty strong terms, whereupon he indited a most tender epistle to his wife, and a very mild one to me, and he now looks mighty small.

I do not think we shall go to Carlsbad, but perhaps to Zerbst, taking Leipzig on the way, in which case you must meet us at Leipzig. We talk of starting in July or August.

And now to your letters. Crusius must have come down handsomely to enable you to pay Beit. I am glad you can do so.

Your explanations of your poem were welcome to me. The allusion to the Olympian Jupiter was lost upon me, as I was not acquainted with the fact; but I think that the idea is more paradoxical than in other respects beautiful. I think you have a fault in overloading the details in your productions. Many a fine idea is lost by being thus placed in obscurity, whilst it is deserving of the fullest attention. The same may be said of the comparison of the moon. Ideas of this nature are deserving of a higher place. If the main idea of the poem is worthy of attention, it is quite impossible to give that attention to those subsidiary

ideas which they deserve. It is a sin to place such objects in an obscure back-ground when the whole attention is concentrated on the principal figure.

I perfectly understand that richness may be full to overflowing. But to avoid this fault is one of the great requisites of the classic writer—of that higher Art which does not consist in satisfying a pedantic and conventional criticism, but in displaying to the best advantage the full powers of the artist. Perfection is not attained unless the artist be forgotten in the admiration of his work, and the general compass of his ideas attract attention, rather than any particular one. But I purpose writing to you at length on the subject of this poem. It grows beneath my fingers.

As regards the extraordinary criticisms of a would-be connoisseur whom you did not name, they might have roused my bile in former days; but such remarks are now of so common occurrence, that we accustom ourselves to laugh at them. I wonder this learned gentleman did not find fault with the words, '*mit deinem Palmenzweige,*' if the distinction between mind and body is not to his liking. I perfectly understand that the word *Mensch* may have reminded him of some night acquaintance.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 16 April, 1789.

I shall throw no hindrance in the way of our meeting at Leipzig in August. I already look forward to it with pleasure; it is so long since we have seen each other. Manage it so that we may be at least four or five days together. I should propose a small excursion over to Jena and Weimar, but there are two objections to it. The visits you would naturally have to make at



these two places would occupy our best hours ; and if I meet you in Leipzig, we can arrange our time so that you can visit your acquaintances, and thus no time need be lost.

This day three weeks I shall be in Jena, and in a month I shall have given lectures. I scarcely know yet what I shall commence lecturing upon. I have announced an introduction to Universal History, which, however, may mean anything. Doubtless it will be a history of social life, and the development of certain ideas which have a direct bearing on History, and on which it is necessary to come to an understanding. I shall not bother myself with any plan for this summer. The main object is to make each lecture interesting and useful.

Before we meet, I hope to be able to tell you, with some certainty, if this career suits me, and if it coincides with my views.

There are above nine hundred students at the University. If I only get one-fifth of this number to attend my lectures, and get one half of the latter to pay me, my lectures must bring me in one hundred louis at least. I have no competitor to fear, and the subject I lecture upon is of interest to all. These are my hopes.

Have you been looking out for English memoirs, and how far back do they date ? It is high time we should decide what we shall begin with. I am desirous to get a French dictionary containing the obsolete French words. Joinville is scarcely readable without one. If you can name one to me, you will render me a great service. I am really at a loss how to get out of this difficulty, without losing too much time.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 3 May, 1789.

At last, then, there is some chance of our meeting. It is very natural that you should be less anxious for this meeting than I am. I am also perfectly aware that the time has not yet arrived for us to live always together. But there are moments when your absence falls heavily upon me.

This letter will perhaps find you already at Jena. I am very anxious to hear the result of this revolution in your history. You must send me a circumstantial account of your first steps in this new career.

I return you your contract with Mauke. The undertaking seems to me in all respects advantageous. It would assuredly be as well if we followed some synchronical plan in our labours, so as to allow of general remarks on the whole period. I fear, however, that I shall find nothing in English history to chime in with Joinville's period. I am anxiously awaiting the arrival of some books, which will give me the information I desire on the subject, and which the librarian here has procured, but they are still in the hands of the book-binder. I have made inquiries about the obsolete French expressions. The work that will be of the greatest service to you, is a work entitled '*Grand Vocabulaire par une Société de Gens de Lettres*,' in many quarto volumes, and '*Menage, Dictionnaire Etymologique*,' fol. 11 vols. Both works are here; so, if it comes to the worst, you can write out the words and send them to me. I think '*Trévoux's Dictionnaire*' might be of service to you.

As I am ordered to take a great deal of exercise, both riding and walking, my Treatise for Wieland does not progress rapidly. I have half a notion to change its present form, and select the epistolary style,

under the title: 'Letters to an enemy of Enthusiasm.' What do you say to the idea?

I have been cogitating over an occupation which I think would place my reputation as an author on a sound basis, if I succeeded according to my desires. The History of Philosophy is much more capable of intellectual development than any other. It is not stray ideas which can interest us with the progress of the human mind in stoics, Epicureans, and others, but the originality of their mode of thinking, the philosophical art, the spirit of antiquity which pervades their speculations, more especially their moral ideals. In this point of view the History of Philosophy has only been developed in fragments by men of any literary standing. What do you say to a complete description of stoicism, derived from given facts that have been handed down to us? I have been reading some of Seneca's letters, and they gave rise to the idea. My knowledge of the dead languages would be a great help to me.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 30 May, 1789.

This then will be the last letter of our correspondence from Weimar. Next week I shall be in Jena, where I hope to find a line from you to welcome me.

I send you enclosed two-and-twenty carolines (louis d'or) for Beit. I wish I could have made up the hundred and fifty dollars, and added ten dollars for you—the well-earned payment for your article in the 'Thalia;' but the good folks at Jena have played me a trick. They told me my diploma would not cost me more than thirty dollars, instead of which it cost me forty-four, and there will be a few more carolines to pay for other fees. As I had calculated my small

capital almost to the florin, this has made a hole in it which I cannot fill up at once, but which I trust to do in a week or so. I enclose you a few copies of my diploma, that you may have a laugh at my expense, on seeing me rigged out in that Latin dress. Bürger\*

\* Gottfried August Bürger, was born at Walmerswende, on the 1st of January, 1748; and died at Göttingen, on the 18th of June, 1794. The chequered life of this eminently gifted poet, but unhappy man, is so rich in adventure, that it is difficult to condense even the main features in so limited a space. Of all the ballad-writers of Germany, Bürger is the one most resembling in style the old ballad-writers of England. Bürger's 'Leonora' boasts of European celebrity. Bürger believed in the apparition of spirits, and was attracted by anything of the marvellous. And not only did he believe in ghosts, but he feared them. Bürger entertained a high opinion of 'Leonora.' "God be praised," said Bürger, writing, on the 12th of August, to his friend Boie, "my *immortal* 'Leonora' is finished. I repeat to myself what Cardinal d'Este exclaimed to Ariosto:

'Per dio, Signor Burgero, donde avete pigliate tante coglionerie?'"

And then, leaving the Cardinal, he in the same letter, quotes our own immortal bard:

"I have to unfold a tale, whose lightest word

Will harrow up your soul, freeze your young blood,

Make your two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres," &c.

The account of the first reading of this ballad to a select circle of the poet's friends, is curious. It took place in a summer-house, with closed shutters. When the ghost-rider dashes at the gates of the churchyard, some one present struck the table smartly with a riding-whip, and Count Stolberg jumped up from his seat, with an exclamation of horror. Voss, who was also present, says that this theatrical attempt in no manner increased the effect of the poem. It has often been asserted that 'Leonora' is the translation of an old English ballad. The 'London New Monthly Magazine' (1796), asserts that 'Leonora' is borrowed from an old English ballad, entitled, 'The Suffolk Miracle.' This, Bürger

was here the other day and I made his acquaintance. His outward appearance is anything but engaging—it

denied ; stating that he wrote the poem from hearing a peasant-girl sing broken fragments of a tale, which he threw into its present shape Bürger's predilection for reading old English ballads, and the many translations that were made of this very ballad, may have led to the error. It was 'Percy's Relics of Ancient English Poetry' that incited Bürger's admiration, and induced him to this branch of poetry. Under the title of 'Bruder Grauroek,' we find 'The Friar of Order's Grey,' and various other translations of English ballads ; for instance, 'The Child of Elle,' 'The Passionate Shepherd to his Love,' 'Frau Schnis's,' is taken from the 'Wanton Widow of Bath,' and 'Der Kaiser und der Abt,' is a version of 'King John and the Abbot of Canterbury,' from 'Percy's Relics of Ancient Poetry.' The English translations of 'Leonora' are innumerable. Sir Walter Scott's 'William and Helen,' is one of them. A translation is to be found in 'Lewis's Tales of Wonder' (London, 1801), and many others might be quoted. Bürger's translation of the 'Iliad' has been compared to Pope's. A round-robin, signed by the reigning Duke of Weimar, the Duchess, and the Dowager-Duchess, bearing also the signatures of Goethe, Wieland, Bertuch, von Einsiedel, and other celebrated men, whose names are already familiar to the reader, was sent to him, offering him 65 louis if he would promise to continue his translation. He was honoured with the friendship of the many celebrated characters of his day, and had it not been for some of them, he would have been completely lost ; but they saved him in time from the life of dissipation he was leading.

His story is a melancholy one. Many of his most beautiful poems are due to his illicit love for his 'Molly.' But to resume this necessarily short sketch in a few words ; he studied at Göttingen, first Theology, which he gave up in 1768, for the study of the Law. At the University he led a dissolute life, and his grand father cut off his allowance. His poetical talents, however, were appreciated by men of generous minds, and he never wanted a friend. Voss, the two Stolbergs, Boie, Bürger, and others, formed a Poetical Club ; and Bürger's pen was not idle. Bürger married in 1774 :—a most

is almost vulgar. *This* character in his writings is personified in himself. But he seems to be a straightforward, honest fellow, and a good boon companion. He reminded me greatly of Becker, of Gotha. We have commenced a competition; namely—Bürger is to translate some portion of Virgil in a metre of his own choice, and I am to translate the same in one of

unhappy marriage. “As I stood before the altar,” says Bürger himself, “a violent love for the sister of my bride was smouldering in my heart. I was scarcely aware of it—she was but a child of fifteen years of age. Had I been allowed to cast a glance into the future, I should have recoiled from the ceremony.”

Molly, the sister of his wife, soon became the object of the most frantic love. His wife was cold-hearted, and an illicit connection was the consequence, with the sanction of his wife! On his wife's death, Bürger married her sister, thus legitimizing his son. In Althoff's ‘Memoirs of Bürger,’ this melancholy affair is given at length. Molly died, after giving birth to a daughter, on the 9th of January, 1786. “What her possession and her loss were to me,” says Bürger himself, “my poems certify.”

His poems in honour of Molly are, in truth, beautiful in the extreme. Almost inconsolable for her loss, in writing to his friend Boie, he declares his intention of retiring into solitude, and exclaims with Horace:

“Ah! te meæ si partem animæ rapit  
Maturior vis, quid moror altera  
Nec carus æque, nec superstes  
Integer? Ille dies utramque  
Ducet ruinam: non ego perfidum  
Dixi sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus,  
Ut cumque præcedes, supremum  
Carpere iter comites parati.”

Bürger married again in 1790. Elise Hahn, of Stuttgart, wrote to him offering her hand, knowing him only by his writings. She was beautiful, but false as she was beautiful. In 1792 he sued for and obtained a divorce.

mine.\* You will guess that I shall first try my verses on Virgil. My ideas of translating the choruses of 'Iphigenia' into rhymes, struck Bürger as a good one: he says there is a great deal of the Greek spirit in the translation. He tells me that many a lance will be broken against my 'Gods of Greece' yet. He himself has read something about it in manuscript. He purposes starting an Etymological Journal next Michaelmas Fair, to impress upon our authors the propriety of writing correct German; and on the other hand, to silence grammatical law-givers.

Capellmeister Reichardt, of Berlin, is staying here; he is setting Goëthe's 'Claudine of Villa Bella' to music. This Reichardt is a pushing, insupportable, impertinent fellow, who puts his finger into every man's pie, and cannot be shaken off. When you have the opportunity, if you can spare them, I wish you would send me Hissmann, Meusel, and any other historical works, which you think might be of service to me this summer.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 6 May, 1789.

Yesterday I received your last letter with eighty-eight dollars and two professorial diplomas! The money has been sent to its destination, and I am glad you have been able to pay off something. May Heaven now bless your *auditorium* with paying students, and it will then be better in *æconomicis*. Your diploma ought to be a mighty good one, considering its price. I was almost inclined to have one of the copies framed

\* The second and fourth books of the 'Æneid.' Bürger chose hexameters, Schiller a metre of his own.

and glazed, and hung up in your old quarters at the Weinberg. It is astonishing what a number of *insignia* and *ornamenta* may be purchased for four-and-forty dollars. My *magister* did not cost me so much at Leipzig, where these things are dear. But I forget that I should speak of the honours of a *membrum docens academix* with more respect. By this you are probably in Jena, and soon—when your lectures commence—you will be, like one of us, a servant of the State, obliged to do certain work at certain times.

I am rather curious how this will act upon you, after the, as it were, unbounded liberty you have hitherto enjoyed. But I trust you will acquire more real independence for the rest of your life, by a compulsory dependance of a few hours. This is all I can wish for you in your new position.

I am glad you have made the acquaintance of Bürger. He is a *virtuoso* in his way, and though the line he has taken up is a limited one, a competition with such a man is always an advantage.

Biester is here. I have only seen him for a few moments, but shall meet him to-night. He has an intelligent countenance, but not one to command confidence. This is, perhaps, a delusion of mine, arising from a knowledge of the man; but I thought I discovered something cunning in his look.

I hear from different quarters that you might carry off Mademoiselle S—. It seems you are a great favourite of hers, and you have now a situation with certain prospects. If she is a nice girl, her fortune is certainly an advantage of double consideration to you. I doubt if you are made for domestic happiness, and if such is the case, I should pity any kind-hearted creature whose own worth attracted you, but could not



entirely gain your affections. Mademoiselle S — is rich, good-looking, and well-educated. Is it not worth while examining what keeps you back from her, if she does not on the contrary attract you? But more of this when you have settled down at Jena.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 13 May, 1789.

I arrived here the day before yesterday (Monday) and received your letter on my arrival. My chambers are much better than I had thought. They are very cheerful, and promise to add to the pleasures of my sojourn. They consist of three rooms, running one into the other, lofty and well papered, with many windows; and everything is clean and new. The furniture is good and abundant: two sofas, a card-table, three chests of drawers, and eighteen chairs covered with red plush. I have ordered a writing-table at my own expense: it will cost me two carolines—which no doubt means three. I have long wished for a writing-table—the article of furniture most essential to me, and which I have hitherto always done without. The lobby is large, light and airy. I have two old maids for landladies, who are very officious, and very loquacious. They provide me with eatables. I pay them two groschen for dinner, for which I should have to pay four at Weimar. Washing, hair-dressing, servants, are all paid quarterly, and no article exceeds two dollars, so that on a rough calculation I need not spend more than four-and-fifty dollars, and I hope to receive at least as much from Mauke alone. My other gains will enable me to pay off my debts and make myself comfortable.

I commence my round of visits to-day with one to

the Protector: once introduced, I can get over the rest by leaving cards. I hope in this way to get through these ceremonies. I shall give my lectures in Reinhold's lecture-room, and should my auditory be too numerous, I shall make use of Griessbach's or Döderlein's, which will hold two hundred.

I shall not commence my lectures for a fortnight, and therefore you must bottle up your curiosity till then. I am not entirely without apprehension as regards my speaking in public; but for the purpose of mastering it, I shall accustom myself as much as possible to the faces of my audience, that I may not find myself surrounded for the first time by strangers. If, however, my first lecture be attended with anything like success, that alone will give me sufficient nerve to cast off apprehension altogether. Before leaving Weimar, I had an explanation with Wieland regarding the new 'Mercury.' First of all, I must inform you that he counts upon you as a regular contributor of at least twelve sheets annually of original matter—(translations are not admitted into the new 'Mercury'), It would be as well if you were to write to him at once, and come to some agreement with him. If you will follow my advice, I should recommend you to ask three ducats for the first year. I advise you to keep your present treatise for the new 'Mercury,' as well as anything else you may have in hand, so as to be provided when it comes to the scratch. I have also promised him twelve sheets, and shall confine myself chiefly to historical subjects.

Critical letters on works of Art would please him from you, and methinks they are the very thing that suits you best. I often wonder that, with your talents for criticism, you have not done more, and that you did

not take up my idea of joining me in reviewing literary works. I have made an excellent acquisition for my collection of 'Memoirs' in the person of the Archivist Hess, of Gotha, the Author of 'St. Louis.' He will be a *collaborateur*, and will commence with Joinville. I pay him five dollars, which will still leave me forty dollars' profit on five-and-twenty sheets. I shall commence with 'Anna Comnena,' and Otto von Freisingen on 'Frederick I.' shall follow. I shall preface the first volume with an interesting historical sketch of the Crusades.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 22 May, 1789.

Your account of your entrance to Jena is very satisfactory. The cheapness of the necessaries of life is a great consideration, and quite essential to your peace of mind. Curiosity alone must procure you a large attendance at your first lecture, and this will encourage you to do your best, in which case you cannot fail to enchant your audience.

Write to me as soon as you have delivered your first lecture, and give me full details.

I attach more importance to making Bode's acquaintance than you are aware of, owing to the part he has played in Freemasonry. We have become excellent friends, and he has revived my interest for a subject which I had let drop. But more of this when we meet. His jovial spirit makes him a pleasant companion, and he is full of humour. Biester was here at the same time, as also the Councillor of War, Scheffler, of Königsberg, the author of 'Gradations in the Course of Life,' and a work on 'Marriage.' Biester was annoying at first, as he could speak of nothing

but Jesuits; but he became gradually more sociable. Scheffler is a silent man, and was completely put down by Bode and Biester.

That Wieland should count upon me as a *collaborateur* is very flattering to me. I shall write to him soon, and collect materials during the year. Critical letters on poetical productions are well suited to my taste, and I rejoice that he thinks me capable of writing them. I should not mind writing similar reviews for the 'Literary Gazette.' But there is probably no opening. Should there be one I should like to have it. But I would not undertake to review scientific works, as I have not studied any branch of the sciences deeply enough to regard myself as a competent judge. There may perhaps be an opening for reviewing foreign works. Should you hear anything from the committee let me know.

I have received the seventh number of the 'Thalia.' The continuation of the 'Geisterseher' surprised me. I understand that he (the Prince) has not been deceived, but I cannot form any clear idea as how this will do in connection with the main action of the tale. The narrative is not unworthy of you, and some passages are excellent, but it is visible at times that some parts were written hastily. As regards the continuation of 'Iphigenia,' I can only repeat what I said before. Such a translation of the 'choruses' as you have made, can rarely be equalled. I agree generally in the annotations. As regards the ideal view of heroes taken by the ancient poets, I might say a few words. Who is Schilling, whose two poems you have inserted, probably out of pity? I was rejoiced to see you had announced a continuation of 'Raphael's Letters.' If you feel inclined to compose a short letter, I will

keep my ideas on Enthusiasm and Inspiration for Raphael's letter. You need only launch some bitter invectives against Enthusiasm, and extol cool-blooded Reason.

Huber is hard at work at the 'Secret Tribunals,' and has completed the third act. He has had an attack of illness, but is now restored to health.

We have fixed on the middle of July for our journey. We shall, under all circumstances, go to Leipzig: I shall therefore certainly see you in July or August.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 28 May, 1789.

The day before yesterday, the 26th of May, I passed through the ordeal of my first lecture in public, honourably and creditably, and yesterday I gave a second. I only lecture twice a week, and two days together; so that I have five consecutive days at my disposal. I selected Reinhold's lecture-room for my *début*. It is a room of moderate dimensions, capable of containing eighty persons seated, or about one hundred altogether. Now, though it was very probable that curiosity would attract a large attendance of students to my first lecture, still my modesty would not permit me to presume upon it, and prevented me from selecting a more capacious lecture-room. This modesty met with a brilliant reward. My lecture was to commence at six: at half-past five the room was full. From Reinhold's window I saw troops after troops of students marching up the street; I thought they would never end. Although I was not quite free from apprehension, still I was gratified at the increasing numbers, and my courage rather rose than fell. Altogether I had steeled myself with a certain firmness, which was increased in

no slight measure by the idea that my lecture need not fear a comparison with any other delivered in a Jena lecture-room, and especially by the conviction that all who were to hear me regarded me as their superior. But the crowd gradually increased to such an extent, that antechamber, lobby, and staircase, were crammed full, and whole troops were obliged to go back again. At this moment it occurred to a person who was with me, that it would be perhaps as well if I were to select another lecture-room at once. As Griessbach's brother-in-law was present amongst the other students, I sent him a message proposing to hold my lecture in his *auditorium*; a proposition which was joyfully acceded to. The most comical scene followed. They all rushed headlong out, and posted down the Johannisstrasse, the longest street in Jena, which was completely filled with students. As they all ran as fast as they could to secure good places in Griessbach's lecture-room, the whole street was in an uproar, and heads were thrust from every window. At first it was supposed that a fire had broken out, and the guard at the castle beat to arms. "What is it?" "What is the matter?" was asked in all directions; and the answer was: "the new Professor is going to lecture."

You see, a mere accident contributed to give an *éclat* to the first step in my new career. After a short delay, I followed, accompanied by Reinhold. I felt as if I were running the gauntlet through the town, along the principal streets of which I had to pass.

Griessbach's *auditorium* is the largest in Jena, and when full, may contain from three to four hundred persons; and in the present instance it was so full, that the ante-room, lobby, and staircase, were occupied; and in

the hall itself many were standing on the side-benches. I made my entrance through a living line of spectators and auditors, and could scarcely find my way to the desk\*. I ascended the rostrum amidst loud stamping with the feet and thumping on the desks, which is the customary mark of applause here, and found myself surrounded by an amphitheatre of men. Although the hall was very close, the windows at my end of the room had been left open, and I could breathe freely. After the first ten words, and even those I pronounced with a firm voice, I was thoroughly self-possessed, and I gave my lecture with a strength and decision of voice which even surprised myself. I was distinctly heard outside the door. My lecture made a sensation; the whole town was talking of it in the evening, and the students paid me a compliment never previously accorded to a new Professor; they gave me a serenade at night, and three rounds of cheers.

On the following day, the hall was crowded in a similar manner, and I felt by this time so much at ease, that I seated myself during the lecture. On both occasions, however, I had my lecture written out, and only spoke a few words extempore at the second. To be frank, however, I must avow that as yet I feel no great taste for lecturing. If I could make sure of being understood, and could rely upon a certain quantum of capacity amongst the students, I could then take great interest in my labours. As it is, however, I could not exclude the idea that an insurmountable barrier separates the student from the rostrum. Words and thoughts are hazarded without

\* At the German Universities the desk or table of the Professor is at the head of the lecture-room, opposite the door: it is elevated two or three feet above the level of the room.

knowing whether, and scarcely hoping they are understood—almost with the consciousness that they are falsely interpreted four hundred times by four hundred ears. There is no possibility, as in a discourse, of adapting one's-self to the capacities of the listener; and I feel this the more, as it is a difficult task to me to descend to common-place explanations. Time may remedy this, but my hopes are not great. I console myself with the thought that in every public situation no more than the hundredth part of the duty is ever fulfilled. My first lecture turned chiefly on the distinction between the man who writes for his bread, and the philosophical writer. In addition to the local causes I had at my command, to fix the attention of my hearers on these two points, I had other general ones which I need not repeat to you. In my second lecture I entered into an explanation of what ought to be understood under the head of Universal History.

There is so much envious feeling here, that the success attending my first appearance in public will scarcely have added to the number of my friends. I look forward, however, to a pleasant time of it. I never felt so settled before, because I feel that I am at home. I am fêted by my friends, and in excellent spirits; and my whole existence is improved. I have not made many acquaintances as yet, but have exchanged cards at thirty different houses.

As regards the young ladies here, I can as yet tell you nothing. I have seen a good many, but as yet nothing particular. I went to a ball where most of them were present, but sat down to a card-table, and ennuyéed myself with Griessbach and Succow at Tarochombre. There is a certain Privy Councillor, Eccardt, here, a jurist, a man of property, and of some in-



fluence at the University. He has an unmarried daughter, with whom, I dare say, many have an idea of splicing me; but I admire neither her nor the family. May Heaven forgive you for what you have written to me about Mademoiselle S. The girl herself, even without her money, would not displease me: of all the girls in Weimar she pleased me most, and she was universally admired; but to think of her would be madness, as father, mother, and daughter, look out for money. The daughter, it is true, who is not devoid of vanity, would not be disinclined to get something else with it, if she could combine the two. I also think she would heartily wish me rank and fortune to enable me to become a suitor, but she has not the necessary elasticity of character to make her own choice; and then it might be questioned whether, as my wife, she would have the same charm for me as is now the case; added to which she is all but engaged to a rich Frankforter. If I had chosen, I could have made a match at Weimar, and also with a Privy Councillor's daughter, but who has no fortune: I only heard here that such a plan was mooted; but in this instance the objections would have been on my side. I have therefore, a barren field before me, however much I should have desired to engage my affections. If you hear of a good match, send me word; either a large fortune—or rather none—and a more pleasant companion. There is only one girl here that pleases me. She is an old acquaintance; the youngest daughter of Madame Reichardt and Etlinger of Gotha—a Miss Seidler. Without any extraordinary talents, she is of mild and gentle manners; and, without deserving to be called pretty, she is exceedingly good-looking. She is living here with her mother and her brother,

who is riding-master to the University. She has been well brought up, and her conversation is much better than is usually found here.

May Heaven grant that my lectures take during the next half-year! I shall then have no fears of bettering my condition, and of aspiring to something higher. If I only retain one-fourth of my present auditors I shall be satisfied. I was told that at my second lecture there were four hundred and eighty students present, and more than fifty were obliged to go away for want of room. Ten days will elapse before my next lecture, owing to the holidays. I have made an agreement for you as *collaborateur* of the 'Literary Gazette.' You need only write a few lines to Schütz or Hufeland, to say what department you will take. But I can spare you this trouble, and send you the agreement at once. Write to Wieland soon.

I have scarcely ever looked forward to anything with so much pleasure as to our meeting. Let me know how long you think we can remain together at Leipzig.

SCHILLER.

P.S. Gustavus Schilling is a lieutenant in the Saxon army, quartered at Freiberg. He pressed me so earnestly in his letter that I inserted his versés.

I received yesterday a pamphlet from Winterthür, in which 'The Gods of Greece' are defended by a clergyman, and a religious enthusiast, against Stolberg's attacks. He quotes largely from Holy Writ, to prove that all the poet has found beautiful and exemplary in the divinity of the Greeks, is practised in the life and doctrine of Christ. He declares that the whole poem, even to the words 'holy barbarians,' is quite unexcep-

tionable, and has his staunch advocacy. He finds that all the qualities I have assigned to the Greek deities, are the yearning of a noble and sensitive spirit ; but that I should have found them more largely developed in the Christian doctrines. I am spoken of with a veneration that is quite awful ; and 'Don Carlos' is styled 'Germany's pride.' The pamphlet calls upon me to give some explanations, and eventually I may do so.

Löschwitz, 5 June, 1789.

You could not have commenced your new career with greater effect. I can the more readily share in your feelings, as I have often listened at the window at the commencement of a term, and each footfall was welcome music to my ear. I truly rejoice at the result. The envy of a few pitiful beings is not worth a moment's consideration, opposed to the advantages you must derive from such an encouragement ; and there is something truly inspiring in a large audience. Your fears that many ideas will be lost upon the mass may be dispelled by this consideration, that amongst so many there must be some who understand you fully, and many who do in part. What you give extempore will be much more readily understood than what you have prepared beforehand in writing. I do not blame you for reading your lectures at first ; but for the future it will be an easy thing for you to speak extempore, as you will soon get into a regular system. At present, your chief point is to turn the enthusiasm of the students to as much advantage as possible. No one can blame you, if next term you should give private lectures on the subject most in vogue, and public lectures on something else, especially as you do not receive any

salary; and then the devil must have a hand in the business if you do not make money.

From what I hear of Jena, through you and other sources, it must be a pleasant place to live in. The petty squabbles of a university town will scarcely affect you, as you have only to continue calmly on your path without mixing yourself up in them. Teaching is in itself an agreeable occupation, especially when novelty is given to it by avoiding a monotony of subject. I have always had a secret hankering for such an occupation, which I still look forward to as a resource for the future.

When we meet we will discuss your matrimonial plans. Until then you must avoid falling in love. I am determined on going to Leipzig, and our meeting is therefore certain. I shall first go to Zerbst, so that I shall be at Leipzig in the beginning of August. Perhaps Huber and Forster may be induced to come to Weimar. I feel greatly inclined to visit Weimar and Jena. I have written to Huber on the subject, and he does not think it altogether impossible, if his Ambassador does not leave for Saxony himself. But I must first see you at Leipzig, as we should be disturbed at Weimar and Jena. I do not see why I should lose the occasion, as being at Leipzig will not cost me above one hundred dollars more, and I have leave of absence. I could then have a personal interview with Schütz or Hufeland about the 'Literary Gazette'—if nothing more be done in the meantime.

I shall remain a week at Leipzig, and shall give myself another week for Weimar and Jena. You must therefore arrange matters so that we can pass a fortnight together.

Your clerical champion in Switzerland is, no doubt, a pupil of Lavater. His language betrays him, if I

judge Lavater rightly. Another champion in the May number of the 'Literary and Historical Gazette.' (young Forster, as Huber told me in secret,) has not answered my expectations. His style is obscure and unconnected. Why the censorship was so strict upon it, I do not know, nor can I make out his reasons for keeping his name a secret.

Who is the author of 'Theodora' in the 'Mercury?' How can Wieland accept such trash? or does he fancy this style because it is an approximation to the French school?

I have made myself more generally acquainted with French literature in my spare hours this summer. It is truly an heroic undertaking to read Racine, having read one or two of his plays. I have done all I could to give him his due. Language and versification are excellent; and, keeping in remembrance that this style was the fashion of the day, Racine may be always considered a great artist; and his works bear the stamp of perfection, or are conventionally classical. But he was no genius, or it would have been impossible to him to confine the sphere of Art to such narrow limits, and to content himself with the dreadful monotony which prevails in his characters, his situations, and his expressions. Gresset and Chaulieu have given me many a pleasant moment. Gresset's 'Chartreuse' especially gave me great pleasure. The manly passages burst unexpectedly on the reader through the fine and delicate texture of the work. Chaulieu is an amiable voluptuary. There is always something original in his wit, and a certain attic salt which is to be found only in the most refined minds.

Huber is very diligent. He has already completed four scenes of the fourth act, which please me much.

A heretic undergoes the judgment of the inquisition. He wished to insert it in the 'Thalia,' but as I told him that you had plenty of materials for the next number, he intends giving it to Forster for the new German 'Museum.' There are some good scenes in the third act, but he will make many alterations when the whole is ready. I have received a letter from Frau von Kalb. She tells me the particulars of your first lecture, and says that there were no less than six hundred students running down the street at once. She expects us at Weimar after what you have written to her. On what terms do you stand towards each other ?

KÖRNER.

Reinhold pleases me more and more by his articles in the 'Mercury.' I look forward with pleasure to a discussion with him on 'Kant's Philosophy.'

Jena, 11 June, 1789.

I have announced your coming to Reinhold and Hufeland, and both look forward to it with delight. This news will also give great pleasure to Wieland, and at the same time one of the great wishes of Frau von Kalb will be fulfilled. In short, this decision of yours will rejoice many both at Weimar and Jena, and I shall enjoy a good eight days of your society. I shall make arrangements accordingly. How delightful if Huber could join us ; the sacred five would then be together again, and we would celebrate the event in glorious style. You must take up your quarters with me, as the inns are horribly bad. I can give you up two rooms, which you must divide between you as best you can. I can procure you beds, and everything else in the house. Thus every minute we shall be together,

and I shall have the pleasure of having you in my house.

You wish to know how I stand with Charlotte. I will tell you when we meet. If you answer her letter, make your intended visit more doubtful than it really is, and rather promise less than you can really fulfil. I wish you would write to Wieland; he is at the present moment much *en peine* about the 'Mercury,' and your support would set him all right again. As regards 'Theodora,' he made me many excuses for having inserted it, and I believe the fact is that he did so from the want of something better.

The 'Literary Gazette' stands greatly in need of a good philosophical reviewer. If you feel equal to the task of reviewing philosophical polemical works, the establishment will hail your accession with joy.

My lectures get on. The day before yesterday I held the third, and there were no less than five hundred students present. I was not well yesterday, and consequently put off my lecture till to-morrow. As the subjects on which I lecture are still new to me, I must still stick to the manuscript; and I am aware that the greatest obstacle I have to contend against is in making myself understood by all; and perhaps after all I do not succeed. As yet, my elocution has dazzled by its novelty and vigour; but if I wish to retain my hearers, I must put more substance into my lectures. As it is, they cost me much time and trouble; first, because I am obliged to prepare myself, and, secondly, because the subject engrosses my attention much more than is requisite for the passing use I make of it; and yet I cannot allow the ideas that rise to escape me. We will have a discussion upon this when we meet. You need not fear my falling in love. I have passed

all the girls here in review, and my heart runs no risk.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 24 June, 1789.

I only send you a line to-day. Hufeland has just left me, and has found something for you to review which will render the 'Literary Gazette' a special service, and do you great honour. It is the last eighteen months of the 'German Mercury,' from 1787 to the present day. It requires no ordinary talents to review it, and this is why it has not been done before, especially as Reinhold's letters on 'Kant's Philosophy' are very important. You will rise in Wieland's estimation yet, and I need scarcely tell you that your selection for the work is a striking proof of the great respect Schütz and Wieland have for your talents. Send me an answer at once, as the matter is pressing.

SCHILLER.

[Between this and the preceding letter two months have elapsed. Körner has visited Schiller at Jena, and has just returned to Dresden.]

Dresden, 21 August.

We all arrived here safely last night at ten o'clock. The first day of our return journey was a bad one. Minna and Dorchen were both unwell, and so was the nurse; added to which, the road was abominable. We arrived at Gera at mid-day, and it was six in the evening before we reached Altenburg. We took the road through Grimma and Hubertsburg, and slept at Bornä. Yesterday they all cheered up, and were quite



well in the evening. Minna and Dorchon greet you, and thank you heartily.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 31 August.

I rejoice to hear that you have all arrived safely, and once more let me thank you for the joy your visit afforded me. Your presence has impressed you all still deeper on my heart, for the lines of memory fade from time. It is true that in so hurried a visit it was impossible for us to exchange our thoughts as we might have wished. We parted almost as in a dream, and I had a thousand things on my lips to say to you, which presented themselves too late or too soon to my mind.

One change has taken place in my quarter of the world; namely, Herder remains at Weimar, as Vice-Consistorial-President, with a salary of four hundred dollars. His income now exceeds two thousand dollars. He need only preach as often as he likes, and he is relieved from all the lesser duties.

I am anxious to know if you will adhere to your plan of taking office at Weimar. Voigt has not forgotten the hint, and has been making many inquiries respecting you.

Yesterday, Professor Müller, an old friend of your father's, complained bitterly that you had forgotten him altogether. He cannot pardon your silence; and I regret that I did not know of this acquaintance. He is my colleague in history, and overseer of the library, and he may be of great service to me. Bertuch was here yesterday, and told me to put you in mind of three promises. The first concerns some paper lamps which

the Duke wishes to have, and which he desires you to send without delay or regard to expense; the second is about some illustrations for the 'Mode;' but Heaven knows what the third is—it has slipped from my memory, but it is something of a similar nature. Now, adieu! I shall not forget to send the philosophical letter I promised you, but not just yet; you know that my philosophy is laborious work. Greet Minna and Dorchon, and Heaven send you many fine days for your sojourn at the Weinberg.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 8 September, 1789.

I was the more glad to hear that our visit had left you pleasant reminiscences, as I fancied our meeting had rather estranged us than otherwise. You will understand me, and may be assured that I also understand you. The idea vexed me at times, but I could not make up my mind to say so. I was conscious of no act of neglect, and therefore did not deem a justification necessary, and I was only the more annoyed that you should misjudge me. I still nourish my plans about Weimar. I shall not hurry matters, so as to secure good conditions. If I can procure a good situation, with the title of Councillor, many obstacles might be removed. You can refresh Voigt's memory about me at times. I am glad to hear that Herder remains at Weimar. I wrote to him the other day, and sent him the airs he wished for. I spoke to him of my Weimar plans, and he seemed to take an interest in them. I alluded to the subject again in my letters. Has he any influence?

I have unwittingly offended Professor Müller. I either never knew, or had entirely forgotten, that he

was a friend of my father's. This of course you cannot say to him. Make him many excuses.

I have forwarded the letter to Müller. May the philosophical Muse bestow her blessing on another letter, although not exactly of similar contents. I am again brooding over my former ideas on the Philosophy of Jurisprudence, and am studying Plato with that intent. Otherwise I have no news, except that we have not heard from Huber for the last five weeks: it is most probable that his Ambassador stops his letters—for we know that Huber is in good health.

KÖRNER.

Rudolstadt, 28 September, 1789.

It is a tremendous time since I wrote to you, and since I have heard from you. Distractions of every description have prevented me from writing for the last month;—a course of lectures to finish, my journey here, and a miserable attack of tooth-ache, which made me unfit for anything during the first week of my sojourn. A very particular affair, which I will mention in another letter, and which in fact I do not at present like to mention, has greatly occupied me. How I wish I could have had your advice! It concerns the position in which I now stand towards L. L.\*—you will guess what I mean.

I have not been in Weimar since, so I can tell you nothing new about our joint affair, but send me something soon, that I may show it to Voigt. There are no great difficulties to overcome, and I can almost answer for the result. The only thing is to wait until a vacancy occurs and a salary falls in. First of all,

\* Lottchen (Charlotte) Lengenfeld.

however, you must come to a clear understanding with Voigt, that he may lose no time in acting for your interests when such a vacancy does occur. A title which will please your uncle can easily be obtained. I am sorry I did not introduce you to Privy Councillor Schmidt. He is the Cerberus that guards the ducal treasury, or, at least, he could make the matter difficult or easy, as he may feel inclined. I am on a good footing with him, and will endeavour to interest him in your favour. I wish, however, to see you in regular correspondence with Voigt.

I must tell you now of the objections to your plan, that you may consider them before the decisive step be taken. You will no doubt be a gainer by the change, but I am less certain as regards your wife and Dorchon. During your stay at Weimar, I had time to make many observations, and I doubt if there is society suited to them: they are superior to the so-called middle classes, and it is a difficult matter to remain long on good terms with the nobility. I could bring forward good grounds in support of my reasoning, but you will spare me them. I can only say, that until Minna and Dorchon have discovered the secret how to manage the nobility, so as to derive pleasure from their society, I fear they would not agree. As regards you, you will soon I trust learn to reduce the value of Goethe's and Herder's acquaintance to its proper estimate; but be as cautious as you will, you cannot escape the universal fate that befalls all who come in close contact with them. Your circle will be confined to Voigt and Bode.

Herder made an ass of himself the other day, and cut a most ridiculous figure. Ever since his return from Italy, he had abstained from preaching until he

was certain whether he should remain or not. His stay being decided upon, he announced his intention of preaching. The church was crammed, many coming from Jena to hear him. He preached about himself, and in terms that placed him at the mercy of his enemies, and prevented his friends from saying one word in his defence. A 'Te Deum' was chanted, the text of which alluded to his return, and copies of which were distributed to the congregation. This caused universal indignation, and the whole farce was greatly blamed. I will give you another example of his *savoir vivre*. At the Duchess's dinner-table, he compared the Court to a beggar's head, and the courtiers to the lice that crawled about it. Many persons at the table heard it; and the best joke is, that he and his wife are very eager to be invited to Court, and are principally supported by it. But a truce to these follies.

I endeavour to make the most of my holidays. They are my first; and the idea that a limited time is prescribed to me to be my own master, seems curious enough to me. Next winter I purpose holding five lectures a week on Universal History, beginning with the Franconian Monarchy down to Frederick II, and one public lecture on Roman History; so that from 1789 to Easter 1790, I must have concluded my course of lectures on Universal History. How? is another question. I am very curious to see the result of my private lectures, and whether I shall turn an honest penny. The necessity I am placed in of acquiring historical facts, is of great advantage to me, and in a few years the fruits thereof will be manifest in my works.

Have you read the 'Voyage d'Anacharsis?' It is

highly spoken of, and I am now reading it, but have many objections to it. This form would have been excellent if carried out by a man of genius. But here it does not seem to be the case. The very necessity of supplying by an introduction what could not be brought forward in the voyage itself betrays a weak plan. A man of genius would have known how to have interwoven the whole 'History of Greece' in the journey itself, and in a manner to place the chain of events in such a light as to cause the greatest effect. It also appears to me that he has not shown judgment in the selection of interesting matter. It is evident that he has laboured to give life and truth to his narrative by topographical descriptions of towns and islands, &c.; but what do we care for the geography or natural history of places that no longer exist, and which, when they did exist, were of little or no importance. It is a great fault that the reader, for whom the book is written, is obliged to skip whole pages. The Frenchman is evident throughout the work—and often the young Frenchman. There is a great deal of declamation in the first pages.

I have brought a 'Livy' with me, never having read him before, and he gives me great pleasure. Why did I not study Greek sufficiently to enable me to read 'Xenophon' and 'Thucydides?' My own style is neither historical nor simple enough, and I do not wish to fall into the modern style; at least not into the much-extolled style of Gibbon.

Farewell! I must make up for my long silence. Do you the same. You are, I trust, in good health,—all. I could spend a pleasant time of it here, but I have much work to get through, and the tooth-ache prevented me from doing anything for a whole week.

Grest Minna and Dorchon, and put the latter in mind of a small promise she made me. I will send Minna a leaf for her 'Album' as soon as my Muse smiles upon me.

SCHILLER:

Rudolstadt, 13 October, 1789.

I will send Voigt your documents from Jena, but shall not say a word about your demands. In your last you seemed to have greatly cooled upon the Weimar affair. If you will follow my advice, let matters go on quietly without driving too hard at them, or dropping them altogether. My fate will be decided in a year at least, and our plan of living near each other must not have been an illusion. What we were to each other at Dresden was something too full of enjoyment, that we should give up the hope of seeing it renewed. We shall have greater claims upon each other, but we shall be more capable of responding to them. I cannot allow the thought, that one should be less to the other in our later years than at the time of our first acquaintance. Whatever our respective circumstances, we should always find each other.

Wieland has been at me for contributions to the 'Mercury;' he wants something from me for the January number. If I can find time, and am in the humour, I shall commence the letter to you we spoke about; but as it is, I scarcely see how I can manage it. The first and second volumes of the 'Memoirs' are a mill-stone round my neck. The first volume will be printed in a fortnight, but I have nothing prepared for the second, without excepting the translation, which is not in my hands. I will send you from Jena my speech on entering office at the University last summer:

I want to hear your opinion upon it. I think it capable of being improved, as it must enable people to form an idea of what I am capable as Professor of History. I did not deliver it as I read it to you. I thought something more was due to the public than to an assembly of raw students.

What I wrote to you lately about historical style does not seem to have been rightly understood by you. You have taken up everything. The interest which the Peloponessian War had for the Greeks, must be endeavoured to be imparted to any new history written for the moderns. The task of a man of genius is to select and arrange his subject in such a manner that it needs no gilding to be interesting. We moderns have an interest in our power unknown to Greek or Roman, and which the interest attached to love of country does not equal. The latter is generally of importance only to unlearned nations—to the youth of the world. It is a far different interest to make Man appreciate every important event of which Man was the object. It is a pitiful, a miserable ideal, to write only for one nation : such limits are insupportable to a philosophical mind. Mankind being of so variable and wilful a nature, the philosopher cannot dwell over a fraction, (and what is the greatest nation but a fraction ?) His breast can only glow as long as he thinks this nation or national event important as a pledge for the progress of the species. If a history—without regard to any peculiar nation or age—is capable of this application—if it can be made a link to this end ; it then possesses every requisite to become interesting under the hand of the philosopher ; and that interest needs no ornament.



I have a message from Frau von Stein to Dorchén. She wishes to copy my portrait, and hopes Dorchén will send it to her. I will promise that she shall not keep it too long, and that due care will be taken of it. She is a good copier, and will make a good likeness, otherwise I should not ask Dorchén to send it to her. If Dorchén will entrust it to my care I will look after it, otherwise I shall tell Frau von Stein to write herself about it. I do not wish to meddle in it. In five days I return to Jena. I shall write from thence.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 24 October, 1789.

It seems from your last letter that Jena does not please you. How fares it with your private lectures? I look forward with pleasure to reading your speech. A play by Kotzebue was given here the other day which had some success at Leipzig: 'Hate and Repentance.' It is a miserable production in Iffland's whimpering style, but without one spark of Iffland's talent. Opitz acted in it. He has not improved. His voice was unpleasant, and his manners stiff. But, however, I will not judge him by this character, though it may be regarded as a *début*. I almost begin to think that the public here has better taste than that of Leipzig. It did not take.

What do you say to the recent events in France? Nothing there is impossible now. I should not be astonished to find France subdivided into a number of small republics. It is almost the only choice left to the National Assembly, if it means to be consistent, and knows of no other King than him who is held a prisoner by the Paris faction. Wieland's article in the 'Mercury' did not please me. I cannot stand out-

pourings without any other data to go upon than newspaper reports, and think it ridiculous to decide such a question by common-place sentences. Send me back my review, as it has not been accepted. You need not be put out about it, as seems to have been the case at Jena. I should not have felt abashed even had it not been acceptable; and no one will persuade me that it might not have appeared honourably in the 'Literary Gazette.' You cannot be answerable for personal local objections of the editor.

KÖRNER.

Huber has finished his play, and it is ready for the theatre. It will not be published for some time yet. The last act pleased me least. I sent him my frank opinion of it the other day, and added a few of your observations.

I doubt very much if you could adapt yourself to Xenophon's and Thucydides' style in historical compositions. Events which of themselves interest every citizen, cannot be pourtrayed in too simple a language. But where this absorbing interest is wanting, then beauty of style and elegance of language are necessary.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 10 November, 1789.

To-day is my birthday, and it reminds me that I have not written to you for a long time, but you have perhaps forgiven me in your heart. You must have patience with me this winter if I do not write often, for I never had so much work upon my hands before. I have to prepare and write out a lecture every day,

and that occupies much time. You will say that I give myself too much trouble; but I have a traitorous memory, and I find it necessary. Though I may derive no advantage from it at present, I shall at some future time. My private lectures are a failure, but it is partly my own fault. I sent the announcement from Rudolstadt, but owing to an omission, it was not put on the University board until I arrived, and then the lectures had already commenced. Most of the students had therefore already made their arrangements; and the hours I fixed upon were unlucky ones—in a word, I made a mess of it. My lectures are not attended by more than thirty, of whom, perhaps, ten will pay me. This I should care very little about, if the bad beginning did not annoy me. I shall make no change in my plan, and shall work as if they were a hundred. Meantimes, I have a great deal of work upon my hands, and must not neglect my literary engagements. The first volume of the 'Memoirs' will be published next week, and the second will be shortly ready.

I send you my speech, which has called down a nest of hornets about my ears. I very innocently style myself therein Professor of History, for I was not aware—as you can well imagine—that by doing so I should clash with a gentleman who sports that title nominally. This is Professor Henrich, who kicked up a row about it. I was told, through Griessbach, to arrange the matter. This was easily done by changing it, in the subsequent numbers, to Professor of Philosophy. But is this not miserable? One of the University scouts, who was sent to the publishers, had the insolence to tear down the announcement. And these are the men I have to deal with! With God's blessing I hope

to be able to tell you some six months hence that I have been appointed to some other University. I shall omit no exertions to procure it.

A certain Baron von Bork, as he styles himself, sent me the other day, from Metz, a French translation of the first two parts of the 'Geisterseher,' and of the 'Secret Tribunals,' both translated by himself. He wishes to have the rest of the 'Secret Tribunals,' as he doubts whether there is any man living, in France or England, capable of writing anything equal to it. He is of opinion, that if he were to translate the whole of it, it would have the honour of being given at the Théâtre Français. Tell Huber of it, and say that I should not dissuade him from letting him have it. His translation of the 'Geisterseher' reads well enough, with the exception of a few passages, which the good man has not been able to understand.

Have you read Reinhold's new work—and what do you think of it? I will send you a letter from Julius; perhaps sooner than you can expect it. I enjoy good health, and there are other matters that keep up my spirits. I shall arrange the affair with the mother in a few weeks. I conclude this letter to resume my work.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 17 December, 1789.

Your stay at Jena seems to me a fatal business altogether. You must have chosen your hours very badly—if with the exception of the thirty—the other students were only prevented from attending your lectures, by having those hours occupied. Believe me, your lectures are *far too good* for them. Their object is to learn, not to think or to enjoy. Many

wish to take notes, and therefore desire names, dates, titles of books, &c.—others seek causes and not results. A certain charlatanerie is necessary for these fellows, and that seems to me to be the prevailing tone at Jena. To say the least, the spirit of study prevails there more than that of taste. At Leipzig, on the contrary, where it is, perhaps, the very reverse, and a certain elegance is aimed at, Plattner's lectures on Philosophy, which had some analogy with yours, met with success. And I doubt whether this would have been the case at Jena; and I even much doubt whether lectures of this description on History, would have stood a chance against those of Beck or Weuk. Your lectures are more suited to an audience of enlightened men of letters. Jena is not the clime for such flowers.\* I still hope to hear of your appointment at Berlin.

Prussian historiographer, and member of the academy—that is the place I want for you; nor do I think it impossible. It is a pity that the Prussian Ambassador here has not much influence with the party in power. But who knows what may turn up yet! Do not neglect the continuation of the 'Netherlands.' That work will do you more service than all your lectures at Jena put together. I see but little chance of a Professorship at another University. Göttingen is well provided with historians. At Erfurt there is Meusel; Beck at Leipzig; Schröckh at Wittenberg. There might be an opening at Helmstadt, as the Duke takes an interest in the University; but an academical career there would not be more desirable than at Jena.

The squabble about your title is but a pendant to the

\* Quoted from 'Don Carlos,' Jena being substituted for Madrid.

affair of the 'Reformer's Prayer Book,' in which the words, 'reformed community,' were ordered to be struck out.

I thank you for your speech. Your ideas on the study of 'Universal History' pleased me exceedingly.

As regards your other affairs, you do not express yourself clearly enough to allow me to give an opinion. I am satisfied if you are happy and contented.

The conclusion of the 'Geisterseher' is ardently expected. It would be a pity if you were to neglect it for the sake of a dozen or so of students.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 23 Nov. 1789.

I feel but too forcibly the truth of your remark, that Jena is not the place for me! I am determined not to remain here; but I fear I cannot leave before the expiration of another year, partly owing to my Professorship, partly also owing to my marriage.

I enclose you also a letter from the Coadjutor, which will show that I have made a step in advance. Let me hear your opinion, whether I should follow his advice, or take the hint about Mayence. He can do anything he thinks fit if he only chooses to do it; and then, with Heaven's blessing, I should be provided for! What you wrote about Berlin vibrated in my heart. But there are insurmountable obstacles. Next spring I shall send in a demand for salary to Weimar, though I can scarce call it salary, as I do not count upon more than one hundred or two hundred dollars at the outside.

The precarious sort of life I lead at the present moment cannot last for more than two years. I know that I possess some friends in the world, who will do

what they can for me. But I must help them in their endeavours by some solid productions—may God forgive me this libel on Art—so as to ensure success. Meantime the 'Memoirs,' are getting on well. Göschen, and many others, have told me that they have a good run. Mauke has offered to publish eight volumes a year if I can get them ready; and if I could find assistants, who would be satisfied with one half the remuneration, I could clear six hundred dollars. Nor does the work interfere with my other occupations.

It is entirely my own fault that my private lectures are so thinly attended. I announced them too late. Loder does me much harm, as his lectures are not attended by medical students exclusively. Science must give place to bread-professions. My public lectures are well attended. I must avow, however, that I have lost all enthusiasm; and, so many hairs I have on my head, so many times do I regret that I sacrificed my independence, and did not remain free to form some regular plan for the future. I needed no spur to study. But all may have been for the best. Farewell! Send me back the Coadjutor's letter in your next. If you think that I ought to apply to the Elector of Mayence, send his titles, as I must not ask any one here for them.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 3 December, 1789.

I am glad you have sought the advice of the Coadjutor, as he may be of great service to you. I do not see why you should not write to the Elector; no harm will come from it. I will write, if you like, to Huber to know if any formalities are necessary. I should have liked to have sounded the Mayence Am-

bassador here through Count Gessler, but the latter is so occupied with an *affaire de cœur*, that he forgets himself and everything around him. I send you the Elector's titles; the Coadjutor's letter shows that he takes a great interest in you. Huber told me as much some time since. Do not accept an appointment at Erfurt, unless on first-rate conditions. The University career disgusts me. You speak of your marriage as a settled affair; let me know when it takes place, and how you have got over the pecuniary difficulties.

Is the eighth number of the 'Thalia' ready for press? I have only seen the first sheets of it, which Götschen sent me from Leipzig. Huber writes me word that the manuscript for the ninth number is all ready. He has not been successful with the managers to whom he offered his play. The manager of the Berlin theatre has not sent him an answer; and he received negative, though complimentary replies from Vienna, Dresden, and Hamburgh. A certain Schikaneder, of Vienna, has got up a parody upon the subject—from what appeared in the 'Thalia'—under the title of 'Hans Dallinger, or the Bloody Inquisition'; and it is an extinguisher upon Huber's drama. It is bad certainly for Huber's purse, but it is almost an honour not to please a public which is enraptured with 'Hate and Repentance\*.' It is astonishing to witness the barbarous theatrical taste which now prevails. I have cut the theatre, and only go now and then to the Opera, where I hear good music.

Is it true that the Duke has left the Prussian service, and returns to Weimar?

\* Kotzebue.



Count Gessler has just told me that he has sounded the Ambassador of Mayence, who told him that in such matters it would be indispensable to apply first to Müller. This will not suit you ; but perhaps he alluded to persons who are unknown to the Elector.

KÖRNER.

Jena; 10 December, 1789.

I am anxious about a letter from the Coadjutor at Erfurt, which I enclosed to you about a fortnight since, the receipt of which you have not acknowledged. You will understand why I am anxious that that letter should not fall into wrong hands. If you cannot write to me at length, send me at least two lines to say the letter is safe.

Am I to attribute your long silence to literary labours? I hope it is the case. What do you say to taking the tenth number of the 'Thalia,' and will Huber take the ninth? You could make an arrangement with Göschel to that effect. I would send a contribution, the payment for which would fall due to you in return for your former one. I cannot undertake a number for Easter, and Göschel will readily do it, as it will be profitable to him.

My Rudolstadt friends send many kind greetings, but I always forget forwarding them. The Beulwitz and Lengenfelds spend the winter at Weimar. The relation in which I stand towards them has not remained altogether a secret ; but it is perhaps only conjecture, owing to my repeated visits at their house. Even the Coadjutor, who was at Weimar lately, inquired if the rumour was true.

I had many other things to say to you, but they have given my memory the slip. The Coadjutor was

here the other day, but I had no time to speak to him about my affairs, as we had all to wait upon the Duke in a body, and the conversation was confined to general topics. Adieu! Let me hear about the letter soon.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 12 December, 1789.

I have abstained hitherto from writing to you about my projected marriage, as nothing final has been arranged. Even now, it is true, the day is not fixed; but I should like to hear your opinion on our plans. It is only half an hour since I returned from Weimar, where I had a conversation with the ladies on the subject, and I have just received your letter.

I am glad to hear that a University career disgusts you. I did not wish to tell you in plain words, in my last, that such an existence, combined with all the miseries attending upon the professional career, is insupportable to me. If there were any pecuniary advantages to be derived from it, a man might put up with it; as every man who holds a situation has certain duties, more or less, to perform; but this is not the case, nor can I expect anything for three or four years to come. I put no great faith in the generosity of the Duke; and a pension of two hundred dollars is, after all, no great thing. There are, therefore, no cogent reasons to induce me to remain at Jena, and there is a powerful one to drive me away—namely, my marriage.

First of all, I do not wish to have my wife annoyed by the Jena petty squabbles, and she would fare worse than I, as they would not forgive her being of noble descent. We are also too near Weimar, where, owing to her acquaintances in the houses of the nobility,

she would find too great a contrast between the Jena society and that which she has been accustomed to. These, however, are bye considerations; but there are others of greater weight. The mother would very unwillingly live separated from her daughter, as she has always cherished the hope of seeing her married at Rudolstadt. Her marriage with me destroys her plan, the only objection to which was the daughter herself. The mother gave it up, as she could not obtain her daughter's consent; but the separation from her daughter would displease her greatly, and would lead to the departure of the other daughter, who does not agree very well with her husband (Beulwitz). She will not live alone with him; and her mother suspects as much, and feels some anxiety about it. He is an upright, amiable, and well-educated man, but he is wanting in delicacy; and his wife is a much superior person in mind, and is aware of it. I am on very good terms with him, and we get on very well altogether. There is plenty of room in the house; the two houses join with a communication between them; and since the mother lives at Court, there is plenty of space for us. Three hundred dollars will suffice for my household expenses. Lottchen will receive two hundred from her mother, and I shall require about the same sum for my private expenses, and I trust the 'Thalia' alone will suffice for this. I also reckon on three or four hundred dollars from the sale of the 'Memoirs.'

Our plan is therefore as follows:—At Easter I shall demand a fixed salary, which will be refused me as a matter of course, whereupon I shall resign my Professorship. If they will allow me to hold private lectures for twelve months on the 'History of the Netherlands,'

I can avoid so decisive a step as resignation ; if not, this will be a sufficient excuse to the public for my retirement. My father is the only person I must take into consideration, as he placed all his hopes upon me at Jena ; but as I shall not neglect my historical studies, he will make no objections. At the same time, I shall keep up a correspondence with Berlin, Mayence, and Göttingen, so as to keep a door open for the future. I still look forward to the academy of Berlin. To quiet my father's apprehensions, I must make Lottchen's fortune appear more than it really is ; and must enter into an arrangement with the Princes of Rudolstadt, which will make my presence there almost appear necessary. The Princes are at the present moment on a tour in Switzerland with Beulwitz ; they paid my father a visit on the way, and this opportunity will be serviceable.

The eldest Prince must write him a letter on the subject, and I shall do the same. I must get some sort of appointment at Court, which will have its weight with my father, and place my retirement from Jena in a better light. I should then proceed directly to Rudolstadt, and marry at once. I should remain there for four or five years, devoting my time to the study of History ; and having the 'Thalia' in hand, I should not neglect Poetry and Philosophy. But I will tell you of my literary projects in another letter. We do not wish to make the mother acquainted with all our plans until they are matured, as she might object to them, and we shall arrange them to the best of her comfort.

I think I have now given you the principal details. Place yourself in my position, and give me your unreserved opinion. It is of the greatest importance that I

should allow myself four or five years of uninterrupted quiet to strengthen my mind, and give it that maturity which is necessary for a public man. And how could I attain this as schoolmaster at a University? You will agree with me. I am sure that after a course of private lectures I shall be much more fitted for a situation at Mayence or Berlin. Farewell! The post is leaving. I shall anxiously expect your answer. The affair is a delicate one, and therefore deserving of the gravest consideration.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 22 December, 1789.

I have received two letters from you. I shall begin with the last.

I am glad to find your former frankness in your letters; and I hope my advice will coincide with your plans. Questions of this importance should not, I think, be decided by commonplace proverbs and considerations. The peculiar circumstances of the case ought alone to be considered. That Jena is not a proper place of residence, either for you or for your wife, there can be no doubt; but it is doubtful whether you can at once obtain a better appointment at Mayence. Your idea of retiring from public life to prosecute your historical studies, is a good one, and must tend to your future advantage. One sheet a week for the 'Thalia' would suffice for your expenses, without counting the 'Memoirs.' Whether you are in a position to marry, depends entirely upon circumstances. Three hundred dollars for the household expenses of yourself and wife is a very small sum, and then there are the servants. Do you know Herr von Beulwitz well enough to be sure that you will live in harmony together? And is

not something necessary to make a start with? If you can answer these questions to your own satisfaction, the sooner the object of your desires is attained the better. If you have any doubts on the subject, you should wait another year, taking up your quarters at Rudolstadt until your affairs are in order.

Your 'History of the Netherlands' is a good excuse for your leaving Jena. Instead of demanding a fixed salary, I should advise you to demand one year's *congé* to complete it. The Duke might award you a pension, and then you would be caught. As regards an official appointment, I should advise you to wait till after your marriage, as meantime something better might turn up. Your father could make no objection to a leave of absence.

You could with no great labour make a very readable book of your lectures, which would bring you in an honest penny. I shall write to you more at length by next post, as some one interrupts me. Minna and Dorchon send their kindest greetings to you, and many pretty speeches to your intended and her sister, to which you may add my kind regards.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 24 December, 1789.

I am full of expectation, dear Körner. The day before yesterday I obtained the mother's consent—an excellent lady! I wrote yesterday to the Duke, demanding a pension. I was told that I should not find it a difficult matter; and was dissuaded from taking the step I mentioned to you in my last. My engagement to Lottchen has been a good deal talked about at Weimar; and the Duke himself asked Frau von Stein if it

was true. She told him it was ; and as he approved of it, she threw out a hint about a pension, which he did not make any objection to. He takes pleasure in affairs of this description, and has a great esteem for Lottchen's mother. I have great hopes that he will do something for me. I see, however, that I shall have to continue my academical career for a year or so, if it be but to please my mother and father. I have an inheritance in view, and other prospects.

I can live here very well upon eight hundred dollars. If the Duke allows me two hundred, and my lectures bring me in two hundred more, this, with the two hundred I receive from my mother, will make six hundred ; then I have the fruits of my literary labours, and as I shall have plenty of time, I hope to be enabled to pay off my old debts.

I look calmly forward to the future. I shall work harder than has hitherto been the case, as my mind will be more at ease. I have already received eight ducats for my private lectures, and expect more, so that they will bring me in something at least. I shall not, however, remain here more than a year or two ; and if during that time I improve my historical knowledge, I shall not regard them as entirely thrown away.

My mind, as you can easily imagine, is in a state of the greatest excitement. The consent of the mother, so nobly given, affected me greatly. She had to make a sacrifice of many plans and long-cherished hopes, and she did so in confidence on my love. Beulwitz wrote to me the other day from Geneva, and we are likely to live on good terms with each other. If I could but procure Lottchen some agreeable acquaintances here ! I

shall have to confine myself to Paulus and his wife ; and the latter happily is an intimate friend of Lottchen. By avoiding the rest I shall avoid annoyances.

I shall retain my present chambers, with the addition of the other rooms on the same floor. My landlady will keep house for us, which will save trouble and expense. Lottchen's lady's maid will therefore be the only addition to my establishment. The most difficult, therefore—the starting—is happily overcome. My own equipment will perhaps cost me most. Göschen has offered me four hundred dollars for an article on the 'Thirty Years' War' for the 'Historical Calendar.' The work is easy, as materials are so abundant. These four hundred dollars are a regular god-send at this moment.

Write to me soon, and tell me if my plans please you. We will speak of *our* plans in another letter.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 27 December, 1789.

I told you in my last that I purposed remaining here for a year or two, as my mother wishes it. I have not yet received a letter from the Duke. Our marriage will probably be solemnized a little after Easter. Either in May or June, not later.

I am on excellent terms with Paulus. Madame Beulwitz and Frau von Stein from Weimar will enliven our society at times. As regards myself, I need not tell you how little value I attach to society. Your letters give me more pleasure than Reinhold's and Hufeland's put together.

Farewell ! I daily expect a letter from you.

SCHILLER.



## 1790.

The Duke of Weimar settles a pension of two hundred dollars on Schiller—The title of Hofrath is conferred upon him by the Court of Meiningen—Schiller is married on the 22nd of February—Schiller describes his happiness—Its influence upon his labours—Huber is appointed Chargé d’Affaires—Körner writes a poem—Schiller’s opinion of it—Schiller commences a translation of the *Æneid*—Bürger starts a periodical under the title of ‘Academy of Fine Arts and Oratory’—The Princess of Rudolstadt—Huber and Dorchen—‘The Thirty Years’ War’—Goethe’s ‘Faust’—Iffland—Lessing—The Duchess of Curland—Körner is appointed Councillor of the Court of Appeal—Körner’s opinion of Schiller’s ‘Thirty Years’ War’—Goethe and Körner—The Mission of Moses—Goethe in private life—‘Lycurgus’—The calling of a Critic—Körner’s philosophy—Classic Art—A German Plutarch.

Jena, 6 January, 1790.

I told you in my last that I had applied to the Duke for a pension. He immediately granted the application. Two hundred dollars, as I had anticipated. But what I did not expect, was that the Duke himself felt this was little. The day after I wrote to him, I went to Weimar, but quite privately, and only visited the Lengenfelds. But the Duke being apprised of my arrival, sent for me. He said that he was very

glad to do anything for me as a mark of his esteem ; but he told me, almost with confusion, that he was sorry he could not afford me more than two hundred dollars. I answered that I did not expect more. He then questioned me about my marriage, and has ever since been most gracious towards Lottchen. The next day we dined at Frau von Stein's, and he came in, and he told Frau von Stein that he gave the best share to the marriage—namely, the money. He often alludes to it, and evidently takes an interest in it. He told Frau von Stein he was very glad to be able to do anything for me, but he was well aware that I would not be grateful for it, and that I should take the first opportunity of leaving him. He was not perhaps far from the mark there ; but the opportunity must—to say the least—be of such a nature that he himself would excuse me. The Coadjutor told Frau von Stein the other day that he counted upon having me some day or other appointed at Mayence.

Thus matters stand as regards my pension. I shall not require a quarter's advance. The money from the 'Memoirs' will suffice for my present outlays. I am clear with Bertuch, or rather he is still in my debt for the 'Blue-Stocking.'\* I must now try if I cannot obtain the mother's consent to the marriage taking place this winter. All external obstacles are removed, and I shall not be better off at Easter than I am now.

SCHILLER.

\* A short poem 'Die Berühmte Frau.' A reply to a friend who complained of having a blue-stockings for a wife.

Jena, 13 January, 1790.

This letter will be as short as a bridal-note,—but it is one. In fourteen or eighteen days the holy ceremony will be performed in the good city of Jena ; you may therefore engage yourself upon an original Latin *carmen* in our honour. My mother-in-law will come to Jena, and the marriage will be quite *en famille*, as private as possible. As we do not keep house ourselves, a great deal of trouble will be spared. In a word, however poetical I may appear to you, you would start at my household arrangements. You will have received by this my letter concerning the pension.

I laughed, heartily at the prudent tone of your last. Believe me that two years' acquaintance with my bride have not been lost upon me. I need not tell you that personal intercourse can alone enable a man to form a judgment on so weighty a matter. I am well aware that of ten men who marry, there are nine who choose their wives to please other people—I chose mine to please myself. I think you have fallen into your old mistake in expecting too little good from me. In this whole affair I am well satisfied both with my head and my heart, but I think you have made too hasty a judgment of me.

If, as a lover, as you said, I was too high up in the clouds to see clearly the object of my desires, you, on the contrary, were perhaps standing in too deep a declivity on earth. Opportunities will not be wanting to convince you, and you will then perhaps confess to yourself, that in your researches you overlooked the qualities of a noble heart and an elegant mind. But wherefore all this ? Time will show. But it is pardonable that I should endeavour not to let you, of all

men, remain in error on a subject upon which all my happiness depends.

Farewell for to-day! I shall write to you again before the marriage. Kind greetings to Minna and Dorchon. In future, you must address your letters to Herr Hofrath Schiller: my name has grown a syllable. Owing to my great learning and literary fame, the Court of Meiningen have honoured me with a diploma.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 19 January, 1790.

Only a few lines to-day in reply to some observations in your last letter. My prudence may not have pleased you as a bridegroom, but you have misunderstood me, after all. I only said, that I was not a competent judge of the good qualities of your bride, as I had seen too little of her, and that I only rejoiced because you rejoice, and not from any conviction of my own. I never say what I do not feel, and to have remained silent altogether would have appeared cold. How could I form a judgment on what had captivated you in the short space of a few hours, during which time you were whispering soft speeches to your beloved? Be, therefore, just towards me, and don't misjudge me. I shall write to you before your marriage.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 26 January, 1790.

I wish to send you a joyous greeting from your absent friends, at this new epoch of your life. According to my reckoning your marriage falls about the present date—if indeed it has not already taken place. I am often with you in thought, and see you in divers situations.

The present state of your mind must be a most happy one. You have found what you sought for; you have overcome many obstacles that stood between you and your desires; and you have a joyous future before you.

I rejoice in your present joy; but I think also I have reason to hope that much good will arise from this marriage for your future happiness. You have consulted your heart in the choice of a wife without taking miserable considerations into account, and this was the only way for you to acquire that treasure of domestic bliss of which you stood much in need. It is not in your nature to live an isolated being for your own selfish enjoyment. A vivid idea which arises within you at times, from a consciousness of your own superiority, rejects for the moment all personal attachment, but the want of loving and being beloved soon manifests itself again within you. I know the strong pulses of your friendship. But I understand them, and they do not keep me away from you. They are essential parts of your character, and are necessarily connected with other things, which I should not like to see altered. Your love will share the same fate; and if I knew your wife well enough, the best wish I could offer her on her bridal-day, would be the talent not to misjudge you in such moments.

Farewell! and endeavour to impress upon your wife what I must be to her, as soon as she bears your name.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 1 February, 1790.

You fancy me already married, and my long silence will have given strength to the supposition; but matters are not got so far as all that.

I do not expect my mother-in-law from Rudolstadt before the 10th or 12th, as she cannot come sooner. Meantime I have been backwards and forwards between this and Weimar, and your letters have remained unanswered.

Your letter gave me much pleasure. I see yourself in it again, and I can with confidence say to myself that you are still the same to me. You give me, and to all who might read it, an idea of myself, which from its truth and justness is very welcome to me. But you are perhaps at fault if you fancy that any interruption ever took place in our friendship ; or at least the causes must not be sought in me, but in external circumstances, which often obstructed the free course of the current of my feelings. I must not be unjust towards myself, and avail myself of the excuse which you have advanced. My friendship for you never slackened ; it is even independent of your actions towards me. That we should live apart from each other, and that this will probably be the case for many years to come, is bad. Separation will deprive us of the greatest enjoyment of our existence ; but let us keep the spark in a glow, that at some future period, to which I look forward with confidence, we may feel its warmth. We met in our youth perhaps, that we might find a substitute for it hereafter, and the harmony of our earlier years was but the kernel of the tree, under the ample shade of which we were one day to repose. I am giving way here to a serious metaphor ; but it rises before me when I compare our friendship with our destinies. You will never, any more than myself, form a closer union with man. Therefore we are for ever friends.

I approve of the prospect you have in view.\* It

\* The appointment to the situation of *Appellationsrath*, or Councillor of the Court of Appeal.

will increase your income and procure you additional enjoyments. As regards myself, I look forward with confidence to the future. In a few years I shall live in the full enjoyment of my mental powers ; I even hope to return to the years of my youth—a poetical existence will bring them back to me. Fate made me a poet, and, do what I would, I could never wander far away from my calling.

The Coadjutor still speaks of providing me with some situation near him. He wishes me to go and pay him a visit at Erfurt : he would like the marriage to take place there, but I doubt if my mother-in-law would approve it. If possible, I shall pay him a visit soon after my nuptials. If he ever succeeds to the electorate, I may count upon him as a friend.

My lectures do not now give me so much trouble. I do not prepare myself beforehand, but hold forth extempore. I have already received sixty dollars for my lectures, and it is not likely the number of my hearers will fall off. I can count on two hundred and fifty dollars for the year, and the work is every day more easy to me. My literary labours will bring me in three or four hundred more without the slightest exertion.

That you should have forgotten 'Tasso' in my fragment from the 'Geisterseher,' is a compliment which, for the honour of good taste, I cannot accept without doing myself injustice. And now farewell ! I trust my next letter will inform you that I am a husband, if no other obstacle step in between. Lottchen shall tell you herself what you are to her, and what you have been ever since your name was first mentioned to her. Both sisters greet you heartily.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 1 March, 1790.

My long silence will have made you presume that some great change has taken place; and it is so. I am a husband of six days' date. Last Monday, the 22nd, we were married, and this is the first moment of leisure I have found to write to you. Not that we have been topsy-turvy all this time: on the contrary, everything went off as quietly as possible; but my mother-in-law was here for the last week, and other visitors from Weimar, and then our first arrangements prevented me from writing.

You must not yet seek further details on the change which has operated itself within me. I forget if I wrote you word that I was to go to Erfurt and fetch my wife, and pay a visit to the Coadjutor. The journey took place twelve days since, and I spent three pleasant days at Erfurt in the company of my wife and sister-in-law, which prepared me for never leaving them. As we were everywhere received as bride and bridegroom, and the Coadjutor took a great interest in our marriage, my stay at Erfurt was a very pleasant one. On Sunday week we drove to Jena, and the following Monday we rode to meet my mother-in-law from Rudolstadt. The marriage was celebrated in a village church outside Jena, with locked doors, by a clergyman (a pupil of Kant's, Schmidt). Nobody got wind of it, and thus I avoided the intended addresses of the professors and students. We spent a few days at my mother-in-law's, and as all our arrangements had been made beforehand, we were at once the picture of domestic order and happiness. I feel happy, and everything assures me that my wife is happy likewise. My sister-in-law is staying with us, but I was obliged to procure her another lodging,



as I cannot have the other rooms till Michaelmas. Our household arrangements are satisfactory. My wife has a lady's maid and I a servant, at about the same expense as one servant at Dresden. Our table is provided for as I told you before.

What a happy life I am leading now! I look around me with a contented spirit, my heart swims in happiness, and my mind draws fresh strength and vigour. My existence is one of perfect harmony. These days have not been passed in feverish excitement, but in calm and peaceful bliss. I have attended to my usual occupations, and with greater satisfaction than formerly.

I have now but one change to wish for. I hope much from the Coadjutor. Of his own accord, he mooted the subject I allude to, and said, he hoped one day to see me at Mayence in a position suited to me. He added, that the means placed at the disposal of Princes were meant to be employed in collecting men of talent about them.

But without any selfish considerations, the Coadjutor is a man whose acquaintance is of great value and interest. I have found few men with whom I could live on such good terms as with him. We feel mutually well inclined towards each other. He is not methinks devoid of a certain indecision of character, and he is, therefore, perhaps, not given to deep investigation: but he has a keen perception, and has much learning, which makes his conversation very agreeable.

He has a great esteem for my wife and sister-in-law. They have quite made a conquest of him. He is a good painter, and allows them to visit him in his *studio*. He has commenced an allegorical picture in honour

of our nuptials. It is a Hymen carving our names upon a tree, against which the attributes of Tragedy and History are leaning. The picture is a present to Lottchen, and will be finished in a fortnight. He has just finished a Madonna which is a masterpiece. Huber has written to me. He has been appointed *Chargé d'Affaires*. I am sorry he has so high an opinion of the 'Secret Tribunals.' What I have read of the play does not please me. Its reception will deceive his expectations, and I am sorry he has not a more exalted ideal. My wife and sister-in-law send many greetings to Minna and Dorchen. Greet them heartily from me also. If Dorchen would send me a copy of my portrait, she would do me a great pleasure. My mother-in-law wishes to have one, and I should like to give one to her. Farewell! I shall write soon again. Be so kind as to send the enclosed to Müller.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 16 March, 1790.

I send you to-day something that will astonish you—iambics from me! They are the result of a happy hour, and it will be a long time before the Muse will visit me again. I felt poetically inspired, and endeavoured to throw as much beauty into the verses as possible. That they do not rhyme is to be attributed to my incapacity. Tell me what you think of them.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 26 March, 1790:

Your poem was, forsooth, a surprise to me: the idea and the execution are both excellent. If ever the epistolary style deserved classification amongst poetry—

and in my opinion it does—this epistle would take a prominent place. Even in prose it would still remain a poem, and this is the real test :—verses do not make a poem. Your verses flow softly, and some passages could not be more elegantly expressed. As regards the subject, I need not tell you that it was welcome to me. This proof of your powers gave me the more pleasure, as I thought you were over head and ears for a situation.

I have been regularly overwhelmed with work to bring my lectures to a conclusion next week. My marriage made me lose a week, and I did not economise my time during the first month, so that I found myself a good deal behindhand. I hope now to conclude this course in five or six lectures. In ten days I purpose going to Rudolstadt, and shall remain there over the holidays.

You must not say that I place too much reliance on the Coadjutor. I am in no hurry, and will let matters take their natural course. It holds out a prospect of an old wish of ours being accomplished. The Coadjutor has been too liberal of promises not to do something. The obstacles are not great, as in two or three years, without his influence, I should endeavour to procure something of the sort.

At the present moment I feel greatly in want of some interesting mental occupation; the 'Memoirs,' my lectures, and contributions to the 'Thalia' occupy all my time, without affording me pleasure. I thirst for some employment at which I could work at leisure and with delight, but I cannot hope for such just yet. I shall not feel happy until I am making verses again. The other day I could not resist the impulse, and commenced a translation of the 'Æneid' in stanzas of

eight verses. I have not finished them. It is most infernally difficult to render this poet : all is lost in the translation.

You will have seen that the new German 'Mercury' does not answer the expectations that were raised in its favour. I shall probably withdraw from it altogether, and take up the 'Thalia' in good earnest.

Goethe has left Weimar—as he says, to meet the Dowager Duchess of W——, who is expected from Italy towards the end of March. It is strongly supposed that he will not return. Lips is at Weimar, and remains there. He is a most interesting person : he has all the Swiss honesty of Graff with more talent and knowledge. I shall cultivate his acquaintance. My wife is much indebted to him for her drawing, and he may greatly improve her yet. His conversation is very agreeable. I wish you could see some of his drawings. Goethe gave an idea for a frontispiece to the first volume of the 'Memoirs,' Lips has drawn it, and is now busy engraving it. The idea and the drawing are equally excellent. For the second volume he has drawn the head of Bohemund—quite a gem. You will see both at Easter.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 2 April, 1790.

Your judgment of my 'iambics' has greatly encouraged me, and you are greatly responsible if I presume upon being capable of succeeding in this line. Your hints shall not be lost upon me. I am sorry you have so much work on hand as not to be able to devote any time to poetry. To translate Virgil in stanzas is a bold undertaking, partly owing to the peculiarities of that poet, partly because it will be no

easy task to make the stanzas agree with the partitioning of the original, and I never regard a stanza as perfect, unless there is a full stop at the end of it.

The new 'Mercury' is certainly not what it ought to have been. What do you say to Bürger's undertaking—'Academy of the Fine Arts and Oratory?' The publisher seems inclined to have an eye to external ornament. Would it not be a wise plan for you to join Bürger, and give him some of your poems, which would not appear to enough advantage in the 'Thalia?' The idea pleases me, and I hope it will succeed.

Huber is working hard to distinguish himself and complains that so little notice is taken of his labours. All occasions of making use of his services are overlooked. This might have been foreseen. The nobility will agree with me in thinking an Ambassador at Mayence not exactly indispensable. In his political career, Huber will always be the water-carrier as long as he remains in Saxony. The man of law is the only man that has a chance—in all other professions they are restricted to collecting materials.

KÖRNER.

Rudolstadt, 10 April, 1790.

The bearer of this letter, Councillor von Beulwitz, my brother-in-law, will be an acquaintance doubly interesting to you on that account, and when you have made his acquaintance you will not need any further recommendation from me. He is, as I told you in a former letter, on a tour with the Princes of Rudolstadt, whose acquaintance you will have an opportunity of making. I wish you could devote a few hours to them, to make them acquainted in your manner with

what is worth seeing in Dresden. The eldest Prince draws, and has a taste for the Fine Arts; it is therefore in your power to point out many things to his attention. If you take them to Graff, let him put my portrait in their way to see if they recognize it.

SCHILLER.

Rudolstadt, 15 April, 1790.

Your letter was forwarded to us from Jena, and only reached us the day before yesterday. Each day I render thanks for my happy lot, and the ties between us are drawn closer and closer.

The hours glide joyfully by: I revel in the pleasant recollections of past times, when I revisit the spots through which I wandered when my feelings were kept a secret in my own breast, and my wife enjoys the society of old friends who are still dear to her. My mother-in-law rejoices in our joy. My other relations here make up for intellectual intercourse by their kind-hearted hospitality, and by excellent tarts and confectionary.

The two Princesses are excellent creatures, and would assuredly make the happiness of a man—certainly of a Prince. The youngest, who is only sixteen years of age, is one of the loveliest girls I have ever seen. The Crown-Prince of Denmark might perhaps select her for his bride; as he is said to have declared, that he should only consult his inclinations in the choice of a wife. It is a pity she cannot be introduced to him. A less royal suitor would, however, not be refused—even a rich Count of the Empire, provided he be a Protestant. I have been thinking of the Prince of Lippe—Detmold. Can you tell me anything about him? Where is he? Is he already engaged? I

have not yet been to Court here, but I cannot delay going much longer: my excuse hitherto has been, that I was not provided with Court mourning.

The Coadjutor has sent us the picture, with a very pretty letter to my wife. It is a very good painting, though the idea is not anything particular, which could not be expected, as it arose from the whim of the moment.

You promised to give my wife your composition to my ode to 'Joy,'\* as well as the airs in the 'Robbers.' She begs of you to keep your promise.

I can scarcely fancy Huber in his new dignity: I am glad, however, that he complains of not having enough to do, and that he likes his occupation. You and Huber are now both likely to be well informed on all the political events of the day. Let me know if any important event takes place. I take an interest now in politics. I tremble at the idea of war, as we shall feel its consequences in every corner of Germany.

I wish you success of your plans in the Court of Appeal. Once appointed, I have no fears for the rest. You are not a man to remain idle, and renewed activity will be visible in all your other labours.

One word more. Since I have had a wife, I take great pleasure in making matches. As Kunze is a widower, his old attachment for Dorchon may revive. Did the idea never cross your mind? Heaven created them for each other. Dorchon would make him the happiest of

\* A most beautiful poem, commencing :

“Freude, schöner Götterfunken,  
Tochter aus Elysium  
Wir betreten Feuertrunken,  
Himmlische, dein Heiligthum !”

men ; and she knows him so well that he never could make her unhappy. If you think the idea a good one, tell me how I can be of service in maturing it. Greet all.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 23 April, 1790.

I am glad you feel comfortable amongst your new relations. This is an advantage which it was impossible to presume upon beforehand. We will endeavour to second your praiseworthy intentions of getting mates for Princesses as much as is in our power. The Prince of Lippe is an amiable man, of no great talents, with whom a Princess could pass a very pleasant life. Parthey has quarrelled with him, so he would be of no service in this matter. But Frau von Recke, who is staying at Dessau, is very intimate with the Prince of Dessau, (formerly guardian of the Prince of Lippe), and I shall get her to point out the Princess. Perhaps the Prince of Dessau, himself, might come forward. Count Gessler will see Frau von Recke shortly, and I shall set him to work.

I will send the music to your wife. I have made a new composition for your 'Ode,' as that which has been printed is not well suited for a single voice at the piano. I send the printed copy with a few alterations.

Your idea about Kunze and Dorchén surprised me. It is true, perhaps, that you are not aware that Huber, before leaving, intimated his purpose of marrying Dorchén. I know what general objections may be made to this marriage, but I never was a friend to general rules. In this particular case I think it best



for both that they should come together. At least, I could do nothing to prevent it.

You wish to hear political news from me. This is a new feature with you. For the moment I have nothing to tell you, but that I should bet in favour of peace, after duly considering the facts before me.

KÖRNER.

Jena, May 16, 1790.

The holidays are over, and I am once more in harness; but I am rather drawing Göschen's vehicle than that of the University; and I enjoy the fine May weather as much as possible.

How different life seems by the side of a beloved wife, than isolated and alone—even in summer. I now enjoy the beauties of Nature for the first time in their full measure, and myself in them. Nature again appears to me in a poetical garb, and strikes powerfully on the chords within my breast. I shall never become an academical wheelbarrow. It is true, I shall never be qualified for an exemplary professor; but Providence never intended me for one. Therefore do not look out for many academical productions, but rather for something else.

For my pleasure, as well as to do something for my two hundred dollars, in addition to my private lectures on Universal History, I shall give a course of public lectures on *Æsthetics*, with their application to Tragedy. This will provide me with materials for the 'Thalia,' and that, you can easily imagine, will interest the students.

I went to Weimar yesterday with my wife, where we paid a visit to the Herders. He has been dan-

gerously ill, but is convalescent. He was in a good humour, and we spent a pleasant hour. He has a far different opinion of my views on Universal History than you. You do not attach much weight to my philosophical observations on History. But, it seems, they have made quite a sensation, and I adhere to my opinion. Convert yourself, therefore, without delay.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, May 28, 1790.

Your last letter rejoiced me exceedingly, as it said much for your happiness. I am glad you have not announced too many lectures. Your presence at Jena alone is worth two hundred dollars to the University. At Göttingen there are many professors who are not expected to hold many lectures, but whose reputation adds greatly to that of the University. Gratitude does not demand more than one course of lectures. The remainder of the time is due to yourself or to the publishers, who assuredly pay you better than the students. *Æsthetic* lectures on 'Tragedy' is a good idea. Impart some of your ideas to Raphael, and an answer will not be long forthcoming.

I am not yet a convert to your philosophical views on History. I have a much higher ideal of philosophy and of your own powers than you have, as yet, produced.

You will have received a letter from me, favoured by Herr von Funk. I should like to hear what you think of him. He will speak to you himself about the 'Memoirs of Sully.' It struck me that memoirs of modern times might very well be added to my plan; such as Memoirs of Richelieu, Choiseul, &c. These are easily to be found in England and France. You

are not the man to hunt them out ; but Bertuch, who is in fact your publisher, (Mauke having merely lent his name), might act as his own bloodhound, and scent out all such memoirs as are published. I am not aware, for example, if ' Franklin's Life,' written by himself, has ever been translated.

We have taken up our quarters at the Weinberg, and shall lose Dorchon for some weeks. She is going to Carlsbad, which did her so much good on our last visit. Frau von Recke, who improves greatly on a nearer acquaintance, takes her with her. As a genius and an authoress, Frau von Recke loses, for she was never intended for one. She is a most amiable woman, of refined taste and much talent. We were agreeably surprised to find so much simplicity and feminine good qualities in her. I am hard at work at ' Kant.'

KÖRNER.

Jena, June 18, 1790.

I am truly ashamed of myself for having become so bad a correspondent since my marriage ; at the same time I can assure you, you are the only man to whom I write anything like regularly, and that I should do so daily, if I could find time. The 'Thirty Years' War,' which I am writing for 'Göschen's Calender,' and which must be ready by the beginning of August, occupies all my time, and I have not a moment to spare. Otherwise, I am perfectly happy, and enjoy life. I often wonder how light at heart I am, notwithstanding the heavy work I have on hand ; a fact which I can only ascribe to my domestic bliss. Fourteen hours a day am I occupied in reading and writing, yet I never felt so free from care.

Your Herr von Funk was an agreeable addition to us. He is a man of most pleasant conversation, and he speaks on subjects which are of the greatest interest to me; and has a certain quiet intelligent manner of his own, which is quite enchanting. I really envy you his companionship. Heaven has not blessed me with such a companion here.

I wish you joy of your lectures on 'Kant.' I hear no end of their praise here. Have you read the new edition of Reinhold's 'Letters on Kant,' and Schmidt's 'Moral Philosophy?' They are said to be most excellent.

My 'Theory on Tragedy,' to which I devote one day in the week, has great charms for me, but it gets on slowly, as I make use of no books, but rely upon past experience and tragical compositions.

SCHILLER.

Dreaden, 19 June, 1790.

The pause in our correspondence would not have lasted so long if I had not waited to hear from you through Herr von Funk. He is returned, and speaks highly of the reception he met with from you. I am glad he pleased you. I only regret that he is not in better circumstances. He sends his kind regards, and hopes soon to receive the 'Memoirs' of Sully, so that he may set to work at once.

I am sorry you are obliged to be so hard at work. Do not lend yourself to such a 'Calendar' speculation again: it is very well for Archenholz and such men. You are sure to spend more time and labour upon it than are required. The 'Memoirs' alone would suffice for you, if you would but take them properly in hand. There should be more contributors; and, with the

exception of the editorship and the introductions, you should not bother yourself with the rest. According to Funk, the second volume must soon be ready. Do not forget to send it to me. I have not yet received the vignette for the first.

Funk tells me that 'Faust' does not please you. I find some irregularities in it; and certainly the intervals placed between the scenes are too great. But there is much that pleases me, especially the main idea, that Faust, from principle, always remains a superior being to Mephistopheles, although the latter is infinitely his master in ideas, experience, and cunning. This, it is true, might have been more developed; and the sort of mountebank tone that Goethe has adopted often leads him into vulgarities which disfigure the work.

What do you say to Iffland's 'Figaro'?\* I almost doubt now whether Iffland is capable of producing anything perfect in this line. Apart from the unnatural structure and complication of the plot, and the exaggerated characters, this proves that Iffland with all his talent for details, has no correct idea of the higher attributes of Comedy. Why do you not try your hand at it? There is something in comedy which few Germans—and which even Lessing† has seldom succeeded

\* August Wilhelm Iffland, one of the most celebrated actors and dramatic writers of that day, was born at Hanover, on the 19th of April, 1759. He commenced his theatrical career at the age of eighteen, under the guidance of Eckhof, then the first actor of the day. Iffland acted the leading characters of many of Schiller's compositions. In 1811, the King of Prussia appointed him Director-General of all the Theatres of Prussia. His dramatic works, some sixteen volumes, are prefaced by an autobiography. He died at Berlin, on the 22nd of September, 1814.

† Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, whose fables are familiar to

in—namely, to represent life with grace and art which can absorb the attention without marring the enjoyment. Iffland endeavours to impart vigour to his comedies by touches of bitter satire and of violent emotion. But this spoils the joyful and pleasant tenor which ought to be the characteristic of comedy. You know what I mean, and it is in your power to show the public what a comedy really ought to be.

Dorchen returns to us next Sunday from Carlsbad. She is very much pleased with Frau von Recke, and also with the Duchess, who is a most amiable lady, not indulging in tragic fits, as is the case with the former. Otherwise, we are all well. My little Emma is becoming a most amusing child, and it is possible she may have a playfellow. This would be a hindrance to the visit we purposed paying you next year. But could you not come here with your pretty little wife and her sister?

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 9 July, 1790.

I send you two lines to tell you that Councillor Beulwitz has been here with the two Princes. Unhappily I could not devote as much time to them as I could have wished. They arrived on Saturday evening. Early on Sunday morning we drove to Frieberg to meet Dorchen, and did not return till Tuesday. On Wednesday even-

every reader, was born on the 22nd of January, 1729. As a critic, he ranks amongst the first in Germany. 'Nathan the Wise,' and 'Emilia Galotti,' are from his pen; and a great number of other dramas, comedies, and miscellaneous works. He died on the 15th of February, 1781, at Brunswick, while on a visit with the Duke, with whom he had travelled through Italy.

ing they paid us a visit at the Weinberg, but it was late when they came, as they had been to the Opera at Pillnitz: they found rather a large assemblage at our house. The Duchess of Curland and her suite were spending the evening with us. The Duchess took a great fancy to Dorchén, and was exceedingly gracious to us all. Yesterday, before dinner, I took the Princes to Graff's, and they all thought your portrait an excellent likeness. Beulwitz seems to be a man of high education, and I regret that I could not see more of him. But it was impossible to put off our Freiberg journey, as we had promised to call on the Duchess. I had not enough conversation with the Princes to be able to express an opinion concerning them. The eldest seems to have some taste for the Arts.

KÖRNER.

Löschwitz, 13 August, 1790.

I anxiously look forward to the moment when you will have left the 'Thirty Years' War,' and have returned to the eighteenth century. I should have written to you sooner, but had nothing important to communicate, and I thought that a letter of gossip would interrupt you in your labours. Your wife sends me word that you are not well, and cannot work just now, so I shall forward you an account of our doings.

The Duchess of Curland, it seems, took a great fancy to Dorchén at Carlsbad. She expressed a wish to make our acquaintance. We drove to Freiberg to meet her; and were mutually pleased with each other; so much so; that during the ten days of her stay here, we have been constantly together. She possesses all those womanly qualities in which the Duchess Eliza is wanting. She has nothing studied about her. Her vivacity is

sometimes almost carried to an extreme; but all her actions denote grace and elegance. She possesses the rare talent of paying the most delicate compliments to those she likes, and with an elegance that is quite charming. She is a person of great personal attractions, and dresses extremely well. She only changed horses at Jena, and she and Eliza send greetings to you. I was not aware she would go through Jena, but at all events there would not have been time for you to see them. On her return from Pyrmont, she purposes remaining a week at Sagan, and has invited us to meet her there, which we probably shall do.

Goethe was here the other day. Count Gessler called upon him, and brought him to the Weinberg. He gradually thawed, and became very conversable. But there is something cold and repulsive in his manner. I had half an hour's interesting conversation with him on the subject of Art. He will return this way, when he purposes remaining some time.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 1 September, 1790.

I wish you joy of your appointment as Appellationsrath (Councillor of the Court of Appeal). You are now fully provided for, and have at least a reason for wearing your fetters. I am curious to know how you will like your new occupation, after the first six months' trial. Your work will, however, be of a less laborious nature than hitherto. The novelty of the thing, a certain ambition to justify the opinion entertained of you by the public, will spur you on to activity. A man works readily when he knows that his work is not thrown away, and that he reaps the fruits thereof. I have no fears of any falling off in your love and taste



for the Arts, as your occupation need not absorb all your time.

I am still hard at work at the 'Thirty Years' War,' but shall have finished it in a few days. Until then content yourself with this short greeting.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 12 September, 1790.

At last I have finished the laborious task of the 'Thirty Years' War,' but have not got further than the Battle of Breitenfeld. I shall continue it next year. You can imagine how glad I am. This year's Fair will be rich in productions of my pen, without, however, having anything very particular. There will be two numbers of the 'Thalia,' one of which is already printed, one volume of 'Memoirs,' containing the 'First Crusades,' and then the 'Historical Calendar.'

I send you with this, the second volume of the 'Memoirs,' with the vignette. I had nearly forgotten it. I also enclose a drawing by myself, the manner and form of which will perhaps be new to you. If you compare this *opus* with the last I painted four years ago in honour of your birthday, you will be astonished at my progress. It was Goethe who made us acquainted with this style of landscape-drawing. He brought some excellent specimens from Italy. You must hold it up to the light of a lamp to perceive the effect. It is not visible by daylight.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 21 September, 1790.

Thank God that you have done with the 'Thirty Years' War,' at least for a time. I am glad you have not condensed it too much. You can take it up

again at some future day, and make something decent of it. I do not understand the two numbers of the 'Thalia' you speak of.

Many thanks for the 'Memoirs,' and many more for the landscape. It is a symbol of modest merit, does not declare itself in the daylight, and shines in obscurity. The effect is not a bad one, and is something novel to us. In my mind's eye I behold you as grave as a justice of peace, sitting near your pretty little wife enjoying your mutual productions. Of the vignettes for the 'Memoirs,' that of Bohemund pleases me best. The frontispiece is too formal, and the idea does not seem to me original enough. The figure of History is too short, and has her arm in a sling. The little gentleman in the left-hand corner is rather insignificant for a genius. Farewell for to-day! Our letters will, I trust, soon become more rational. I have entered upon my new office, and have more work on hand just now than will be the case hereafter. Dorchon has gone to Sagan to spend a week with the Duchess of Curland. We intended accompanying her, but my work prevented me.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 6 October, 1790.

What I have seen of your 'Thirty Years' War' gives me great pleasure. You have surpassed my expectations, as I regarded it merely as a pecuniary speculation on your part. You have succeeded, especially in the arrangement and placing of events, in throwing light and connection on the narrative; and this was the great difficulty with such complicated materials; and without this being effected, the interest would have flagged. Nor is your narrative wanting in

beauties of detail; and it is intermixed with observations which, whilst they afford matter for thought to the reader, in no way detract from the interest of the narration. In a word, this production of your pen will need but very little alteration to rank amongst the best of your historical labours. The style is not so studied as in the 'History of the Netherlands,' but it rises with the tide of events.

The 'Mission of Moses' is a lecture of yours. You might insert many such in the 'Thalia,' which would constitute an historical gallery. In the Indian Treatise, I found some fine sentiment, but did not think it particularly interesting. Many parts are not intelligible. Who is the author of the 'Siege of Rhodes?'

Goethe has been here for eight days: I passed a great part of that time in his society. I succeeded in exciting his interest, and he turned out much more conversable than I had presumed. You will scarcely guess on what points we agree most—on Kant! In the criticisms of the latter on theological discernment, he found stuff for his own philosophical views; at least not restricted to nature. His ideas on style and classical works of Art were very interesting to me, and I endeavoured to compare them with my theory on ideals. Here we entirely disagreed. But in his view of the subject there is much which I had overlooked. I am also indebted to him for many valuable hints on the Arts and Sciences. He recited some of his elegies to me. I cannot describe them otherwise than by calling them verbal pictures of situations at Rome. He has given himself great pains to describe the scenes with great brilliancy and accuracy, so that the artist is forgotten in the subject. Language and versification are excellent.

My new occupation pleases me much. I begin to be looked upon as somebody by my colleagues; and this without any great exertions on my part.

KÖRNER.

Rudolstadt, 18 October, 1790.

The bearer of this is young Von Wurmb, a cousin of my wife, who is to enter the Military Academy, and you will do me a favour by allowing him to cross your threshold now and then. The Minister Wurmb takes an interest in him, and you may probably be brought in contact with him. You need not be too attentive to him, and I have no doubt the little fellow will have sense enough not to bother you. All I wish is, that he will seek your advice should he want it; and that you will keep an eye on his behaviour.

I have come here for a fortnight, to pass the remainder of the holidays with my wife's relations. In six days they are over, and I shall be again in the traces. I determined not to touch a pen during the last fortnight, and I have faithfully kept my word. This relaxation was necessary to me. I was rejoiced to hear that my 'Thirty Years' War' was not beneath your expectations. My object was rather not to lose than to add to my reputation; and owing to the short time I had for the work, it was laborious enough. I trust your judgment may be that of the public; in which case I shall have nothing more to wish. I told you that I should some day give you a proof, that, notwithstanding I were such a slow coach at my pen, I could write fast if I was put to it. Such a proof is the 'Thirty Years' War,' and I am surprised it has turned out so well. The haste I was in to get it done was perhaps advantageous to the historical style, which I find less faulty than in

the 'History of the Netherlands.' I trust Göschen may have reason to be satisfied, as he must sell six thousand copies to cover his expenses. He has meanwhile intimated to me that he is quite satisfied with the work, and that all who have seen it praise it.

I wish you success in your new career. It will depend solely upon your own endeavours to become a valuable member of your college, and your position will be a good one. Do not undertake too much work at first.

I am glad that the 'Mission of Moses' in the 'Thalia' has met with your approbation. There will be similar productions in the eleventh number, as also my lecture on 'Lycurgus.' In the twelfth number there will be some scenes from the 'Misanthrope.' The 'Siege of Rhodes' is the production of a poor student. I took it as payment for some money I had advanced to him. He has nothing whatever except what he receives from me, and I make use of his contributions.

Farewell! My wife is very desirous to receive the music to my Ode: you can perhaps send it to her by the soldier who accompanied young Wurmb to Dresden.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 1 November, 1790.

I trust you have received before this a letter I sent you by young Wurmb, who is to enter the Military Academy at Dresden. My holidays are over, and I have been lecturing for the last eight days. I passed twelve days at Rudolstadt eating and drinking, playing chess and blindman's-buff. This idleness did me good, but I could not have stood it much longer.

Indolence is to me something insupportable, especially if no intellectual society is to be had. I prefer even my lectures. I acquire new ideas, form new combinations, and lay by a store of knowledge for future use. This makes service sweet, and you will find this to be the case with your own occupations.

Goethe spoke a great deal about you, and sets great value on your personal acquaintance. He began the subject himself, and seemed to dwell with pleasure on his visit to Dresden. What occurred to you, struck me also. He was with us yesterday, and the conversation fell upon Kant. It is interesting to perceive how he clothes everything in his own ideas, and cogitates on what he reads; but I should not like to enter into a discussion with him on any subject that had a peculiar interest for me. He is certainly devoid of the grace to allow himself to be convinced that he is on the wrong side of the question. All philosophy is subjective to him, and persuasion or discussion is in vain. Nor do I admire his philosophy. He draws it more from a sensual source; I rather from the soul. He regards things altogether in too sensual a light, and materializes\* everything too much. But his active mind dives into, and investigates everything, endeavouring to form a great system, and this makes me regard him as a great man.

In other respects he is not over-wise. He is getting old, and all his attacks against woman's love seem likely to take their revenge upon him. I fear he will be committing an act of folly, and that he will share the usual fate of an old bachelor.

\* Und betastet mir zu viel.

He cohabits with a Mamselle Vulpius, who has a child by him, and who has quite established herself as mistress of his establishment. It is very probable that he will marry her in a year or so. He dotes upon the child, and he will persuade himself that if he marries the girl, it will be out of love to the child, and that this will prevent the affair from being ridiculous.

I should be sorry to see him finish by such an act of genius, for people would not be wanting to call it so.

The Duke of Weimar sent me a very complimentary letter on my 'Calender,' a copy of which I sent him, and I have also heard it praised in other quarters. I scarcely know how I earned this honour so cheaply. I am told that all the other historical calendars sink into insignificance beside it, both as regards the way they are got up and their contents. The vignettes to it pleased Goethe very much. My poem of the 'Künstler' has been reviewed in Bürger's new periodical, the 'Academy of the Fine Arts.' I have not yet seen it;—perhaps you may get a glimpse of it. If so, a wish of mine will have been fulfilled, that it has not sunk into silent obscurity.

I send you a flask of wine from the Cape, to remind you of the many bottles we emptied together at Dresden. It comes direct from the Cape, brought over by an old friend of my father's, who sent me a few bottles of it. The friend in question married a rich Dutch-woman at the Cape, has just returned to Schwaben, and intends settling down at Dessau.

Meantime, farewell! Greet Minna and Dorchon heartily from us all. We are all well, and think of you with affection. My wife draws a good deal, and

is also very studious at her singing. In winter there are a great many balls here, and the ladies are fond of dancing. I don't know what I shall do with myself when the young folks are dancing.

You will have heard that Schulz has been appointed Professor of History at Mitau, through the influence of the Duchess of Curland. She is said to esteem him very much. Don't be angry; but I do not regard it as a proof of the good taste of your Duchess.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 11 November, 1790.

I have read the review of your poem in Bürger's journal. It is the work of a clever man—perhaps of Schlegel. He has understood it pretty nearly throughout, and there are some minute remarks on versification and language which proclaim the man of talent; but he does not satisfy me in his observations on the philosophy of the poem, nor in his remarks on didactic poetry in general. His criticisms look up to you too much, and I believe that there exists an inspired criticism which ought to look down even upon the highest artists.\* The 'Critic' then becomes the representative of Art, and receives his dignity from it, and not through himself. In proportion as the talents of the artists are great, so much greater must be the powers of his critic. Such critics, it is true, are not always to be found, and the man who may aspire to such, prefers creating productions of his own. But

\* The word 'artist' (Künstler) is applied by Schiller and Körner to poets and literary men in general, and not exclusively to adepts in the Fine Arts.



all other species of criticism spoil real taste instead of forming it.

I also find Goethe too sensual in his philosophy; but I think it as well that we two should come in contact with him, to prevent our going too far in the contrary direction. His marriage with Mademoiselle Vulpius would not strike me as odd. It may first be questioned whether the reports circulated about her are true, and then it might be possible that, as matters now stand, he is not left at peace. Suppose he should really like the girl, and all the world point their finger at her, and that her existence in a small town is a miserable one, as long as she is not his wife. At Weimar the ideas on concubinage seem to differ widely from those in Berlin.

The 'Lycurgus' will make a good pendant to 'Moses,' and will perhaps be the better composition of the two. 'Moses' does not end well, at least it leaves many doubts and questions unsolved. But I protest loudly against the insertion of any scenes from the 'Misanthrope.' Once a portion of it published, you will lose a taste for it, as was the case with 'Don Carlos.' I entertain great expectations of this 'Misanthrope.'

My occupation answers all my expectations. I have commenced a regular courtship with jurisprudence, even into its historical branches. The subject is much more interesting than is generally supposed, and it is the form alone which keeps many away from it.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 26 November, 1790.

The eleventh number of the 'Thalia' will have reached you by this, as also some sheets of the 'Misanthrope.' If I entertained the slightest idea of completing it, it should never have appeared in the 'Thalia;' but after mature consideration and repeated fruitless attempts, I threw up the idea altogether. This species of misanthropy is too common and philosophical for a tragedy. I should have to wage a dire battle with the subject, and not succeed after all. If I take up tragedy again, I shall avoid the risk of becoming the sacrifice of an unlucky selection, and of wasting my strength in a fruitless and thankless struggle.

If ever I attempt to measure my strength against a tragic writer, either of the old or the modern school, the circumstances must be the same, and all obstacles to tragic display must be removed.

I purpose giving up the dramatic line altogether for some time, until I am a perfect master of the Greek tragedy; and until my obscure ideas on Method and Art have become clear, I shall not attempt writing a drama. Besides which, I must prosecute my historical studies, if it were but to ameliorate my position. I do not see why I should not be the first historical writer in Germany, if I were to set earnestly to work; and surely there would be then some prospects opening upon me.

Götschen will be here in eight or ten days, to talk with me about an undertaking which I have cherished for some time. The idea of a German Plutarch has been working within me for the last eighteen months. Such a work combines nearly everything which could make a book valuable, and call all my powers into play. It is capable of artistical, philoso-

phical, and moral treatment. All the capabilities I possess, and which have been matured by experience, would be called into action. The effect upon the age would be a memorable one. You can fill up the rest from your own imagination. It is a work I should require time and leisure to accomplish, and I could not promise more than two small volumes in the year. But I think I could give them the highest finish. Götschen has every chance of an unusual demand, as it would be a work for the learned man, as well as for the general reader; for the young woman as well as for youth. I demand three louis, so that I may receive about seven hundred dollars; which, if he sells two thousand copies, will be a clear profit to him of eight thousand dollars. I shall not undertake it for less, or I shall get another publisher. This is what I mean to discuss with him; and in this manner, my literary labours will have a certain regularity and object. I no longer depend upon chance, and can bring order into my researches and my whole plan of reading. My lectures will then rather be a recreation to me than otherwise. Let me hear your views on this subject soon.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, December 3, 1790.

I am curious to know what you are doing. I expect a poem, as a sort of recreation after the 'Thirty Years' War'. I am not idle myself, and am digging away in my philosophical trench. I will let you know the results some day. Schmidt's 'Moral Philosophy' has some good points in it; but does not satisfy me. His principle of natural law is not clearly enough defined. I seek something more than the form of a law. I want

the kernel—something whereby to distinguish the just from the unjust. Reinhold's new work is full of repetitions and old arguments. His system, like that of Kant, is wanting in evidence, and puzzles even those who go to the trouble of dissecting it. I aim at something higher.

My duties at the Court of Appeal are only as a recreation after my more serious studies; and I find the work every day lighter.

I read something of Huber's the other day, which did not please me at all. His style has become crabbed and declamatory. I fear Forster has done him harm. The latter has a great deal of pomposity in his style, when the subject in no manner demands it.

As regards Schulz, I must tell you you are very wrong in supposing the Duchess is too warm a friend of his. He owes his situation partly to Bode, partly to Frau von Recke; and partly because he is in the good graces of Fräulein V—, who has a great deal of influence with the Duchess. This is, however, between ourselves.

Give your wife the enclosed music, and many excuses for having delayed sending it so long. The blame is to be attributed to a change I had purposed making in the melody, but which I could not manage to my satisfaction.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, December 6, 1790.

Your last letter caused me much joy. A German Plutarch is an undertaking worthy of you, and which you are quite capable of carrying out. I fully appreciate all the advantages it combines. I often

wished you to insert short biographical sketches in the 'Thalia,' which would have been eagerly read by the public. To be sure, it is better if you now intend publishing a gallery of the lives of eminent men, and not mere sketches. The only thing Götschen need fear is piracy; otherwise, I should say you might easily come to terms with him—and let it come to the worst, you would never have any difficulty in finding a publisher.

The portraiture of the characters in the 'Thirty Years' War,' pleases me better than in your 'History of the Netherlands.' In the latter there is more of the subjective; the author is more visible in the personification of abstract ideas, and there is less individuality in your latter production. I am, more than ever, an admirer of the objective in every branch of the Arts. I also am of opinion that the latter work is more classical—that which immortalizes a work of Art. The subjective is dependant upon the peculiar ideas or humour of the artist, and its value is consequently dependant in an equal degree upon whether he finds a public to sympathize with those ideas or humour. A work of Art ought to exist of itself, like any other organic being, and not through the soul breathed into it by the artist.\* When once he has imparted life to it, it continues to exist, even when the originator of that life has ceased to be: and this is the distinction between an aggregate of elements, which individually as the produce of a higher spiritual life, derive each their peculiar value from an organized whole, where

\* Considering that a work of Art is the production of the artist, Körner's philosophy this time may be questioned. It is almost atheistical.

the component parts and the whole are mutually means and end, as is the case with organized natural productions. This unity of direction with the multiplicity of given powers, and this multiplicity of life in detail with a perfect harmony of the whole, distinguishes the classic from chaos and emptiness—this is my last æsthetical faith. What do you say to it? The idea of life and harmony is my own. Kant gave me a hint upon organization, and I am indebted to Goethe for a few hints on the Subjective and the Objective, which I have further developed.

And now for the application to biographies. A biography is a new creation of the departed great man. He must rise again to life through the talent of the artist. Whatever will give more life, more clearness, more truth to the picture, is of value. Whatever disturbs the attention and leads it away to other objects, weakens the effect; even should it, *in itself*, be a production of the highest value.

If you have really given up all idea of completing the 'Misanthrope,' I have nothing to say against the insertion of the scenes that appear in the 'Thalia.' As fragments they are very valuable; and it may still be questioned if you could not have overcome all the difficulties that presented themselves. But I understand the feeling of the artist, who prefers a light material, to which he imparts a high value by his exertions to a subject which contains the value in itself. This explains, perhaps, in some measure, the simplicity we so much admire in the Greek School: less richness in the ideals, but the more wisdom in their realization, the more refined taste for the delicate lines of distinction in the execution, carefully avoiding the slightest discordance.

I have not yet received the eleventh number of the 'Thalia,' and have just written for it. You must not throw up this journal for the sake of the new work. I should also like to see you finish the works you have commenced, the 'Geisterseher,' and the 'History of the Netherlands.' I hear complaints on this head, and I warn you. At least give some good reasons for not continuing them at present.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 17 December, 1790.

I could write you a long letter in reply to your last, which gave me great pleasure, especially your ideas on classic Art, but I have my hands too full, and can only send you a greeting. I am anxious to have your opinion of my critique on 'Bürger,' which will appear in the next number of the 'Literary Gazette.' It consists of a few touches, but which I think are not out of place.

I have a great wish to present my wife with a portrait by Graff, at Christmas; she is very desirous to possess it. If it is not quite finished, Graff can leave it with me until we meet, which will not be a long time, and then give it a last touch. It would please me exceedingly. I am quite willing to pay for it at once; I hope it will not exceed thirty dollars. If you could persuade him to let me have it, you would really do me a favour. Tell him why I wish to have it soon, and that he can have it back again; and let me know what the price will be.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 19 December, 1790.

Huber and Forster have been trying to persuade me to look out for an appointment at Mayence; but, unless it offered very great advantages, I should not change. As it is, I can rely upon receiving five hundred dollars here, and my work is easy. I am quite my own master and under no constraint. I should, however, throw up my appointment here, for one of twelve hundred dollars at Mayence. I hope, however, that certain persons will not live for ever, and then all will be smooth. I purpose shortly going to Erfurt with my wife and sister-in-law, where we shall remain a week. My acquaintance with Dalberg is becoming very intimate, and I hope to derive much pleasure from his society. I have met few men of so noble and upright a character. He soars above the common herd, and his heart beats warmly for all that is good, beautiful and true, and yet he is free from enthusiasm—he has become free—for he was not always thus.

I am glad the idea of a German 'Plutarch' pleases you. Truly, this is a work on which all the powers of my mind shall be brought to bear. I am curious to hear what Dalberg says to it. He is continually exhorting me not to neglect poetry, especially dramatic poetry. But I need not neglect either. Göschel has not yet arrived. I hope he will agree to my terms, and he has a whole year before him to get subscribers.

Farewell, and a merry Christmas and a happy new year to you all! I shall write to you from Erfurt.

SCHILLER.



Dresden, 24 December, 1790.

I wish I could have aided you in procuring a pleasure to your wife, but Graff will not allow the picture to leave his *atelier* till it be completed. I have not been able to ascertain its price, as his wife was present, and he might not have wished her to know what agreement he had made with you. Thirty dollars is surely a small sum for so large a portrait.

There is a phrase in your letter which I take for a Christmas-box from you, as it holds out hopes that we may soon meet. It is a wish I cherish, but we all thought there were great difficulties on your side, and that is why I did not mention it. Easter falls very late this year, and everything will be green by then. Could you not pay us a visit in the Easter holidays? It would be a relaxation for you, and I am sure your wife would enjoy a trip to Dresden. I am glad my last letter was to your satisfaction, and should like to hear more from you on the subject.

The eleventh number of the 'Thalia' has arrived at last. The soliloquy of Hutten in the 'Misanthrope' was something new to me. I have not time to say anything about it to-day, as the Christmas affairs give me plenty to do. The lecture on the 'First Epoch of the History of Man' pleased me exceedingly. 'Solon' did not take with me much, but that may be owing to the subject itself. It is not so perfect as 'Lycurgus.' Forster's article contains some good ideas, but is written in that pompous style which I hate. Your poem in the October number gave me joy, both as regards the composition itself, and as a proof of your good spirits.

KÖRNER.

## 1791.

Visit to Erfurt—Schiller resumes the 'Thirty Years' War'—He proposes visiting Dresden—He visits the Court of Weimar—Schiller is appointed member of the Academy of Arts at Erfurt—Huber's 'Juliana'—Ramberg the artist; a pupil of West—Schiller's health begins to fail—He suffers from weakness of the chest—He is seriously ill—Attention paid to him by the students—They sit up with him at night—The Duke sends him wine—Burke on the 'French Revolution'—Schiller receives a dispensation from the Duke—Dr. Erhard—Schiller has a relapse—He purposes visiting his parents—Wieland's 'Conversations with the Gods'—'Peregrinus'—Schiller's portrait, by Graff—Dorchen goes to Carlsbad with the Duchess of Curland—Kotzebue—Theodor Körner—'The Lyre and the Sword'—'Oxenstiern'—Lottchen—Schiller's translation of the 'Æneid,' in stanzas—Körner's plan for an epic poem—Noble conduct of the Prince of Augustenburg—Disinterested generosity.

Jena, 11 January, 1791.

I have just returned here after an absence of twelve days. At Erfurt I caught cold and fever, and was obliged to keep my room for two or three days. The attack was rather severe; and the fever having increased, with a violent pain in my side, caused some anxiety to myself and my medical attendant. I am now perfectly restored to health, and only regret the days I lost at Erfurt. My friends there showed me

every attention, and the Coadjutor visited me constantly.

I have every reason to be satisfied with my journey. It brought me in closer contact with him, and he gave me a nearer insight into his views in my favour. I shall probably pass the next Easter holidays at Erfurt, if I can persuade my mother-in-law to accompany us.

In July, at latest, we will pay you a visit,—myself, my wife, my mother-in-law, my wife's sister, and perhaps even Frau von Stein. We cannot do so earlier, as the 'Thirty Years' War' keeps me at work. As I only lecture twice a week in the summer, I can easily manage a trip for a week.

We shall therefore meet in 1791. I remained one day at Weimar, presented myself at Court, and looked over the beautiful drawings the Duchess Amelia has brought back with her from Italy. Some views of Naples, and of Rome and its environs, with copies of busts and antiques, are very beautiful; but I had not time to see all. I was glad to meet, at Weimar, Beck the actor, from Mannheim, who had an eight days' engagement, and drew large houses. He was offered the management of the Weimar theatre, but his engagement at Mannheim is too good a one to risk it against a precarious provision at Weimar.

I feel doubly well since my trip to Erfurt, as the plan of a new tragedy has sprung up within me, and has opened a field to poetical effusions. I have been long prying about for a subject that would inspire me, and have at last found one, and an historical one into the bargain.

I have requested the Countess Görz, whom I met at Erfurt, and who is on her way to Dresden, to besiege

Graff about letting me have the picture. You will probably see her; she is a very handsome woman. On the proposition of the Coadjutor, the honour has been conferred upon me of member of the Electoral Academy of Useful Arts at Erfurt. Useful! You see that I am getting on.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 1 February, 1791.

Yesterday I expected a letter about your health. Tell your little wife to send me a line about it by next post. I presume you have not had a relapse. Huber has sent you some new scenes from his 'Juliana.' I have read them, and am in a controversy with him on the subject.

I can scarcely understand them after a third reading, and he says this fault is indispensable to the character and situation of 'Juliana.' I will not be persuaded: what I seek from the poet is the representation, and not the mere indication of his ideal. He must impart to others what he himself has created in his mind and thoughts. The task of the artist consists in selecting the means for doing so. It is certainly less troublesome to allow his ideas to be guessed at; but that is not a work of Art.

We have an artist here of great genius, whose acquaintance I should like you to make. His name is Ramberg. He is a Hanoverian, and as a boy was sent to England, where he studied under West, and afterwards worked on his own account, mostly large altar-pieces and drawings, which were afterwards engraved by Bartolozzi; also political caricatures. He is a most brilliant improvisatore in his art. Give him a subject, and in ten minutes, or half an hour at most, he will

draw a rough sketch with his pen of six or eight figures, each of an original and marked character. He draws with wonderful boldness; each line tells, and the whole subject is arranged in his head as soon as he puts his pen to paper. He is imitable in the expression of the human countenance, and in selecting the critical moment. The figures in his works of a higher description are full of grace and dignity. His caricatures are at times exaggerated, but some of them are excellent. Goethe possesses a Greek subject which Ramberg drew in our presence; get him to show it to you. He is now drawing the vignette for your 'Calendar.' The idea is his own: 'Mars disarmed by the Loves and Graces.' The idea pleased me exceedingly, and Göschen accepted it.

Ramberg, however, is a wild and roystering artist, and will scarcely ever attain any pre-eminence in his art. His colouring is not good, and in his large pictures it spoils the sketch. He has just painted 'Alexander crossing the Granicus.' The sketch is better than the picture. He ought to go to Italy, and he has no inclination to do so. Exclusively of his art, he is not wanting in ideas; but they are bold and unpolished, like his sketches. He enjoys life as he finds it, instead of endeavouring to advance by study.\*

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 11 February, 1791.

I fancied that you had already climbed the hill, and the last letter from your wife surprised me. More the pity for your Professorship, and the whole

\* Ramberg was at a later period appointed painter to the court of Hanover.

*corpus academicum* into the bargain. It is not your fault if you are not gifted with the lungs of Stentor to fill your lecture-room. There are many things in which you excel more than in the use of your lungs; I should therefore give up the bawling to others; your pen speaks loudly enough. There are many Professors at Göttingen who never give a public lecture at all. Your presence at Jena is cheap to the University at two hundred dollars.

Nothing more until I hear you are well again. I should recommend you, as an invalid, to read 'Benjowzki's Travels.' He is a pleasant writer, which is something rare in these times; and his narrative does not appear romantic to those who still have faith in the worth of Man. You will also find some interesting matter in 'Thümmel's Travels.' I read lately a new play of Jünger's, the 'Elopement,' (*Die Entführung*,) which pleased me exceedingly. He seems to have improved.

Farewell, and take care of yourself! Many greetings from Minna and Dorchén.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 25 February, 1791.

I have expected in vain a line from you or from your wife. Send me two words to say you are recovering. I only send you a piece of news and inquiries about you. Dyk is going to engrave your portrait for the 'Library of Fine Arts,' under Schulze's directions.

Schulze called upon me on the subject, and says that Dorchén's drawing will suit his purpose better than the painting by Graff, as the latter is not finished. You can sit to Graff this summer, and Schulze then purposes making a large engraving of it. You are not

obliged to know anything about it, and are not under the slightest obligation to Dyk. At the same time you will receive half-a-dozen proofs of an engraving, which, under Schulze's guidance, cannot fail to be a good one. If you should have any objections to make, let me know at once.

I have read your critique on 'Bürger,' and it has my full approbation. I doubt whether Bürger will say as much. It is true you have spared his vanity as an artist, but you have affronted his personal vanity, which men rarely forgive.

Jena, 22 February, 1791.

At last, after a long pause, I am able to converse with you again. My chest, which is still weak, does not permit me to write much, or you should have had a letter sooner. This continual pain on one particular spot in my chest, which twitches me whenever I fetch a long breath, cough, or yawn, and which is accompanied by a nervous feeling, causes me anxiety at times, as it does not diminish, and makes me doubt whether I have really passed the crisis. In other respects I am right enough: appetite, sleep, my mental and bodily power; are returned, though they did so by degrees. My illness was the more dangerous from being a relapse. I had a first attack at Erfurt, which was suppressed, rather than cured, by a medical man there of some talent. Eight days after that first attack I felt quite well again. I was three days in Weimar without feeling ill; but the day after I returned home, when I recommenced my lectures, I was attacked by fever, which gradually increased. The attack was rather a pain in the side than an inflammation of the lungs, the right lung only being slightly inflamed. On the third

day I spat blood, and felt an oppression on the chest. The pain in my side, however, and my cough did not increase. Copious bleedings and leeching, with blisters on the chest, greatly relieved me. I was much purged, and vomited continually. My stomach was so weak that all the medicine I took was thrown up again. For the first six days I was not able to take any nourishment, which reduced me to such a state of weakness that I fainted when removed from the bed to the sofa, and I was continually given wine to keep me up. After the seventh day I was so bad that I feared for the worst. I was perfectly delirious, but lucid at times, and then I felt calm. Violent perspirations and purging brought about the crisis, but I doubt whether it is final. It was not till the eighth day after the fever had left me that I was able to leave my bed; and it was some time before I was strong enough to crawl about with a stick. I was nursed with the greatest care; and the kindness and attention shown me by the students who attended my lectures, and all my friends here, tended in no small degree to keep up my spirits. They vied with each other as to who should sit up with me at night, and some of them sat up with me for three nights during the week. This interest in me here, as well as at Weimar, touched me very much. My sister-in-law arrived in ten or twelve days afterwards from Rudolstadt, and is still here; a great relief to my dear Lotte, who has suffered more than I have. My mother-in-law also remained eight days with me; and, being thus surrounded by relations and the attention of my other friends, added greatly to my speedy recovery. The Duke sent me half-a-dozen of old Madeira to strengthen me; which, with some Hungarian wine, has done me good service.



I had, however, determined, before the receipt of your last letter, not to sacrifice my health to my academic duties; and I almost feel from the pains in my chest that my lungs have suffered from this severe attack, and, therefore, that the greatest care is necessary. Of course I shall not hold my lectures this winter, but I also purpose taking rest during the summer. Even if my health did not require it, I have so much literary work to finish, that I should have been compelled to do so. For form's sake, I shall ask the Duke for a dispensation, which he will no doubt grant at once. I shall moreover endeavour, through the influence of the Court at Weimar, to make my lectures dependant upon myself.

I may hope everything from the Duke. When I do lecture I shall confine myself to private lectures, one course in the half year, which I shall give in my own rooms, making the lecture more an entertaining conversation than anything else; and by placing a high lecture-fee, restricting the number of my auditors to a select few. I shall study hard at æsthetics this winter, and make them the subject of my lectures. My leisure hours shall be devoted to the 'Thalia;' and, when I wish for a treat, I shall take up my plan of a tragedy, which has occupied me some time. Enough for to-day! Greet Minna and Dorchon heartily from me and my Lotte, and farewell!

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 1 March, 1791.

You have had a fearful attack, and I feel as if you have been restored to me. My illness was nothing to it. I wish you joy of your noble wife! Without her nursing you could scarcely have been saved. The op-

pression at the chest is probably nothing more than the remains of the excitement produced by the afflicted parts, and will gradually wear off. Your chief care must now be to avoid fatigue; and your intentions respecting your lectures have greatly relieved me. The Court cannot refuse granting you a dispensation for the present, and will do so for the future, if the Duke rightly understands its interests. If your digestion is not good, rely upon it that it comes from want of exercise. You should take an hour's walk every day. I feel the same want; and if I omit it, I am not fit for any work the next morning. It is your custom to sit in a very bent position whilst writing; you should write at a high desk standing. Do not overwork yourself at your ill-fated 'Calendar;' a journey would be of greater service to you. We count upon seeing you all the sooner. Could you not manage to go to Leipzig Fair? We shall, in all probability, be there.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 13 March,\* 1791.

The news of your philosophical conversion has taken me so by surprise that I was on the point of sending you two whole sheets of philosophical matter. When I fancy that my system is perfect, I become suddenly aware of gaps and obstacles, and am obliged to set to work again. I am most anxious to know what effect Kant's ideas have had upon you. I wonder people did not perceive your style in the review. I recognized it

\* A letter from Schiller is missing, in which he seems to have announced that he had been studying Kant's works, and in which he gave Körner directions about his portrait.

at once. You seem more satisfied with Huber's critique than I am. I found that he gave too much honour to Damocles and Aristodemus, and that he set down as a merit what was often but the natural result of negligence. Such plays do not please me; they are wanting in individuality of character, and are uninteresting. A person who can only bring philosophy in so meagre a shape on the stage, had better keep away from it altogether.

I did not explain myself clearly about Schulze. Properly speaking, he engraves these things himself, and his pupils only lend their name, as he is bound to work exclusively for the Dresden Gallery. They help him in the details. If you have not come to an agreement with Lips, wait at least till you have seen something of Schulze. Lips is undoubtedly a man of talent, but he has not the bold hand of Schulze.

If you can procure 'Burke's Observations on the French Revolution,' do not be prevented from reading it by the abuse showered upon it by the French. It is true, there is a great deal of partiality, declamation, and one-sided reasoning in it; but, on the other hand, many excellent remarks clothed in a manly and noble eloquence. His indignation alone against the praise bestowed on daubers, is worth the reading.

KÖRNER.

Rudolstadt, 10 April, 1791.

I have been a long time without writing to you, but I have now been some weeks here, and have avoided the writing-desk as much as possible to court, repose after some heavy work, which I finished before I left Jena. I still suffer from oppression on the chest, accompanied at times by a cough, with that twitching pain in

the side that was inflamed, whenever I draw a long breath. I say nothing to any one here about what I think of these symptoms, but it strikes me that I shall not get rid of them. It would be quite out of the question for me to read an hour aloud. I have, however, had no more expectorations of blood. I applied leeches the other day to my chest, but I think they did me more harm than good. I also go out riding three or four times a week, and am ordered to drink milk and seltzer-water, with decoctions of young herbs.

The Duke, who was in Jena three or four weeks since, relieved me from giving lectures this summer, as I may have told you already. Under any circumstances I could not have lectured.

I am in good spirits, and if it came to the worst, I should not be wanting in courage. I am sorry I shall be obliged to work this summer ; but as it is at my own option to conclude the 'Thirty Years' War' with this second number, or to reserve something for a third; I may be able to combine work with a due care of my health. I look forward with more pleasure to the latter half of the summer, when I hope to see you, and when my occupations will be more congenial to my tastes. During the latter part of my stay at Jena, I made some acquaintances, who have since given me great pleasure. Amongst others, a certain Erhard of Nürnberg, a *doctor-medicinæ*, who came over on purpose to make Reinhold's and my acquaintance, and to study 'Kant's Philosophy.' He is a man of the most universal talent I have ever met. He has not only made himself perfect master of 'Kant's Philosophy' on Reinhold's system, but he has carried his studies still further, and has thrown quite a new light on many subjects. He is a man of deep reading, and of sound

judgment. He is a first-rate mathematician, a consulting physician, has great taste for the arts, is a good artist, and an excellent musician; and yet he is only five-and-twenty. His conversation is intellectual: he is a man of high moral character, which is chiefly his own work, as he has to struggle against a strong inclination for the satirical. He does not show to advantage on a first acquaintance, as his tone is so decided, and he has so much *à plomb* about him, which at first might be mistaken for presumption. He is now writing a defence of Reinhold's philosophy, against some attacks which appeared in the 'Literary Gazette.' He is not an author, and does not wish to be one. I have written thus at length about him, as he will call upon you at Dresden on his return from Königsberg, to which place he purposes paying a visit shortly. I shall also give another young man a letter of introduction to you, who will interest you as an artist. He is a Livonian of the name of Grass, who came to Jena to study theology. He, however, did very little in this latter respect, but made all the greater progress in landscape-painting, for which he has great taste. Goethe knows him, and he assured me that he promises to be eminent in his art. Last summer he made an excursion to Switzerland, and returned quite inspired.

He will show you some Swiss landscapes, painted from memory, which, though unfinished, are full of vigour and life. He is also a poet of no mean powers, as you will perceive from the next number of the 'Thalia.' He is a most affectionate being towards those he likes, and his appearance denotes the man of genius. Another of my new acquaintances is a certain Baron Herbert, a man of forty years of age, with a wife and child, and who has a manufactory at Klagen-

furt. He came for a few months to Jena to study Kant's and Reinhold's philosophy. An upright moral-minded man, with a clear head. He returns home quite satisfied with his studies. Bürger has replied to my review by an anti-critique, which you will find in the supplement of the 'Universal Literary Gazette.' I have been busy for the last few days translating the second book of the 'Æneid' into stanzas. I think you will find that 'Virgil' is readable in this shape. It is, however, almost original composition, as not only is it necessary to change the Latin text so as to make each stanza perfect, but it is also necessary to make good in the German whatever is lost by this change.

I have found an excellent subject for a lyric poem, to which I purpose devoting some of my best hours.

My wife greets you and Minna and Dorchon heartily. You will probably soon take up your quarters at the Weinberg, where we shall visit you in August or September. Farewell! and do not be so sparing with your letters, even if I do not answer them directly.

SCHILLER.

Rudolstadt, 24 May, 1791.

I am now convalescent. My wife will not have had time to give you a full account of this last attack. It was a regular asthma, and my breathing was so heavy that I thought I should have been choked. My hands remained cold in the warm water, and it was only by violent frictions that circulation was kept up in my limbs. Strong doses of opium, camphor, and musk, and the application of blisters, relieved me most. I was also bled in the foot to prevent suffocation. On Tuesday Starke was sent for from Jena; I was much better when he arrived, and he

found me in a calm slumber. Starke's opinion of this attack is, that the lungs are not affected, and the violence of the attack is the best proof of this, as any fault in the organs of respiration must have declared itself. I expectorated no blood, and after paroxysms, which lasted at times for five hours, I could breathe freely. This relieves me from my fears of an abscess in the lungs. But I cannot explain the pain in the right side of my chest, which remains unaltered. I am, however, less anxious about it than I was four weeks since. The violence of the attack has, however, done me much good. I have beheld death face to face, and my courage has gained strength. On Tuesday especially, I thought my last hour had struck. Every moment I expected to be suffocated; my voice had left me, and it was only with a trembling hand that I could write what I still wished to say. Amongst other things, I wrote a few words to you, which I now keep as a memorandum of that anxious hour. My spirit was light, and all the pain I felt arose from the sight and the thoughts of my good Lotte, who could not have survived the blow.

I need not tell you what joy your presence would have given me. I fear that we shall not see each other this year. If I can afford it, I have promised to go and see my parents in Schwaben, who may not live to see me at a later period; but the expense of a journey, either to them or to you, would fall heavy upon me this summer or autumn, as my illness, without counting the loss of five months' time, will cost me thirty louis at least. But I shall see how I can manage.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 31 May, 1791.

For more than eight days I was in a state of the greatest anxiety about you. It was in vain that I attempted to turn my thoughts to anything else. It was only on once more seeing your handwriting that I felt relieved. You have suffered much, but the cause of your malady must have the best consequences, inasmuch as they will guide your medical adviser. Your illness greatly resembles that of our Chancellor Burgsdorf, who, though of a delicate constitution, has overcome, compared to yours, most serious attacks. It was well for you that you had a man like Starke to attend you. All now depends upon taking the greatest possible care of your health, and avoiding all excitement. Göschen has set all my fears at rest respecting your pecuniary affairs. He says that your works have a most extraordinary sale, and he is quite in earnest when he adds that you may draw upon him yearly to the amount of one thousand dollars. You may take advantage of this on my responsibility, even should you not publish two small volumes within the year. Your 'Calendar' has had a great run, and the 'Thalia' and 'Carlos' are in great requisition. The expense of a journey, therefore, need not prevent you paying us a visit, even should you first go and see your parents. Properly speaking, you should not do anything but amuse yourself this summer, and I do not see what should prevent you, with the exception of a few sheets for Göschen's 'Calendar.' It need not be so bulky as last year. The only excuse I can accept for your not paying us a visit, will be if you are ordered to some watering-place. And in this case the doctor, and not the finance minister, must decide it. My pecuniary circumstances are better than they were,



and if you do not wish to make use of Götschen, you can draw upon me.

I did not derive much pleasure from my trip to Leipzig. Becker, from Gotha, was there during the last few days of my stay, but he was too much occupied to be conversable. I also saw Hufeland and Bertuch. The Leipzig folks do not please me—they are so utterly devoid of anything like enthusiasm for literature or the arts. They almost treat the Arts and Sciences as if they were manufactured wares.

Amongst this year's productions, Wieland's 'Conversation with the Gods' and his 'Peregrinus' rank high. Both works are rich in verse and humour, though at times his gossiping style is too prevalent. I think his 'Jupiter' excellent. Forster's views, notwithstanding the many good points they contain, do not please me. I hate his dictatorial, bombastic style. The graces have not smiled upon his work. Dalberg's 'Æsthetics' is a curious production. The first few pages aroused the greatest expectations within me, and I hoped to find much that corresponded with my own views. But the man serves up his ideas in too raw a form. His work contains some valuable hints, but abounds also in the most curious, faulty, and often common-place remarks. The work bears more the stamp of that of a *dilettante* than any other work of his I have read, and the style is too stiff.

We are rather gay here just now. The Duchess of Curland and her sister are staying here, and Dorchon accompanies them next week to Carlsbad. The Duchess is unchanged. She takes a greater share than she did formerly in politics, and interests herself especially for Poland, but never outsteps the bounds of womanly grace and elegance. She might serve

as a model in this respect to her sister, who treats politics as badly as she does sentiment.

You will do me a great pleasure by letting me hear from you oftener, if but a few lines at a time. You have not now so much occupation as formerly.

KÖRNER.

Löschwitz, 13 June, 1791.

We are now at the Weinberg, and Dorchen left us on Tuesday, with the Duchess of Curland, for Carlsbad. I am anxious to hear from you. Let your wife send us a line now and then, that we may not be anxious respecting you. Have you come to any agreement with a man of the name of Frauenholz, or Frauenhofer, of Nürnberg about your portrait? He has written to Graff for your picture, saying that Müller, of Stuttgart, wished to make an engraving of it. Graff will do nothing without instructions from you, and requested me to write to you on the subject. Müller is a better engraver than Bause, and I should like to see it in his hands. But another sitting is necessary, and I trust it will take place this summer. Let me hear at once if you know anything of Frauenhofer's speculation. He seems to lay great stress upon it, as he has offered to pay Graff's expenses to Jena to take a last sitting. Have you received any copies of the engraving made after Dorchen's drawing? At Leipzig I was told that Dyk had sent you some. Schulze promised to send me some, but he is laid up. I think the workmanship is good.

Farewell for to-day! I will write again soon. Minna sends many greetings to you and your Lottchen.

KÖRNER.

Löschwitz, 1 July, 1791.

I am much indebted to your wife and your sister-in-law for sending me accounts of your health, but I am very desirous of receiving a line in your handwriting, if it be but to show me that you have strength to write. Hartwig, who has been staying with us, is still of opinion that no good result will be obtained by strengthening and acting upon the nerves, unless opening medicines are resorted to. He places the origin of the malady, not in the nerves themselves, but in some cause which acts directly upon them.

Have no care for Göschén's 'Calendar,' or any other literary work whatsoever, but look to your health. You can easily procure some light historical works for your amusement, or I can send you some.

Have you read Forster's last work? His views do not please me. I cannot stand the presumptuous tone with which he spouts forth common-place sentences. He is a man of no ordinary capacity, but he is deficient in a polished education. There is something so uncultivated in his whole being, which something he will never get rid of, as, owing to his many literary labours, he has no time to study himself. I sometimes have similar fears respecting Huber. He is too eager to thrust upon the public subjects which ought to be left to ripen in his brain.

I have given Graff your answer respecting Frauenholz. Graff cannot come to you; the head is quite finished, and he can do the rest without a personal sitting. The only question now is, whether you really will give up the picture entirely to Frauenholz. I protest against it. I have long wished for it; but as you had ordered it for yourself, I did not like making

the proposal to take it. But sooner than let Frauenholz have it, I shall buy it myself, and only let him have it for Müller to take the engraving. If you pay us a visit next year, Graff can touch it up, should he think it necessary. If you do not keep the picture for yourself, it is far better that I should have it, and it will not interfere the least with Frauenholz's plan.

I enclose you five copies of the small portrait. Otherwise there is nothing new here. Minna is well, and expects her confinement in November at latest. Dora is delighted with her stay at Carlsbad. She sends you many greetings, and has been very anxious about you. I have now more work to do, as both Senates are constituted. I remain in the first Senate with the present President, which is attended with some advantages. I am a quick hand at my work, and have plenty of spare time. I always purposed writing a novel in letters, and have already written two or three: my idea was to give an example of the baneful effects produced by the enemies of enthusiasm. I have selected the characters; but I want action, and this is where I am at a loss. I should not like to see the events the result of chance, but to develop themselves naturally out of the characters themselves. At the same time, I wish to keep up the interest so as not to allow the reader to put down the book. If I cannot do that, the work is not worth a fig, and I shall throw it on the shelf.

KÖRNER.

(No date).

The bearer of this letter, Herr von Pape, of Hanover, is one of my best acquaintances, and will

give you a full account of my health. It grieves me to relinquish the cherished hope of embracing you all. It is neither time nor money that prevent me from doing so ; but the position which my sister-in-law holds at Rudolstadt does not permit of her leaving the Court, as the marriage of the Crown-Prince and the arrival of his bride make her presence indispensable. Added to which, we all wish to see you, and enjoy your society in good health and spirits. But we are all unwell, and not too open to light-hearted enjoyments. We will write more at length by next post. All greet you heartily.

SCHILLER.

Herr von Pape's acquaintance will doubtless give you great pleasure. Try to brush him up ; he is a most excellent fellow, but a great hypochondriac.

Löschwitz, 8 August, 1791.

I am sorry to say, that through Herr von Pape and a letter from your wife, I have received the disappointing news that you are not coming to see us. I am not capable of weighing your reasons for returning so soon to Rudolstadt, but must take them for granted. That you and yours are not quite recovered is no sufficient reason ; the dawn of returning strength is a happy sight. But words here would be in vain. I have often had to renounce many things ; but to renounce this hope is hard. But let it be.

Herr von Pape's acquaintance gave me pleasure. He is a man of education and learning, of refined taste, and appears to be well read. His outward appearance alone is prepossessing. According to his and Count Hoffmannsegg's assertions, the Carlsbad

waters have done you good, and we have a new proof that your lungs are quite sound.

You have not sent me an answer respecting your portrait by Graff. If I hear nothing more about it, I shall stick to the agreement I have made with Graff, that he is to finish the picture, and to send it to Frauenholz for Müller to make the engraving; and that it is then to be sent back, and entrusted to my keeping, until I have your instructions respecting it.

I have nearly completed my sketch of the 'Life of Oxenstiern.' The man deserved a volume to himself. I regret that I could not draw from other sources, and that Göschel could not give me more space.

Herr von Pape tells me that you feel inclined to take up the 'Geisterseher' again, and that you do not purpose going this winter to Jena. It would give me great pleasure to find you devoting some months at least to poetry.

Can you not send me copies of some of your stanzas from the 'Æneid?' I looked for you in vain in the 'Thalia.' What is your opinion of 'Sacontala?' I think Goethe said a little too much about it in his 'Epigram,' in the 'Monthly Review.' God preserve us from imitators! I am beginning to feel a great contempt for the dramatic public. Kotzebue\* drives everything else out of the field. Woe to him who works for such men!

Farewell! and ask your wife to send me news concerning you when you cannot write. Minna and

\* Kotzebue was assassinated at Mannheim, by George Sand, a student at Heidelberg. Sixteen students drew lots as to who should kill him. Sand was executed at Heidelberg.

Dorchen greet you. Many kind regards to your wife and your sister-in-law.

KÖRNER.

Löwischtz, 19 August, 1791.

Herr von Pape left to-day or yesterday, and the address he has given me for you is : Assessor at the Court of Hanover. His acquaintance gave me much pleasure. He has a great taste for the Arts, and master-pieces give him more than a transitory pleasure. His observations bear the stamp of originality, which is always refreshing ; as the usual phrases, carried from mouth to mouth, are quite insufferable.

I expect some sign of life from you soon, and news of the success of your cure. According to Göschen it has done you a great deal of good. But you must not work too hard after it. Is it true that you do not go to Jena next winter ? I should not be sorry for it. At all events, I should recommend you to give as few lectures as possible. *Studiosa juvenus* is truly not worth so much time and lungs.

Pape tells me the 'Geisterseher' will see the light again. I am glad to hear it ; and have many reasons for wishing to see it finished. My literary career has quite shrunk into a corner. I think at times, if every one writes, there will be no one to read. And reading is not so easy a matter as many people imagine. I begin to be aware, that anything I should write would, after all, be nothing more than the produce of amateur cramming. I am not, perhaps, so much wanting in taste, as in the talent of expressing it, which at my time of day, and with my present occupations, it would be difficult to acquire. And if I detest anything, it is

daubs. You must not suppose that my taste has been blunted by drawing up deeds. I still take the greatest delight in anything perfect in Art. But my admiration for true talent makes me look very silly in my own eyes, when in a few hours I aspire to produce something equal to that upon which others have expended the experience of years. Plans I have enough of, and I could find work for many a clever brain, if clever brains would allow themselves to be led instead of following the course of their own ideas.

Funk has been promoted to the rank of Commander of a squadron of the new hussar regiment. It is a good thing for him, but he is in need of money for his outfit. He is scraping together all he can, and I think the payment of his translation of 'Sully,' would be welcome to him. Try and get Mauke to pay him at once, or send Funk a line about it, as he is aware it is printed.

All are well here. The Emperor and the King of Prussia are coming for three days to Pillnitz. Minna and Dorchon send many greetings.

KÖRNER.

Erfurt, 6 Sept. 1791.

I only send you a few lines, dear Körner, to tell you I am still in the land of the living. I am getting better by slow degrees. As regards my plans for next winter, I am quite undecided. I cannot rely upon my literary labours, and shall not be able to lecture. I have written to the Duke on the subject by the advice of the Coadjutor. He will do what he can, I am sure; if not, I must look out for something at Vienna, Mayence, Berlin, or Göttingen. I wish I could pay Funk at once, but it is quite impossible: he must try and



manage for a few months without it. Mauke has told me he could not pay me what is still due before the Easter Fair. I have spent above fourteen hundred dollars this year, and done no work. I have drawn upon Göschen pretty largely, but have made no additional debts.

Dresden, 12 September, 1791.

You must not expect to get well all at once after so severe an attack. I doubt very much if the Duke of Weimar can do anything for you. His treasury is not over-well stocked. I think the Duke of Brunswick might do something if he were applied to. He likes to have men of repute about him. The Duchess of Curland could sound him on the subject. Let me hear what you think of the idea. Haste however must be avoided, or the conditions will be unsatisfactory.

I am sorry you cannot pay Funk, as he is not the man to press you for money; but that is the very reason I should like to see it paid.

Graff has finished your picture, and will send it off in a day or two. He tells me that you have already disposed of the picture to Frauenholz. The latter will therefore not give it up to me, unless you write to that effect. However, if I were certain you would come hither next year, he might keep it, as you could sit for another. Huber has become a regular critic. He has just published a critique on Klopstock's 'Herrmann,' which is well written, though his style is hard at times. I think Forster has spoiled him; they seem to regard obscurity as the great merit of composition. I cannot agree with them.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 3 October, 1791.

My hearty congratulations on the birth of an heir to the house of Körner, on whom I invoke my blessing.\* I rejoice with your joy, and am at this very

\* Theodor Körner, the son of Schiller's friend and object of these congratulations, became afterwards one of the most eminent poets of Germany, the author of '*Leyer und Schwerdt*.' He was killed in battle at an early age. He was beloved by all who knew him, and adored by his men, whom he encouraged by his songs. He was christened Carl, the name he is mentioned by in these letters. Theodor was an adopted name of his own selection.

Karl Theodor Körner was born at Dresden on the 23rd September, 1791. His father doted upon him, and watched over his youth with all the tender solicitude of a fond and a wise parent. The boy shewed an early taste for poetry, and inherited from his father a good ear for music. The space allotted to a biographical note is too limited to allow more than a rapid sketch of this noble youth's career. In 1813, the great success of his dramatic productions procured for him the remunerative and honourable situation of *Hoftheater Dichter*, or poet to the Imperial Theatre of Vienna. A call to arms for the independence of Germany found a responsive echo in the heart of Körner; and on the 15th March, 1813, he left Vienna and enrolled himself in Major Lutzows' Volunteers, whom he has immortalized in his songs. Before a battle, he encouraged the ardour of his men by his martial songs, which are handed down to posterity under the title of the '*Lyre and the Sword*.' The following anecdote is illustrative of the man. In command of a small detachment of hussars, Körner was surrounded by a superior French force, and before he had time to parry the blow, he received a severe sabre-cut on the head and a slight wound in the arm. He fell back upon his saddle, but his noble charger carried him, with some of his detachment, beyond reach of the enemy into a wood near at hand. Whilst bandaging his wounds with the assistance of a comrade, a detachment of French horse approached, when Körner, with great presence of mind, exclaimed at the pitch of his voice,

moment with you in spirit, sharing it with you. I wish I could pass two or three weeks with you. But I want rest and quiet; and my sweet Lotte also stands in need of it: all she has suffered this year has

"Fourth squadron, forward!" The enemy drew back, and Körner and his friend had time to conceal themselves deeper in the forest. The pain of his wound was excessive; he felt his strength leaving him, and he gave up all hope of surviving. This event gave rise to the well-known verses:

"Die Wunde brennt—Die bleiche Lippe beben,"

of which the following is an English translation, affixed to a German edition of his works:

My lips grow pale—my wound burns frightfully,  
My heart's enfeebled beat proclaims too well  
That here I must bid life a last farewell.  
God, as thou wilt, I give me up to Thee!  
Soft floating forms of gold surrounded me,  
But fancy's dream has proved my funeral knell.  
Courage! What in my breast so long could dwell  
Must still live with me through eternity.  
And what I here acknowledged as a shrine,  
For which my bosom burned with youthful fire,  
Whether I called it Liberty or Love,  
Now, seraph-like, displays its form divine.  
I feel my failing senses slow expire.  
One breath will waft me to the realms above!

Körner was found almost insensible from loss of blood, and was for a long time unable to do duty.

Theodor Körner's celebrated 'Schwerdt Lied,' or 'Song of the Sword,' was written only two hours before the battle in which he fell mortally wounded by a musket ball. The song is a dialogue between the poet and his sword, in expectation of the coming strife. The following translation by Lord Francis Leveson Gower is affixed to the Berlin edition of Körner's poems. It is somewhat free in two or three verses, but it is imbued with the spirit of the original:

[SONG

greatly weakened her health. This was one reason why we left Erfurt sooner than we had intended.

## SONG OF THE SWORD,

*Written a few hours before the death of the author in battle.*

My sword, my only treasure !  
What would thy glance of pleasure ?  
It makes thy master glow  
To see thee gleaming so.

" A patriot warrior rears me,  
And this it is that cheers me ;  
It makes me glad to be  
The falcon of the free."

Yes ! none this hand shall fetter,  
And none can prize thee better.  
Affianced to my side,  
I love thee like my bride.

" With my blue steel united,  
My constant faith is plighted.  
Oh ! would the knot were tied !—  
When will you wed your bride ?"

With death-smoke round him spreading,  
The bridegroom seeks the wedding ;  
When swells the cannon's roar,  
Then ope thy chamber door !

" Oh ! how the thought inspires  
The longing bride's desires.  
Come, then, my husband, now  
The garlands waits thy brow !"

Why is thy scabbard dancing,  
So restless, wild and glancing ?  
Why, ere the trumpets blow,  
My sword, why dost thou so ?

" I cannot choose but rattle  
With longing for the battle,  
'Tis this that makes me glow,  
And dance and glitter so."

**[Be still**

I spent some pleasant hours there in the society of Dalberg, but I longed to be back here, as it is our

Be still awhile my beauty !  
In patience do your duty ;  
Even now I make thy dower ;  
Wait but the wedding hour.

“ In vain delay opposes ;  
I long to pluck the roses  
All redly as they bloom,  
The flowrets of the tomb ! ”

Then out ! in splendour gleaming  
Thy glorious task beseeching—  
Then out ! in all thy pride,  
Come forth, my love, my bride !

“ How gay the glad carousal !  
That honours such espousal !  
How bright the sunbeams play  
Upon my steel to-day ! ”

Then on—to deeds of daring,  
Of valours' lofty bearing—  
On—every German heart,  
Never from such brides to part !

Once on the left they tarried,  
But that was ere they married ;  
But now, in Heaven's fair sight,  
We boast them on our right !

Then, with a soldier's kisses,  
Partake your bridal blisses ;  
Woe may the wretch betide  
Who e'er deserts his bride !

What joy, when sparks are flashing,  
From hostile helmets crashing !  
In steely light to shine,  
Such joy, my bride, is thine !

Hurrah !

[Theodor

home, and I have many friends whose intellectual conversation is a great resource. During the last

Theodor Körner was buried by his comrades under an oak tree, near the village of Wöbbelin. This tree is called Körner's oak; the Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin made a present of the tree and ground to Körner's family. A monument is now erected upon the spot. His sister Emma, after drawing his portrait, and a sketch of his tomb, pined away and died, and is buried in the same grave, where old Körner joined them afterwards.

We have various translations of Körner's poems and sonnets in his honour. The following beautiful lines, by Felicia Hemans, will be read with interest :

FOR THE DEATH-DAY OF THEODOR KÖRNER.

A song for the death-day of the brave,  
A song of pride !  
The youth went down to a hero's grave,  
With the sword, his bride !

He went with his noble heart unworn,  
And pure, and high ;  
An eagle stooping from clouds of morn,  
Only to die !

He went with the lyre, whose lofty tone,  
Beneath his hand.  
Had thrill'd to the name of his God alone.  
And his fatherland.

And with all his glorious feelings yet  
In their day-spring's glow,  
Like a southern stream that no frost hath met  
To chain its flow !

A song for the death-day of the brave,  
A song of pride !  
For him that went to a Hero's grave  
With the sword, his bride !

[He has

weeks of my stay at Erfurt I was enabled to work,  
and as I had been reading hard at the next period

He has left a voice in his trumpet lays  
To turn the flight;  
And a spirit to shine thro' the after days  
As a watch-fire's light;

And a grief in his father's soul to rest  
Midst all high thought;  
And a memory unto his mother's breast  
With healing fraught.

And a name and fame above the blight  
Of earthly breath.  
Beautiful—beautiful and bright  
In life and death!

A song for the death-day of the brave,  
A song of pride!  
For him that went to a hero's grave  
With the sword, his bride!

FELICIA HEMANS.

#### THE GRAVE OF KÖRNER.

Körner, the great, the good, lies buried here!  
Great, for his soul ne'er bowed in slavish fear.  
Good, being virtuous in an age of vice.  
I call him great and good by Heaven's decree,  
For good was he who taught you to be free,  
And great is he, who quietly lives and dies!

ABBOTT.

Thou hast a hero's tomb—a lowlier bed  
Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee lying;  
The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young head  
As thou wert gone, in sorrow dying.  
Brother! true friend! the tender and the brave,  
She pined to share thy grave.

[Brother

of the Thirty Years' War, the work was easy enough. Without much effort on my part, I was able to dictate four or five hours a day, and thus completed five printed sheets for the 'Calendar' during the last fortnight. Göschen tells me that you have not yet finished your 'Life of Oxenstiern,' and I fear this new arrival will not advance it. If you have completed enough to make it a readable article, send it to Göschen as it is: if you are still behind-hand, do not bother yourself about it. Göschen will receive three sheets more from me than he counted upon, and must therefore manage as he best can. Do not let this work step in between you and your domestic bliss for one moment. It would be as well, however, to send Göschen either the manuscript or a negative answer by next post.

And now farewell, or I shall miss the post. I will write more at length in my next. Tell Funk that I shall send him fifty dollars early in November, but that I beg of him to finish his annotations to the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th parts as soon as possible, otherwise I shall not be able to get anything from Mauke.

Ever yours,  
SCHILLER.

Brother! sweet sister! peace around ye dwell!  
LYRE, SWORD, and FLOWER, farewell!

FELICIA HEMANS.

The above quotations will convey some idea to the reader of the son of Schiller's friend.

The ex-King of Bavaria wrote some stanzas in honour of Körner.



Dresden, 13 October, 1791.

I perfectly understand your want to be settled quietly at your domestic hearth, however pleasant your sojourn at Erfurt may have been; and if you and your Lottchen stand in need of quiet, I cannot expect you to set out on a journey here. But your first trip is due to me. Take great care of yourself this winter; do not work too much, and be careful in your diet: when your little wife will be no more anxious about you, she will soon be herself again, and next spring we shall all meet in good health.

Here, all goes to the best of our wishes. Minna never felt so well after a confinement before, and the boy is thriving wonderfully. This enabled me to fulfil my engagement towards the 'Calendar.' Yesterday being pay-day, I sent to Göschen the remainder of the manuscript. I think it will make two sheets in octavo, of the size of the 'Mercury.' I am not quite satisfied with my work: the narrative is somewhat stiff, but it has improved me. I have been made aware of certain advantages of style in historical narrative, especially as regards the classification of the subject, and the impression of the whole. I reluctantly omitted some individual traits of Oxenstiern's character, but they interrupted the narrative, and would attract too much of the attention of the reader. Many apparent acts of inconsistency might be explained on a deeper investigation into the character of the man, but I was wanting in materials, and they are most indispensable to a biographer. Without them it is difficult to fill up blanks; in other respects the work is agreeable.

One of the great advantages of your sojourn at Jena is your intercourse with promising young men. I wish

you could let me have one of them, particularly a jurist. I often wish for some clever young man to help me. What with Oxenstiern, the addition to my family, and the presence of the Duchess in the summer, I have a good deal of work left upon my hands, and cannot well undertake anything else until it be all done.

What Lottchen writes to me about the Duke is more than might have been expected from him in the present state of his finances. He really appears to take an interest in your welfare; and his caution, not to over-work yourself by lecturing, is not to be disregarded. You can now look calmly forward to the winter, and think of nothing but your health.

Can you tell me if Herr Erhard, whom you once mentioned to me in your letters, is soon coming here? I have received three letters for him, under cover to me. One of them is from a Frau von Reiselbergen, of Vienna, with the request, that should Herr Eberhard and his companion not make their appearance within a month after the 7th of September, to return the letter to the address of Baron Herbert, at Klagenfurt. Shall I send the letters back?

I have done your commission to Funk. I have lost him now. He is quartered two hours (five miles) from this, and is so busy with his troop, that he scarcely ever comes to town. At my instigation, he has written a 'History of the Emperor Frederick II.,' which is very readable. If it appear this Fair, I recommend you to get it; but keep his name secret, as authors are not regarded here very favourably, either in the civil or military service; and he looks forward to promotion.

Many kind greetings from us all to our godmother, and many thanks for her friendly letter.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 24 October, 1791.

My health is much better, though I still find difficulty in breathing, and cramps in my bowels; nevertheless, I can devote many hours together to writing, and then I forget my illness altogether. I shall give you a proof of this in a few days. I wrote to you last spring that I had commenced a translation from Virgil, in stanzas. I had then written sixteen stanzas, and in the last nine days I have finished one hundred and three; and the whole of the second book of the 'Æneid' will appear in the next number of the 'Thalia.' However difficult the work may appear, and really be to some, when once I was *en train* it ran off easily. There were some days in which I wrote thirteen and sixteen stanzas, working four hours before dinner, and four hours after. The work will please you, as I have succeeded to my wishes. For a first essay, I regard my verses as very satisfactory. I am having them copied, and will send them to you in manuscript.

Do not suppose that I am over-working myself; on the contrary, this occupation has done me much good, and I owe many a pleasant hour to it. It was also very satisfactory to me to find that I was able to read the whole hundred and thirty-five stanzas aloud without being fatigued. I am now busy translating 'Æschylus's Agamemnon,' partly to complete the first volume of my Greek Plays, and partly on account of the 'Thalia,' in which I purpose inserting some of the

scenes; but my chief object is, to perfect myself in the Greek style, whatever objections you may have against it.

My life here is pleasant enough. Friends drop in upon me of an evening, and I purpose having company regularly twice a week: two evenings are already fixed for a private club. These bread-and-butter parties are no expense. All I want is a carriage to drive out in, but this hope I must relinquish.

I wish we had a better choice of ladies here for my Lotte; in this respect we are badly off.

It is lucky she has occupations of her own whilst I am writing. My illness, which prevented me from doing anything for myself, has so accustomed us to each other, that I never like to leave her alone. Even when I am occupied, I feel a silent joy in knowing that she is near me; and her dear presence, the childish purity of her soul, and the intensity of her love, throw a charm over my being, without which my hypochondriacal temperament would be insupportable to me. If we both of us enjoyed good health, we should need nothing more to live like the gods. Do you think Oeser would let me have some of his landscapes at the same price he parted with them to you? I wish to procure some good originals for my Lotte; she is very studious with her pencil; and many artists of repute, as well as Goethe, have encouraged her, as she has really a talent for it. I have already procured some engravings of landscapes, and some etchings by Augustus Kaufmann.

My 'Don Carlos' will be played shortly at the Weimar theatre. I think I wrote you word from Erfurt, that it was at my request given there by the Weimar company, for which purpose I let them

have the play. They now wish to have the 'Robbers' and the 'Fiesco,' as I let out that I was preparing a new edition.

Göschen has sold all the last edition, and a new one will appear at Easter; as also a new edition of the 'Geisterseher.' I can devote my leisure hours to them. But what gives me most pleasure is the 'Thalia,' which Göschen purposes bringing out on an improved scale, only once every two months, next year; but that is, if I can find a *collaborateur* on whom I may rely regularly once a month. Rehberg, of Hanover, is to write for it; I also count upon you, Huber, Forster, Erhard, and others. Erhard does not go to Dresden, so you can forward his letters to Herbert at Klagfurt.

I hope Minna and the little one are well. If we go to Dresden next spring it will be by that time a big child, and the other one will be scarcely recognizable.

Now farewell! Thanks for 'Oxensteirn.' I have not yet read it; but I am glad to have it. A thousand greetings from us both to dear Minna and Dorchchen. What would I not give, if, before you come yourself, you could spare us Dorchchen for a month! My wife would leap out of her skin for joy.

Farewell,

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 2 November, 1791.

Your stanzas have given me great pleasure. The task was a bold one, and I think you may challenge any living poet to accomplish it better. The versification reads well, and you have adhered faithfully to

the original. Many stanzas read quite like a new poem. The only weak parts I have observed are to be attributed to so closely following the original. We must not forget that the 'Æneid' was deprived of the finishing hand of its master. Many slight errors, which are overlooked in the Latin, become manifest in the translation, and could perhaps have been rectified. I should not be sorry to see an attempt to correct these errors. The great point was, to convey the tone of the original to the translation, and in this I think you have succeeded beyond expectation.

I am quite in love with the verses. If Virgil was alive, and capable of writing a German poem, his delicate ear would assuredly choose them in preference to hexameters. It may be said of these stanzas: 'Flowers are wound into a wreath'—the hexameters are only leaves. The greatest perfection that could be given to hexameters would consist in making them free stanzas. A good rythm in which the creations of fancy arise before us, surely offers more enjoyment than the solemn tread of the regular drilled hexameter. And what exuberance in the stanzas! With what advantage the final verse winds up the contents of each stanza! All these advantages are at your command, and it is therefore your duty to write an original epic poem. Since I have read your stanzas, the thought has never left me, and I am torturing my brain to give you a subject. The 'History of Frederick' is defective in many respects, and I therefore do not propose it. I wish for a subject of universal—not merely national—interest for the more enlightened public, in which a vivid narrative may be philosophically treated with all the elegance which language is capable of. The germ of such a poem may be found in your 'Küns-

tlar.' Fancy to yourself, for example, the education of the human race—not in Lessing's meaning, but the spectacle of the development of every species of human perfection before a higher being—a sort of philosophy of history. The idea wants development, but you will understand what I mean. What I wish is, to see all that is noble and elevated in man represented in a series of pictures, which are to be found scattered in all ages throughout every portion of the globe. The plan has gigantic proportions, but may be subdivided into sections, each of which would form something perfect in itself. To bring unity into this aggregate mass is difficult, but not impossible; and I think that of all men you would have less difficulty than any other.

I have many other things to tell you about your translation, but I wish to make the enjoyment last, of discussing each stanza with you, by comparison with the original. Send me the rest soon; they give me inexpressible pleasure. It is better that your stomach should be out of order than your chest. Do not omit taking exercise.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 4 November, 1791.

Your last letter says more for your convalescence than anything else. Send me the stanzas soon: I look forward to them with a childish pleasure. The consciousness that you are again capable of working will give you new strength and enjoyment of life.

I have no objection to make against your Greek translations, but I think you might attain the beauties of the Greek school with less labour.

Oeser is at the present moment so ill and peevish

that it is difficult to get anything from him; I shall, however, endeavour to procure some good drawings for Lottchen. When you are restored to health she will soon be herself again, and then you will doubly enjoy each other's society. I perfectly understand what happiness is shed around you by the presence of so sweet a creature.

I wish to know what alterations you purpose making in your tragedies—whether only in the details or in the plot itself. The 'Thalia' would undoubtedly be very advantageous to you, if you could always count upon manuscript. Rehberg is a valuable acquisition. Erhard, whose acquaintance I have made, may be of service hereafter. As regards myself, I have plenty of good will, but I am a slow coach, and can never make up my mind to give anything if I think it is defective.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 4 December, 1791.

Be so good as to send the enclosed to Funk. As it contains money, and I do not know his address, I did not like to run the risk of sending it direct. I daily expect a letter from you. I cannot send the stanzas yet, as I wish to alter some of them. Lotte and I are well, and greet you.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 13 December, 1791.

I must write to you at once, my dear Körner, to let you share my joy. What I have so long wished for, has at length been accomplished. I am free for a long time—perhaps for ever—from all care. This very day I have received a letter from Copenhagen from the



Prince of Augustenburg and Count von Schimmelman, offering me as a present an annual income of a thousand dollars for the next three years, that I may have leisure to recover from my illness. But the delicate manner in which the offer is worded has given me more pleasure than the offer itself, and leaves me full liberty to remain where I am. I will send you his letter in eight or ten days. They wish me if possible to live at Copenhagen, and the Prince says, that if I wish for an appointment; he will manage to procure me one—but this is no easy matter. I am under too many obligations to the Duke of Weimar, and there are other reasons besides. But I shall go there, should it be two years hence. You can fancy what spirits I am in. I have the prospect before me of settling down comfortably, of paying all my debts, and of giving full scope to my literary occupations. In three years' time I may hope for an appointment in Denmark or at Mayence, and then I am provided for for life.

But wherefore these details to you? Tell yourself how fate smiles upon me. I have nothing else to say to-day. I shall send you an answer to your letter in my next. A thousand greetings from me and my Lotte to Minna and Dorchén.

Ever yours,

SCHILLER.

Dresden, December, 1791.

I have just received your letter, and send you a few lines by return of post. Nothing could have occurred to you of greater advantage than the happy chance, that amongst the men who take an interest in you, there is one who can do as much for you as lies in the power of the Prince of Holstein. Dorchén tells me,

that when she was in Carlsbad, he spoke of you with great warmth, and expressed great admiration of your 'History of the Netherlands,' and that your illness being spoken of, he made particular inquiries about your circumstances. Our joy is equal to yours. Take advantage of the repose that is thus offered to you, throw up all work that does not give you pleasure ; live for yourself and for the future.

But a feeling of sadness steals across the joy I feel in your happiness—that we should live in an age, and amongst men, when such an act is wondered at—which ought to be quite natural.

I trust now that we shall soon see each other. You must not go to Copenhagen just yet. The climate is a bad one.

Farewell !

KÖRNER.

## 1792.

Schiller purposes buying a carriage and horses—Locke, Hume and Leibnitz—His existence at Jena—Kant's philosophy—The limit of Doubt—Philosophy in general—Coste's translation of Locke—Körner's house at Dresden—Rumoured suppression of the 'Mercury' and other periodicals—Liberty of the press—Schiller and Lottchen visit Körner at Dresden—Animal magnetism—Schiller's delicate state of health—Hume and Shaftesbury—Wallenstein—The disadvantages of a critical mind—Ode to Light—Truth gives Freedom—Molière's fencing-master—The lesser faculties of the mind—Leuchsenring—Romantic attachment—Körner writes an article on the liberty of the press—Mirabeau's letters to Sophie—Huber plays false to Dorchon—Huber's explanations—Schiller rejoices at being free of work—His mother and sister visit him at Jena—The Zerbst mountain—Philosophy of Körner—Schiller's sister—Mirabeau on 'Education'—'Letters from a Jesuit to a Philosopher'—German annals—Schiller lectures on *Æsthetics*—'The war in Spain'—Schiller studies military tactics as necessary to enable him to write History—'Kallias; or, Ideas on the Beautiful'—There are moments when a man must speak out—The French Revolution.

Jena, 1 January, 1792.

The best new year's greeting I can send you is, that that may expire which ought not to live. (Schiller then goes into the details of the expense of buying a carriage and horses, as a means of regaining strength; thus

accomplishing, as he says, the wishes of the Prince of Augustenburg.) I wrote the other day to the Duke of Weimar, to inform him of this donation ; but I had been anticipated, as some over-zealous friend inserted the news in a Frankfort paper. I would sooner have lost a hundred dollars than this should have occurred, as Schimmelman expressed his wish, in a private note sent to Baggesen, which the latter sent to me, that his name should on no account be mentioned. I will send you Baggesen's and Schimmelman's letters ; that of the Prince is still in the hands of the Duke of Weimar. Have you perhaps mentioned the fact to Huber, and it so found its way into the papers ? Let me know, for otherwise I shall leave no stone unturned to make it out.

I am now hard at work at 'Kant's Philosophy,' and I wish I could have a discussion with you every evening on the subject. I am fully determined not to lay it down until I have thoroughly mastered it, even should it take me three years to do so. I should like, however, to study Locke, Hume, and Leibnitz at the same time. Do you know of a good translation of Locke ? That by a certain Jittel is not worth anything. You should undertake one ; it would be an interesting and meritorious work. I would undertake it myself if I were sufficiently master of the English language. I shall soon take up the 'Thirty Years' War' again ; the sooner I set to work at it the more easily can I finish it.

I have effected a change in my household arrangements which greatly enlivens us. I have made an arrangement that four or five good friends, chiefly young Professors, should dine with me every day, my landlady being willing to cook for them. Thus, without being put to much expense, I enjoy pleasant conversation at

table; and as they are chiefly admirers of Kant, conversation never flags. After dinner we make a rubber, which, since my illness, has become habitual to me. When I have a carriage and horses, nothing will be wanting to make my life a pleasant one; and I think that a daily two hours' shaking will do me more good than two years' doctoring by the apothecary. As soon as I have a carriage and horses I shall come and fetch Dorchon.

I have your word, and trust to obtain hers. Greet both heartily from me and my Lotte!

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 6 January, 1792.

I am probably the innocent cause of the insertion of the paragraph in the 'Frankfort Gazette.' In your letter, which I can show you, you do not say one word about keeping it a secret; nor did it strike me that secrecy was necessary about a circumstance that sooner or later must have transpired. I went about telling the news to all who I thought took an interest in it; announced it circumstantially to Huber and Kunze, and mentioned it to all my acquaintances here. Write this to Schimmelman, and if he is a sensible man he will not be offended.

I congratulate you on your carriage and horses. Your first journey with them should be to Dresden.

We shall have much to discuss between us about 'Kant's Philosophy.' The first stumbling-stone that presents itself in his philosophy is its—to all appearance—*barrenness*. Reinhold has pretty successfully overcome this, but he has left much unsaid. The second objection that presented itself to me was, an absence of proofs. Sentences abound in Kant's works,

which have all the appearance of *hazarded* conjectures. This induced me to investigate proofs in general, or, to express myself more correctly, to study "*the limits of Doubt.*" Now doubts are of a twofold nature: *objective*, that is to say, which force themselves upon a person; and *subjective*, the result of investigation. *Doubt* reasonably stops when the continuation of it would be a greater evil than the possibility of being under a delusion. Doubt is meant to guard us against delusion, but not to prevent us from acquiring knowledge. There are questions to which an answer becomes imperative, and where we must either put up with partial ignorance, or content ourselves with such explanations, where there is the *least* chance of our being under a delusion. On the whole, I regard philosophy, in a general point of view, not as a science but as an *art*. It brings *order* and harmony into our *thoughts* and *acts*. From an intellectual and moral chaos a new creation arises. *Beauty* is its finest attribute. *Truth* is a subordinate necessity where knowledge is regarded as a means, often to unworthy ends.

The best translation of Locke I know of is a French one by Coste. A translation of the entire work would scarcely repay the trouble; but amongst other philosophical labours, I purpose, at some future day, publishing an analysis of his results.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 7 February, 1792.

You have had another severe attack, but your sister-in-law writes with the best hopes for the future. I am most anxious to hear the confirmation of the news that the pain in the chest has entirely left you. I have passed a week of anxiety, as Mereau told me of the

danger you were in, and I was eight days without hearing from you. It is insupportable to live thus far from each other. As soon as you are able to move you must come to us for a couple of weeks ; but we must endeavour to live near each other. I often feel the want of your society, and wonder at times that I do not grow stupid from living in the society of men of little or no intellect.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 21 February, 1792.

I am pretty well recovered from this last attack ; but though the old pain seemed to have left me, as soon as I got well again it returned. As soon as the weather is milder, and the harbingers of spring appear, I purpose paying you a visit with my wife, if you will keep me with you for a month. But I must lodge with you, as I must not stir out when the evenings are cool, and thus I should be often obliged to sit at home. If you cannot conveniently do so, I had better put off my visit till the summer.

I wish you would let me know how much I owe Beit. I wish to pay him. My wife is in good health, and has gone for two or three days to Weimar. It was too cold for me to move. But I can already attend to my occupations, and divide my time very agreeably between work and society.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 24 February, 1792.

We all rejoice in your recovery. The winter is nearly over, and I hope the summer will restore you to perfect health.

There are no obstacles on our side to our meeting.

When I mentioned a lodging, it was that you might not think a lengthened stay with us would derange us. And I have so managed, that you and your Lottchen will be relieved of all scruples on the subject. The gentleman who lives above us will give me up a room, and I have the adjoining one, which looks out upon the Elbe. If these two rooms will suffice for you and your wife, as a sleeping and dressing room, nothing will be disturbed. During the day you can make use of my room, whilst your wife will be with Minna and Dora. The drawing-room, near my study, will be for us all. The green cabinet, which belongs to Dora, is also at your service. The children have the yellow room, which looks into the street, and the blue room, adjoining it, is my wife's sitting-room. Send me word whether your wife brings her lady's-maid with her. We have plenty of room for her, as also for your servant. As soon as the fine weather comes, we will go to the Weinberg, where there is much more room. You can have your room and cabinet, and the hall, and I should take a room up-stairs. Thus I have provided for a long visit, and you need only send me word a couple of days before your expected arrival. And now may Heaven keep you in good health, and not disappoint me again! Dorchon and Minna expect you both with open arms.

Beit's bills have been in my possession for some time. Two years since, you sent me some money for him, telling me to get time for the remainder. He asked too high an interest, and as I perceived from your letters that it was not in your power to pay him at once, I paid him myself. I will let you know the exact amount when I have made it out. But there is



no hurry ; you may have other debts to pay. I trust we understand each other on this point.

Our ' Liberty of the Press ' is menaced with a heavy blow. But after all, the good cause will not lose by it, and the governments only make fools of themselves.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 27 February, 1792.

We can live with you, then, without putting you to any great trouble. I am very glad of it, as a lodging, even next door, would have spoilt our evenings, as, owing to continual cramps, I must avoid the night-air. I must bring two servants with me, as my wife cannot well dispense with her maid. But as you have two spare servants' rooms, you can stow them. To please my wife, you will allow them to dine out. I trust to have a merry time of it. We have a thousand things to say to each other, of which we ourselves are not aware. I am prepared to find that our ideas have undergone a change on many points, but on the whole I think we generally agree. In you I still recognize the old struggle with yourself ; and with me, lectures, society, and occupations, have changed the materials, without, however, altering my method of treating them. I am—and shall remain—a poet, and shall die a poet.

I enclose three of my letters respecting what I owe to Beit. Compare them with mine, and I think you can make it out. There remains seemingly sixty-five dollars due to Beit, which you have paid. But run your eye over them, to see that you are not a loser. Tell me also what amount of interest you have paid. The money is ready, and I will send it to you as soon as I know the exact amount.

I hope this year to pay off all my debts, with the exception of what I still owe you, provided I have not another attack of illness. You will then be my only creditor, and I can replenish your coffers without being put to a pinch. How happily this has been accomplished ! and if I had but health I should be the happiest man on earth.

My dear Lotte sends greetings to you all. She looks forward to her visit to Dresden with no less joy than I do ; and I am sure you will be fond of her. Farewell !

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 2 March, 1792.

In every letter I receive from you, I expect the announcement of your arrival. The last did not contain it, but it confirmed your intention of coming. You do not say one word about your health ; but the cheerful tone of your letter leads me to hope for the best. You are right in saying we never disagreed seriously, nor will that ever be the case. Passing misunderstandings may arise between us ; but a serious quarrel—never. Owing to external circumstances, my manner of thinking is perhaps less changed than yours. My position has scarcely varied. That I have made some progress, I am aware of, by comparing my present writings with the past. Our intercourse developed many ideas within me, but since then no one has had any influence upon me, except Goethe. I found it an easy task to share his views on many subjects, and I have become an admirer of many of his ideas, which bear the marks of maturity.

There are sad rumours afloat respecting the liberty of the press. A strict censorship and confiscation of

books are spoken of; amongst others, the 'Mercury,' notwithstanding Wieland's conversion; the 'German Monthly,' and other periodicals. The 'Literary Gazette' is also reported to have been prohibited in Prussia.

I myself am of opinion that certain limits are necessary to literary freedom, but that it should consist not in legal coercion, but in the refinement of taste. To destroy, is an unworthy task for any government, so long as it is still in its power to create. Thence the respect for every germ of life in the head or heart, which, according to my notions, appertains to a human ideal. This is why we should be very chary of meddling with opinions, feelings, institutions, &c., which contain a germ of anything worthy of Man, and are capable of development.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 15 March, 1792.

I am impatiently waiting for the fine weather to tell you something certain about my departure. The severe cold which has set in within the last few days has brought on my cramps again, and has prevented me from taking the promised exercise, although I have bought a horse. I shall bring it with me, so as to take a daily ride at Dresden, and shall endeavour to induce you to do the same. We should thus gain many an hour for conversation, and your health would be all the better for it. I shall also bring my 'Thirty Years' War' with me. If I wish to have it finished in time, I must work at it every day; but I hope to be able to devote not more than five hours a day to it. I have some other work in view, of which I will tell you more when we meet.

I shall in all probability be accompanied by a young Dane, who has been staying for the last twelvemonth at Jena to study Kant's Philosophy. He returns this summer to Copenhagen to be appointed Professor, and to preach the new doctrine. You will find him a deep thinker, and a thorough Kantist. Be ready, therefore, with your philosophy. He purposes remaining a week at Dresden, and would like to see what is worth seeing in our company; and I am sure you will willingly spare him an hour or two.

As regards Haase's production, I do not know what to make of it. As a poem, it is mediocre, and as a moral production of no value to the 'Thalia.' Who would read it? See if you cannot manage to get rid of it.

The storm which has been brewing at Berlin against the 'Literary Gazette' has happily blown over; and I trust the example will not be lost upon Dresden. The Elector cannot take so hostile a step against his good city of Leipzig, which would do as much harm to the Leipzig book-trade, as it would be sure also to miss its object. The death of the Emperor will cause a great commotion amongst you, and, in fact, it is an event of no small importance to our German empire, at the same time that it is a well wished-for occurrence for us authors, and all the friends of liberty of thought.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 27 March, 1792.

I cannot sit down to write you regular letters, as each post I expect the announcement of your arrival, and therefore keep back what I have to say, that I may communicate it personally. I congratulate you on

your nag. My riding has come to a stand-still, but you may renew my inclination for it.

I am anxious to see your Dane, and I shall be glad if I can bring him to share some of my views. It is always a good thing that Kant's Philosophy should be disseminated as widely as possible, and examined in different lights.

As yet, no particular step has been taken against the liberty of the press here ; but the intention of putting an end to its abuses is still before the colleges. I may, however, state that public opinion is not altogether disregarded ; that they are aware of the necessity of being cautious in placing restrictions upon the Leipzig book-trade ; and that they would avoid issuing orders which they would be obliged to revoke.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 30 March, 1792.

With God's blessing, we shall leave this on Tuesday the 3rd, or Wednesday the 4th of April ; and after remaining two days in Leipzig, we shall reach you about the 8th. A change in the weather will alone prevent our starting, but I hope it will remain fine. On the first day after leaving Leipzig, we shall scarcely get further than Hubertsburg, and we shall therefore probably arrive at a late hour at night at Dresden, or perhaps sleep at Meissen. As I have not got a carriage of my own, I must put up with a hired one, which always causes delay. If you will meantime tell Gottlieb to hire a stable for one horse in the Neustadt, you will do me a favour.

I shall persuade you to take to riding again. It has done me a great deal of good.

Farewell ! and a thousand greetings from us both to

your wife and Dorchén. If necessary, I shall drop you a line from Leipzig. I bring what I owe you on Beit's account with me.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 7 April, 1792.

Only two words, dear Körner. The bad weather, and a severe cold, which has brought on an attack of cramps, has prevented our departure. Stark advised me not to move. Do not, therefore, expect me on any fixed day. I shall set out as soon as the weather promises to remain fine.

SCHILLER.

[The next letter is dated Dresden, 14 May. Five weeks have elapsed, during which time Schiller had been staying with his friend.]

Dresden, 14 May, 1792.

After your departure a great many things came into my head, which I meant to have said and asked you. But I shall wait until you are quietly settled again at Jena. Our having been together again for a week or so, seems to me now like a dream. But the delicate state of your health, and my business, deprived us of much time. Next time I trust it will not be so.

I have now finished the article on the 'Liberty of the Press,' for the R——. I shall then begin at the Prussian code; and I hope, in the meanwhile, to receive a letter from you on æsthetical matters. A Referen-

dary has been appointed to each Senate, and I have thus one sixth less labour. Do not forget to make inquiries about Hume and Shaftesbury.

Farewell! and take care of yourself on the road. Excitement seems to be detrimental to you. Your cramps may arise from animal magnetism, or whatever name you may choose to call it by. If opiates give you relief, it would prove it to be the case.

Gessler, who is not a quiz, told me yesterday, as a piece of news, that an Italian physician has made the discovery, that the muscular movement arises from electricity; that the two muscles act as positive and negative electric bodies, and the nerve as a conductor.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 22 May, 1792.

I was very anxious about the latter part of your journey, as you did not remain long enough at Leipzig to give yourself sufficient rest. Your last letter, however, from Jena, has relieved our anxiety. Your attack at Leipzig was nothing more than the consequence of a cold after over-heating yourself. For the future you must take better care of yourself, and select fine weather for your riding excursions.

My letter, which I addressed to you at Leipzig, will be forwarded to you by D——.

Notwithstanding your weak state of health, we enjoyed some quiet hours together. Such a meeting has the effect of a mental *Badecur* upon me—it is a stimulant which gives new vigour to my mind. The thought that we shall meet again at the Leipzig fair gives me great pleasure, and I, for my part, shall

omit nothing to be able to go there. Say many kind things from me to your Lottchen. We rejoice that we have made her acquaintance, and that she enjoyed her visit to us.

Your negotiations concerning the editor of Shaftsbury or Hume, has my full approbation. I am perfectly satisfied with the conditions, provided the public will be satisfied with me. I am quite capable of taking the work in hand; but I cannot answer for long pauses should I lose a taste for the work. I have procured Shaftesbury's works. All his writings seem to me to deserve a new translation. What pleases me best is a 'Treatise on Virtue and Merit,' where he has ennobled, as much as possible, Kant's doctrine of happiness. Skimming it through, I found some good ideas in it, but do not think the work classical enough. I shall endeavour to procure Hume's works. Perhaps they will please me better.

I am now in the enjoyment of excellent health, and shall follow your advice in not working too hard. Music and light reading will be better for me than card playing, as they afford greater and more lengthened amusement. I shall endeavour to procure a stock of French authors for this purpose.

I have finished and despatched the 'Treatise' for the President, but am not aware of the result. I shall now be at the 'Philosophy of Right.'

KÖRNER.

Jena, 25 May, 1792.

I am once more busy with the 'Thirty Years' War;' and it gives me little trouble. I devote four hours a



day to writing, and two to reading—not consecutively. I thus imperceptibly got through a quarter of a sheet a day, and shall have finished it by the end of August.

I have not yet commenced the 'Æsthetical Letter' I spoke of; but am studying Kant's 'Powers of Judgment' for the purpose, and should wish you to do the same, so as to be master of the subject. We should thus work better together on the same ground—towards the same end. I shall also first read 'Baumgarten:' you must see if anything can be done with 'Sulzer.' I am now quite impatient to commence some poetical work, and 'Wallenstein' is uppermost in my thoughts. I feel it is only in practice that I recognize my powers; in theory I always bother myself with principles, and feel that I am only a *dilettante*. But, for practice' sake, I like a philosophical discussion on theories, and criticism must now remedy what it has spoiled—for it *has* spoiled me. I feel, that ever since I have acted according to laid-down rules, I have lost that boldness and living fire I formerly possessed. I now see what I create and form. I watch the progress of the fruits of inspiration; and my imagination is less free, since it is aware that it is watched. But when I have succeeded in making the laws laid down by Art, a second nature, in like manner as education makes the polished man, imagination will then reassert her former freedom, and will prescribe her own limits.

There are times in which I blush at the manner in which some of my productions, even the best of them, owe their existence. It is a common saying, that the poet ought to be full of his subject when he sits down to write. With me, on the contrary, it is

but some individual feature which induces me to put pen to paper, and the ideas develop themselves as the work progresses. The idea which induced me to write the 'Künstler' was eventually left out. The very same thing occurred with 'Don Carlos.' 'Wallenstein,' it seems, will share a better fate: in this instance the main idea will remain unchanged. But how is it possible that anything good can be produced with so unpoetical a start? I am of opinion, that it is not always the vivid realization of the subject, but rather the desiring want of a subject, an inexpressible impulse to pour out a flow of contending feelings, which constitutes inspired works. The harmonious tones of a poem much oftener engross my being when I sit down to write, than any clear notion of what I purpose writing. These observations arise from an 'Ode to Light' which I am now busy with. I have as yet no idea of what the poem will be, but a presentiment; and yet I can promise beforehand, that it will be successful.

I was told the other day that Reinhold had requested a *magister legens* here to make a German translation of 'Hume's Essays.' He is, therefore, of opinion that such a translation is advisable; you need not fear competition. As soon as you have announced yourself it will drop. But do not postpone it too long, as the notion is so natural and so conformable to the age we live in, that many others may have the same idea of making a translation, who are, perhaps, faster hands than you.

I look forward to our meeting at Leipzig with great pleasure. We must not allow such intervals to elapse between seeing each other, as has hitherto been the

case. I am glad you are well, but shall not feel quite reassured until you have made some change in your mode of living. I approve of your plan of French reading, if it answers your expectations.

Farewell ! and greet Minna and Dorchon heartily.

SCHILLER.

Löschwitz, 4 June, 1792.

Your letter gave me great pleasure. It bears the stamp of bodily and mental health. I congratulate you on feeling once more inspired for poetry. A man who has talents for original productions, sins against himself when he wastes his time in investigations. Believe me, it is only an auxiliary resorted to by men who have only the taste without the talent. With you it is of secondary consideration—an occupation for hours when your imagination is not at work. Your first æsthetical letter will give me great pleasure, but it would please me much more to hear that, owing to your poetical labours, you had no time to write it. Æsthetical speculations are in themselves interesting, but their fruits are, perhaps, of greater advantage to the psychologist, than to the practical artist. For you, however, they may be of essential service, to cool down your former youthful scorn of rules in general, and convert it into a manly independence from the despotic sway of ideas on art. "Truth will give you freedom." With each step in advance in the philosophy of art, all appearance of conventional forms will vanish, which are voluntary fetters upon genius. What shields æsthetical rules from the test of investigation, may, perhaps, be reduced to a very

simple axiom, which, however, has about the same advantage for the practical man, as the theory of Molière's fencing-master, "Always to hit and never to be touched."

The development must be guided solely by taste. The more delicate distinctions observable by the more refined mind, are not prominent enough to be communicated by language with any philosophical accuracy.

What causes you to doubt in your present labours, is this refinement of sentiment, which is the fruit of your own finished development. You will reject much of that which imagination engenders in you, and at which, at a former period, you would have eagerly grasped. But this gives me no anxiety. You are prolific enough to select your own materials, and you will avoid falling into any extreme of sentimentality.

The source of poetry which you speak of is comprehensible to me, on the ground that success inspires the work. Be the subject ever so interesting, it will be kept in the poet's breast, idealized, and, perhaps, never brought forward, unless some portion of it, or some original feature has, as it were, succeeded of itself. Then hopes arise of the success of the whole, and this gives confidence. I should like, therefore, to see you write a scene from your 'Wallenstein,' by way of experiment.

My taste for translations has abandoned me. My official business is heavier of late, and when I have done my day's work, I feel a sort of complacency in not having anything to tie me to work. I can then give myself up to my dreams, or find occupation in improving myself, &c.; in a word, to devote myself fully to the service of the State, I wish for unbounded

liberty in my spare hours. And this liberty would not exist if I undertook a translation.

If I had no other occupation, a translation would not be out of place ; therefore, do not count upon me, and do not deter any other person from commencing one.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 10 June, 1792.

I have had a visit from our two hussars. I met Funk the other day at Erfurt, at the Coadjutor's, quite unexpectedly. He came to see me here, and we passed a couple of pleasant days together. If Funk had less indecision of character, and were not so elated in society, he would be a very agreeable companion ; but he is not devoid of pretension, and is always on the *qui vive* on himself and others. I do not think we should ever be very cordial friends.

Thielmann pleases me exceedingly, but I cannot form an opinion respecting him yet. His stay here was too short, and I happened to be unwell at the time, and incapable of enjoying society or imparting enjoyment. He purposes returning here soon, and will bring his wife with him. I have not seen Reinhold since Thielmann has been here.

Wagner is also here, and I think must be satisfied with the reception we gave him. As he has taken up his quarters at Schütz's, he does not fall too heavily upon us. He, as well as Funk, speak loudly of your political influence at Dresden, and say what a deal of good you have done, and how much more it is in your power to effect. Perhaps you are not aware that your services are known and appreciated, and the knowledge thereof will doubtless give you joy.

If translating does not give you pleasure, I should by no means recommend you to undertake it. But it appears to me, that even in Art your pleasure is not always unmixed; that it often places you at war with yourself, and stimulates you to work with an impulse which you have not power to quell, and yet do not carry out. The so-called lesser faculties of the mind are like so many sleeping lions, which it is often wiser not to arouse, as it becomes difficult to quiet their roaring; and in your case you are far from being satisfied to remain a mere spectator. I think the best means of procuring yourself enjoyment, without first having to undergo a series of annoyances, is to place your head under a clear system of reasoning.

Allwell's 'Memoirs' are highly spoken of here, as also a pamphlet on 'Education,' by Rehberg. I wish you would cast your eye over them.

Leuchsenring, of Berlin, whom you perhaps know by reputation, has been ordered to leave the Prussian territory; and nobody knows why. His papers have been seized. Before leaving, a Fräulein von Bielefeld, a young lady, governess to the Princess Augusta, threw her arms round his neck, and said that she would follow him even unto death. I saw this romantic couple at Erfurt. He took her with him as his wife, and is on his way to Switzerland, without any prospects. She is a very ordinary person, of the common stamp of sensitive women, and her society has already had an effect upon him. I am curious to see, if being thus thrown upon his own resources will make anything of him. For the last twenty years he has been reading and collecting materials, and has written little or nothing. The literary field is the only one

open to him, and we shall now see what he is capable of.

My time is now chiefly devoted to the 'Thirty Years' War'—at least, I have only written four sheets of Calendar work. I scarcely feel the work. My health is pretty much the same as it was at Leipzig. I am going to try the Egerbrunnen waters.

Have you heard lately from Huber? and has he taken no further steps in the affair in question?

I wish very much to have a good article for the 'Thalia.' I have no time to write anything myself. If you could manage to give me one, you would do me a great service.

My wife greets you all heartily. Dorchén's letter gave her much pleasure. Farewell!

SCHILLER.

Löschwitz, 18 June, 1792.

All that I have heard as yet about our two hussars is through your letters. I agree with you respecting Funk, but I think his want of heartiness is lost in the pleasure of his conversation. He was a treasure to me, as we agreed on many points. Thielmann is more brilliant in a large circle; Funk, in a *tête-à-tête*. Thielmann's character has also the precedence, but he has less head; and it is not always character we look for.

What you say about my political importance, as you are pleased to style it, would not be unwelcome news to me, if I were not of opinion that it is overrated. Many might think me a most useful personage, and some would entrust me with work which every man could not undertake. I might thus as-

pire to a higher salary, or rather to complimentary speeches and marks of distinction; but this is not sufficient to give a man influence: certain talents are necessary for that, which I shall never possess.

Leuchsenring is perhaps, after all, not so innocent as he represents himself to be. I know, on good authority, that he was under suspicion of conspiring against the Royal Family; and documents are said to have been found amongst his papers, which, to say the least, warranted his banishment. I am not personally acquainted with him.

I am glad the 'Thirty Years' War' is progressing. It will thus gradually be terminated without fatiguing you.

As regards an article for the 'Thalia,' I may perhaps help you out of your dilemma. I have plenty of materials, but I have no confidence that I can make anything good out of them. I have relinquished the idea of a work on 'Prussian Law.' The theory of legislation is still so deficient, that I must first come to a clear understanding with myself on many points, before I can commence such a work with any chance of success.

I have sent for Rehberg's pamphlet on 'Education,' and will write you word what I think of it. His article in the 'Mercury' against Campe and his school was to my heart's content. I purpose some day attacking these reformers with fire and sword, as also the Berlin science-monopolists. Controversy, however, is a thankless occupation. It is better to put the bad by, quietly publishing something better.

H— writes less coolly, and K— has a new love-affair, and wishes to marry. Bad prospects. But



all may yet turn out well. K.— will be here shortly.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 7 July, 1792.

I had purposed not writing until my article was finished, and it is in fact nearly so; but still it may linger, and therefore I write at once.

I have read Allwell's 'Letters,' and regard them as a remarkable production of a first-rate writer. Some of these letters, especially of those from Lucy to Allwell, are written by a master-hand. Others are carelessly written or exaggerated. The work altogether wants finish. The form of the novel is too apparently subservient to the philosophical object of the writer, at the same time that it draws off the attention of the reader, so that neither the philosopher nor the amateur-reader is satisfied. He is not wanting in artistic talent. His Amalie is a beautiful conception, and Sylli has many beauties, though her incessant tears are fatiguing. Allwell adheres too much to the ideal of an overbearing genius. Clärchen is an experiment: he gives her the mind of a man, without depriving her of feminine softness. But the character of Lucy is noble and graceful in the extreme. The philosophical tendency of the work will not please the admirers of Kant. But let them prove that they are free of all blemish themselves before they point out those of others. I hate anything like the doctrine of election in philosophy.

Rehberg's pamphlet on education is the work of a deep thinker, but is not complete. There are many passages full of manly beauty and eloquence, especially

where he ennobles passion and portrays moral indifference; but there is a want of solidity in the work which detracts from its value. The contents do not respond to the title. His observations on Rousseau are good. I agree with him in all, but I should like to see them in a more agreeable dress. If they had been thrown into the shape of a letter or dialogue they would have had a much greater effect than given, as they are, as a sort of monitory sermon. If he meant to come forward as a prophet to the men of his age, like a Jewish prophet of old, he should have pointed out the remedies for the evil he was aware of; and this gives rise to the question whether there might not be a system of education with that object in view.

Garve was here the other day: I met him at Wagner's. He is still as courteous and highly polished as ever in his expressions, but as regards the intrinsic merit of his philosophical sentences, that is another question. I have not read his last essays.

My article on the liberty of the press has made a sensation: the President made me many compliments upon it. He asked me to let him have a hand in it, which I of course acceded to, and it will consequently come before the Elector. This between ourselves.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 30 July, 1792.

The 'Thirty Years' War' still weighs heavily upon me, and as I still suffer from cramps, I am at a loss. I hope soon to see you, and have a long conversation on many subjects as soon as I am rid of this. To-day I have only time to send you a greet-

ing. Otherwise I am well; so is my wife. Many greetings to Minna and Dorchon.

SCHILLER.

Löschwitz, 17 August, 1792.

I hope soon to hear that you have come to the peace of Westphalia. The German Empire could scarcely have been more satisfied than you will be. I shall be glad to hear that you are once more free. I have not been idle all this time, though I cannot give you any proofs of my assiduity. I have been chiefly occupied in writing a philosophical dialogue, in which I have endeavoured to show up some of the opposers of Kant.

My official situation occupies a very small portion of my time, and beyond a few exceptional cases, I have a great deal of leisure at my command.

Have you read Mirabeau's 'Letters to Sophie and to a friend in Germany?' I cannot procure them here.

The recent acts of the revolution are becoming most childish and miserable. Petty subterfuges on the one hand—sham pretences on the other—a disgusting spectacle. Never was the poverty of our age in distinguished men made so manifest.

A countryman of yours, a Professor Hetsch, of Stuttgart, has been an agreeable acquaintance to me. I have read some of his works, which show no mean talent, and his observations on Art are those of a man of judgment and thought.

Konig, of Tübingen, is also here; he brought a letter of introduction to me from Bode. He has just been to Jena. Do you know anything about him?

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 31 August, 1792.

I lose no time in sending you a piece of news which will interest you. Uncle A— is dead. How far this will affect my interests, I am yet ignorant. According to W— he has left me 12,000 dollars in his will. As soon as I know more, I shall let you know.

Another important event is, that D—\* has at last consented to my writing to H—.† I did so as delicately as possible, merely pointing out the visible change in his letters of late, and requesting him to compare his past with his present feelings, and if he found a change, to break off a connexion which must embitter his and D—'s life, if he felt no affection for her. I told him that no explanations were necessary. It would be quite sufficient if he did not answer my letter, and broke off all correspondence with D—. The tone of my letter must have convinced him that his position towards me would not be dependant upon his affections, and I even held out to him the possibility of being on friendly terms with D— after a certain lapse of time. I shall communicate his answer to you as soon as I receive it.

If you still take an interest in magnetism, there is a chance of your hearing something more about it. Count Brühl and his wife are going to Weimar, early in September, where they purpose remaining a week or two. We heard this through Count Hoffmannsegg, and it seems that Hoffmannsegg has told Brühl your opinion respecting his views of it. Hoffmannsegg praises highly Brühl's sincerity, and he attaches great importance to the cure he performed

\* Dorchon.

† Huber.

upon his wife. I do not trust the Countess, but I would stake anything, that not a word of untruth ever voluntarily passed his lips. You can hear them both.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 3 Sept. 1792.

A thousand congratulations on the change in your prospects. You can now carry out some of your long-cherished plans. I am quite curious to hear about it, and the influence it will have on your actions.

The second part of your letter gave me equal pleasure. I am quite sure that your letter was such as not to cast the slightest shade on you or D—. I am very curious to see H's answer.

To-day I received the welcome news that my good mother and one of my sisters are coming to pay me a visit this month. Their arrival will just be at the moment when I shall have got through my heavy work. I have finished seventeen sheets, and have time to finish six or seven more. I shall be glad to have time to write to you again. Have you read a critique on 'Revelations,' which appeared last Fair? It is not written by Kant, though in his style.\*

If I do not mention the disturbances which have taken place here; it is because they are miserable in the extreme. It is, however, to be feared that they may do harm to the University.

Farewell! in a fortnight I hope to be free from work, and at liberty to take a holiday. I send you something for your library, or rather for Minna's. Greet both heartily.

SCHILLER.

\* Fichte is the author of the work here alluded to.

The book in question has not yet been sent home by the binder. It shall follow next week.

Dresden, 18 Sept. 1792.

I postponed writing for a day or two, to be able to tell you something about the legacy. But they are far too formal at Zerbst to let me know anything for a month. All I know is, that a friend of Schindler's let out that A. had thought of me most handsomely. But what this good fellow means by handsomely is still an enigma to me: it may be mightily little, as he never had much money in hand.

H. has explained himself, and is at least frank. He says he feels himself changed; that he had commenced a written explanation to me on the subject, but put it off for a personal interview. He was silent as long as he could not measure all the consequences of the truth, but when an explanation was asked, he could not conceal it any longer. I sent him a very cold reply, merely pointing out to him that it was still more difficult to foresee all the consequences of his silence (even towards me), and that it was not honourable of him to sacrifice many years of D's life to his weakness.

D. bears herself as she ought. She felt it deeply at first, but she is already calm upon it; she is becoming aware of how little she has lost, and she will soon be able to think of it without one regret. Her health does not seem to have suffered from it.

I congratulate you on your mother's visit. It must rejoice you to see her after so long an interval. To judge by your letter, your health is good, and the five or six sheets for the 'Calendar' will soon

be finished, so that your time will be your own. If I had found it necessary to go to Zerbat, I should have asked you to meet me at Leipzig at the Michaelmas Fair. But my aunt writes me word that she does not need my services, as she will carry on the business. We shall see each other at Easter.

I have commenced reading the critique on 'Revelations,' but have not finished it. The work is a remarkable one, and rich in its contents. But I cannot yet say whether it will satisfy me.

KÖRNER.

Jena, Sept. 4, 1792.

Wish me joy ! I have just sent off my last sheet of manuscript. I am now free, and purpose always remaining so. No more compulsory work—henceforth I shall only obey the impulses of humour or inclination ! For eight or ten days I shall not touch a pen, and shall try fresh air and quiet exercise ; and society will have a beneficial influence on my health.

My mother arrived here two days earlier than I had expected her. The long journey, bad weather, and bad roads, have not knocked her up. She is changed from what she was ten years ago ; but after so much sorrow and illness, she is looking very well. I rejoice that I have a house to receive her, and that I can give her pleasure. She has brought my youngest sister, who is fifteen years of age, with her. I am glad of it, and the girl promises well. She is quite a child of nature, and it is best it should be so, as she could not have received any rational education.

I am glad that the H. affair has terminated as it has. The unpleasant feeling will wear off, and she will be finally glad of her liberty.

By finding occupation for her mind and her time, like a wise physician, you must operate the cure. A passing—or better, a lasting—attachment, would be very desirable at present : or, another Duchess of Curland, to take D——, into the whirl of society. H—— has behaved, as might have been expected, without character, without manliness. I am not astonished, and he has not sunk lower in my estimation. Principle and strength of mind were not to be expected from him. He remains what he is, an effeminate reasoner and a good-hearted egotist.

I want you to tell me what I shall now do? Having recovered my liberty, I tremble to commence anything. I am shy at undertaking any great work, and I therefore hesitate about commencing 'Wallenstein.' I feel half inclined to make my peace with the Muses, by writing a poem, as I have sinned fearfully against them by writing for the 'Calendar.' But the subject? Here again I am in doubt.

May heaven bring you good news from Zerbst! and may your Conrector have understood what handsome means. I am curious to hear the result. The book I promised to send is my prose works. I expect them every day from Rudolstadt, where they are being bound.

Give Dorchon many thanks for her present, which I have not yet received, but which I guess at.\* I am glad to have something of her work near me, and am doubly glad that it should be what she has selected.

Brühl has been here; but although she was with him, (and probably only on my account, as she did not call anywhere), I nevertheless did not see her.

\* Portrait of Körner.



He invited me to his house, but as I was not well, I requested him to come to me. He is, as you said, a very honest fellow. I like him well enough, but I did not form a close acquaintance with him.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 27 Dec. 1792.

This afternoon the Zerbst mountain gave birth to a mouse. Weber was informed by our friend of the contents of the will; and tells me that I have been left three thousand dollars. I have not heard anything about it direct from Zerbst yet, with the exception of the Conrector's announcement of a handsome legacy.

Many a castle in the air falls in with this disappointed expectation. But I am so accustomed to these houses of cards falling in, or have been compelled to blow them down myself, that I care very little about it. I now, however, find myself under the necessity of making some prudent regulations in my household affairs. After calculating my salary, and my yearly income, I find I shall want about five hundred dollars additional. I must not touch the capital from this day. It is sacred to my wife and children. I must, therefore, earn five hundred dollars—and there are two roads open to me—a better appointment, or authorship. I should prefer the latter, if I could hope to attain a greater facility in writing. I feel inclined to make the attempt. I do not aspire to be classical. I shall not care if my writings are devoid of a perfect finish, provided they are interesting and entertaining. But my name must be kept carefully secret; for if it were known that I am an author, it would be a death-blow to my preferment.

Through your influence I can turn my writings into

money. What, if I were to write three sheets a month for the 'Thalia?' It is true, I am not sure whether I am equal to the task, and must, therefore, have a translation in reserve. You may, perhaps, put me in the way of one, if possible; an historical or philosophical work. What do you say to Locke?

Your letter gave me much pleasure. The very idea of having finished a laborious work makes the spirit lighter. I am often indebted to my parchments for such enjoyment. Give full vent to this feeling of freedom until you feel you want to work again. And then I shall put in a plea for an 'Ode to Light.' In your present humour it could not fail of being successful. I also hope to see 'Wallenstein' progress this winter.

If H—— allows my answer to pass by unnoticed, he has fallen much lower than I thought. I wrote to him in the coldest possible manner upon the subject in question—a few words only; and then replied to a former letter of his, in a tone as if nothing had occurred. This was some weeks since, and I have not yet received an answer. D—— behaves in a most exemplary manner, and I hope in a few weeks she will be quite herself again. You have not lost much by not seeing the Countess Brühl. She would not have pleased you. All here goes on as usual: the children are well, and I have found a teacher for Emma; who, with the exception of a few originalities, would be a good master for the boy, if I could keep him so long.

Farewell! Many greetings from Minna and Dorchon, and kind regards to all your family. You will have received Dorchon's work by this. She seems to have been successful in it.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 4 October, 1792.

I have just returned with my good mother from an excursion to Rudolstadt, where we remained ten days. I received, therefore, your letters somewhat late, but still too soon for the disappointment it announced.

Your Herr A — has just proved himself what I always thought he was—a regular old screw. If the three thousand dollar news turns out to be correct, I would lay a wager that some sneaking heritage hunter has been before you, and insinuated that the money would not be well invested by you. Probably, it has been left to some rich man, who did not stand in need of it: it is a maxim of these gentlemen to add money to money, and to make the rich richer. I should like to know how your expectations from your aunt stand; let me hear about this in your next. If you can rely upon receiving ten or twelve thousand dollars at her death, you are provided by your own capital against any emergency, and have only lost the prospect of riches—which is no great object, after all. With a thousand or twelve hundred dollars income, your Minna and her children can live comfortably, and there are many fair spots in Germany where it would be opulence. As long as you live you can always reckon on twelve or eighteen hundred dollars at the least. I should not advise you at present to look out for another situation. Your prospects at Dresden are good, and the work is not unsuited to you. In a year or two you will be on good terms with the ministers, and then promotion is certain. You will by that time have acquired great practical knowledge and a certain reputation, which, should you seek other service, would tell greatly in your favour.

It is not so easy a task to earn five hundred dollars by writing. You must not overlook that you have official duties to attend to, and that your hours of recreation must not be sacrificed. Literary occupations are not recreation, as I can tell you from a ten years' experience, and works of the inclination do not pay. If, however, you can bring yourself to work faster—and you can easily do it—I should recommend you to write original works, rather than to make translations. Nothing can be worse than a bad translation, and to make a good one, time is requisite. The original writer has a wider range, which is much more propitious to the flow of ideas: he works with greater pleasure, and draws more from his own resources. You need only write as you speak, or like your letters, and if the selection of your subject is a good one, you cannot fail to content your readers. As soon as the 'Thalia' appears monthly, it can well afford to take twenty or thirty sheets from you. If you have more than can be inserted in the 'Thalia,' they will be willingly inserted in some other periodical. If you should prefer translations, you can translate for the 'Memoirs;' but I should not advise it. A sheet is equal to two sheets of the 'Mercury,' and Paulus cannot afford you more than five dollars per sheet, as he only receives six himself, and he must have some profit. Your name must remain profoundly secret, even should you write on matters closely connected with your profession, and should stand up in defence of the aristocracy; each line of print would be regarded as so much time stolen from your duties.

You can try it. Select some good subject, with the intention of writing two sheets in four days. Do

not desist till they are finished, and let us see what you have written. Give free scope to your ideas, and do not hang over it criticising. If it succeed, you will have proved that you can write a sheet in two days, which will be about a caroline. If you only do this once a week, it will add fifty carolines to your yearly income. In five years you can publish a volume, and that will bring you in one hundred carolines clear. The plan is a modest one, but very practicable : it only wants decision and perseverance on your part.

I conclude for to-day to make up my packet. I enclose the promised works, to which I add 'Vertot,' as the preface may interest you, and the contents may amuse Minna and Dorchén. In my next I will tell you about my poetical circumstances. I enjoy tolerably good health : we are also merry, and the good health of my mother will make me less feel the separation from her, which takes place in a few days.

Give the enclosed to Dorchén. Your likeness is excellent, and the masterly manner of the colouring pleases all who see it.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 15 October, 1792.

I sent you a letter by private hand this day week. You have, I trust, received it by this. I am expecting daily to hear something about the unhappy Zerbst affair. I have, meantime, been concocting different plans to meet your wishes. No doubt you have heard of Mirabeau's 'Sur l'Education.' It is well worth a translation. A great recommendation of the work and its author, is the fact that, in the midst of the turmoil of giving a Constitution to France, he endeavoured to im-

part to it a firm basis by establishing a sound system of education. The idea alone points out the man of genius ; and the development of his idea, as far as I have read, does him great credit. What do you say to translating this work ? But speed will be necessary ; at least your translation of it must be announced, or some other hand will get the start of you. Try Garde, or Vieweg, or Crusius of Leipzig. One of them is sure to come to an agreement with you, if you ask. I will write for you to one of them. I need only mention your name as the author of the ' Sketches of Oxenstiern,' and as the writer of some of the correspondence of Julius and Raphael. I could also apply to Fellsecker of Nürnberg. Write to me by return of post. But first of all run your eye over the catalogues of the last two or three fairs, to see if a translation has not already been published. I doubt it very much.

Another idea of mine is the great ' Journal,' of which we said so much when we were in Dresden. If we can manage it, we are both provided for. I shall put the plan to paper this week, and send it to Göschen. If he decline it, I shall apply to another publisher. We must make the attempt ; the enterprise is enticing, and holds out every prospect of success. If it succeeds we shall both be in our element. Twelve or fifteen carefully written sheets are not much for a year's work, and would bring us in at least five hundred dollars.

Göschen has got the notion into his head of having the ' History of the Reformation,' which is to appear in the next number of the ' Calendar,' written by Pestalozzi. As I am not to write it, it is a matter of indifference to me ; but he wishes the public to be introduced to the author, and has requested me to write him a preface to that end. But I fear that Pestalozzi's views and mine are diame-

trically opposed, and in this case I must decline doing it. Otherwise I should do it willingly, particularly as Göschchen would pay me for it. I have meantime endeavoured to persuade him, not only to give up Pestalozzi, but the 'Calendar' itself. The form is too antiquated, and there are too many mouths biting at the same crust, and the public taste requires a change. If Göschchen, instead of publishing calendars, military gazettes, books of devotion, &c., were to confine himself to publishing Wieland's works, and our 'Mercury for Germany,' he might be the first publisher in the country five years hence, and a rich man into the bargain.

In the last number of the 'Musen Almanach,' published at Göttingen, Bürger has given full swing to his bile against me and the 'Literary Gazette.' The coarse remarks of this man, his presumption, and the utter ignorance of the true bearing of my critique, will astonish you. Our friend Bouterwerk has cudgelled our friend H—in a rough manner in this very Almanack, and makes some impertinent remarks upon him. You must get the Almanack. The ridicule thrown upon H—in it, however clumsily done, may not be useless to D—at this present moment, especially as Madame — is seemingly mixed up in it.

I have been poetically inclined; but, as term is so near at hand, I have been obliged to study æsthetics. I am up to my ears in Kant's 'Powers of Judgment.' I shall not rest till I have mastered it, and made something of it. It is also necessary that I should be prepared for a regular course of lectures; and to be able, without cost of time and strength, to write something palatable for the 'Thalia.' I shall shortly commence entertaining you with my researches and discoveries, and begin the correspondence we agreed upon.

My best greetings to Minna and Dorchén. I have written to Dorchén, and have sent the books, which will have arrived by this.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 16 October, 1792.

Your ideas on original works and on translations seem to me correct enough. I have been employed this week in reviewing my materials, and making attempts at a more fluent style. I think I could succeed at once with a scientific subject; but such themes are not suited to a periodical. Wieland accepts them, but they would not be sufficiently remunerating. Under the title, 'Letters from a Jesuit to a Philosopher,' I could put forth many ideas for the amelioration of the laws of jurisprudence, &c., as also on the comparative relation of Kant's 'Philosophy to Jurisprudence.' Would it not be better to put such a treatise at once into the hands of a respectable publisher, who would not be deterred by the subject? Göschen, I fear, will hesitate, and I will not risk applying to him. But if I were to send you a letter, you could show it to Crusius and ask his opinion of it.

I have plenty of materials for articles for the 'Thalia;' but I find I still adhere to my old style.

I have sent Göschen a plan for a work on Germany, in the same style as 'Archenholz's British Annals,' with some alterations. The exclusively political—the war with France, for example—I should leave out. The contents would consist of everything of national interest, institutions, traits of character that do honour to the nation, sketches of German men of eminence of every class, critical notices of works of art and literature, &c. I proposed the idea to Göschen in the shape



of an almanack, told him to find some editor of reputation, and promised to become a contributor. He is already provided with an Almanack for 1794, but wishes to publish one periodically after Easter. What do you say to the idea?

I have received the proof-sheet of your 'Calendar,' up to the death of Wallenstein. Considering the haste and exertion with which it was written, it greatly surpasses my expectations. The Battle of Lützen, and some sketches of Wallenstein's position are worthy of your best hours.

The excuse for abbreviating it is not a bad one, although to many readers it may be an unpleasant surprise. I was startled at first at the fulness of detail of the first sheets. You have paid a great compliment to my 'Oxenstiern,' but you call a fact in question which I think I derived from an authentic source. I mean the Archbishopric of Mayence. It strikes me I found it in 'Puffendorf.' But I have destroyed my notes, and have only Stierman's eulogium to stand by.

Vertot's preface gave me much pleasure, both as to style and contents. I am desirous now to hear something about your poetical labours.

H—— has sent me a very miserable reply to my last letter. He feels, he says, after what I have said, that some explanations are necessary, but has no time for them at present, because—the French have entered Speyer, and he must make off in all haste with the archives of the Saxon Embassy from Mayence to Frankfurt!

KÖRNER.

Jena, 6 November, 1792.

I have commenced my private lectures on *Æsthetics*, and have plenty to do. As it is not in my nature to do things in a slipshod manner, I am obliged to study to have materials for four or five hours in the week. The very first lectures have also proved to me that they will tend greatly to refine my taste. I am quite satisfied with the number and quality of my hearers. They are four-and-twenty, of whom eighteen pay me a Louis-d'or each. This is a hundred dollars in my pocket, at the same time that I am laying up a store of ideas which will be serviceable hereafter, and perhaps fit me for some great work.

If Göschén has not written to you already, I can send you the welcome intelligence that we have hit upon a plan which will procure you work for 1793, and will greatly add to your income. Göschén looks upon the 'Calendar' as a good speculation, and wishes it to be continued. As I purpose leaving it altogether, he wishes you to write an historical treatise of eighteen or twenty sheets, and he has hit upon the Protectorate of Cromwell. You have eight months before you, and Hume and Sprengel will suffice to you, as all that is required is a well written account. At the present moment, an unbiassed opinion on revolutions in general is of great interest; and as the result must be favourable to the enemies of revolutions, the truths which must unavoidably be told to the governments will not leave a bad impression. I have promised Goschen to annex my name to it as editor; and all I require is, that I should first see the manuscript, and be allowed to add a few touches, so that the public would recognise my handiwork. He will not give you less than four

hundred dollars, and you would have plenty of time to spare for the 'Thalia.'

Let me hear your opinion soon. I am not aware of anything more advantageous to you at the present moment. Göschel is also willing to undertake the large journal, and as soon as I find leisure I shall take the necessary steps.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 12 November, 1792.

You will be angry with me, but I cannot help it. However high an opinion you and Göschel may entertain of me, I have nevertheless declined the offer. To write for a Calendar, without having a year before me, is no work for me. I cannot rely upon finishing it in time; and if I became anxious of not being ready at the appointed date, I should be the most miserable man on earth. My health will not allow me to work at night; added to which, the subject does not please me. To hold Cromwell up as a warning to others, is not an intellectual employment; and if enthusiasm for his greatness is to be displayed, it is not suited to the age. I honour the flame which is now burning as the work of a higher hand, and patiently await the result. I do not wish to throw either oil or water upon it. What I think of these events I may not write; and what I may write, is not what I think. Let this be as it will, the very title is in ill-favour.

I have proposed the 'Fronde' to Göschel, once an idea of your own. H. might send contributions, and I could easily add two or three biographical sketches. I have the 'Esprit de la Fronde' in my possession; and it would be an easy task for three, in conjunction

with Retz, to write a sketch of eight or ten sheets. The remainder might consist of isolated narratives.

I congratulate you on your lectures, but must request you to be careful of your chest. I trust you do not read public lectures as well?

KÖRNER.

Jena, 17 November, 1792.

You have surely over-rated the difficulty of the work for the 'Calendar.' Göschen does not insist upon 'Cromwell,' if the subject is not to your liking. Make your own selection; but you must not forget, that to earn five hundred dollars yearly by your literary labours, it will be necessary to write about forty sheets in eight months; and this will not exceed fifteen or eighteen, and will not demand more labour than any other work. If you set to work at once to study your subject, the task will not be heavy.

I am not to be counted upon, for God knows what I may be doing next year. Nor do I feel well disposed for a *quodlibet* of many authors. It will ruin Göschen, for not a soul would buy it. It must be one work and one author, to attract the public. H— is not at all adapted to historical sketches; he has too much *persiflage*; his 'Maximilian of Bavaria,' is not worth reading. H— has written to Hufeland that he would shortly visit Dresden, and take Jena on his way. He thinks himself no small personage now. He wrote a review of 'Goethe's Works' recently in the 'Literary Gazette.'

SCHILLER.

Jena, 26 Nov. 1792.

Miller, of Mayence, has been here, on his road to Vienna, and will probably pass through Dresden. I did not see him, though he had purposed calling upon me. He went to the club, which I have given up, and could not get away. He left next morning. He had nothing very consolatory to say about Mayence. He had been there to fetch his papers, which he succeeded in carrying away with him. Custine wanted him to enter the French service; Miller declined, on the ground of his personal engagements towards the Elector. As they became pressing, he bolted without taking leave of them. He thinks it not improbable that Germany will lose the Rhenish provinces; at least, the Electorate will be considerably clipped. War with France has been determined on for next year. We shall have bivouacks on German ground; and who knows but that the French will not pitch their tents there too? Since I have read the 'Moniteur,' I have better hopes of them. If you do not read it, I would recommend you to do so. It gives all the debates in the National Convention, and furnishes a faithful portrait of the strong and weak points of the French character.

Great preparations are on foot in Germany, and, as usual, private individuals are the sufferers. At Göttingen, all letters and parcels containing anything are broken open; and many are the complaints in consequence. Everything here is on the old footing, and we do not fear any acts of aggression from our government.

The Mayence prospects are becoming very doubtful to me; but, in God's name, if the French destroy my hopes, I might have the idea of engendering more promising ones with them.

Göschen's idea does not displease me, and I shall do what I can. I shall rejoice at your labours.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 14 December, 1792.

It is a long time since you have heard from me, and to-day I only send you a greeting. Besides heavy work, my time has been greatly occupied by many things. Gessler has returned from St. Petersburg, and his expectations of oriental splendour and such magnificence as may be measured by figures and yards, have been more than realized. He says, the Empress is a most magnanimous Princess.

Gessner, a son of the poet, who has been staying at Leipzig, has been a fortnight here, and I prize his acquaintance. He has a clear head, and is free from prejudice, added to which he has a noble heart.

I should have liked to have made the acquaintance of Miller, of Mayence. He thinks better than he writes. He does not say a word about Forster. Many doubt if he is the Forster who has accepted place under the new Government of Mayence. I should call it a most imprudent act. Allowing that the French remain in possession of Mayence, which as yet is very doubtful, they will scarcely give him more than 1200 dollars to be idle, which was hitherto the case with the Elector.

I had cherished good hopes of the French from the success of their campaign. The sentiment of their strength must give them a new moral impulse, and the atrocities which were the consequences of weakness and despair, would cease. But unhappily, fresh atrocities have arisen from arrogance, ingratitude, petty revenge on the vanquished, and from avarice. The

few great men will be overpowered by a thoughtless mob, or by the vile instruments of ambitious miscreants.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 21 December, 1792.

I have a piece of news which may interest you, on account of Herr von Adlerskern, for whom you wish to procure a situation as tutor. The Baroness of Lieven is looking out for a tutor for her son, in the place of Councillor Pathey, whom you have met at my house. She has commissioned Blankenburg to find one, and Pathey is of opinion that a letter from you to the Baroness would not fail to have effect. The situation is remunerative, but it is true, the Baroness is a woman of many whims and fancies, and the lad is a wild one. According to Pathey, he is not wanting in capacity, but has all the defects of a spoiled child. In a word, with the exception of the salary, the situation offers no other advantages. A good deal would, however, depend upon his management of mother and son. Pathey had neither tact nor firmness enough to maintain his position. The family is from Curland, and will probably return there some day or other.

I am beginning to take an interest in my historical labours, but this will induce me to spend more time upon them than I can well spare. The war of succession in Spain is less remarkable in its results than in the number of interesting characters that appear in it. I regard it as a special enjoyment to see these men competing against each other. Louis and Marlborough, Eugène and Villars fill up the fore-ground. And the contrasts are numerous—Catinat, Villeroy,

Sarah Marlborough, the Princess Ursini, Madame de Maintenon. And there are important side figures, as Bolingbroke, Peterborough, &c. What gives me most trouble is, to divest the political negotiations and the events of the war from anything approaching dryness. What I strive at, is to connect the chain of events in such a manner as that the connection between cause and effect may be visible. The plan of operations of the Statesman and of the General must be clear to the reader. The characteristic traits of each must be found in their projects and in the execution of them; all obstacles and favourable occurrences must be pointed out; in a word, all the puppets must be brought into play—the whole scene must be present to the reader. And to do this I feel that I am wanting in military knowledge, and I have commenced studying—you must not laugh at me—military tactics.

The humiliation of Louis XIV. was however attended with results of universal historical interest. It warned men from a slavish imitation of the French; developed amongst other nations the consciousness of their strength, and especially made England a rival of the hitherto exclusive model.

The losses of the House of Austria added also to the greatness of Prussia, and to the conservation of German constitutionality.

Let me know if you are aware of any sources that would be of service to me, especially as regards Germany. German Memoirs are scanty. Did not a certain Herchenhahn write a 'History of Joseph I?'

I know you are in good health from Lottchen's letter to Dora. Do not overwork yourself with your lectures.

KÖRNER.



Jena, 21 December, 1792.

Our correspondence has not been so regular of late, owing to both of us being so occupied. As my sleepless nights make me lose best part of the forenoon, much time is lost and I have scarcely enough left for æsthetics. They are getting on, and I hope in a few months to be able to give you a proof of the result of my investigations.

They have thrown much light upon the nature of the Beautiful, and I think I shall gain you over to my theory. I think that I have discovered the objective idea of the Beautiful, which is qualified, *eo ipso*, to be the objective principle on which taste is founded, and which Kant tormented his brain about without success. I shall cast my ideas on the subject into the shape of a dialogue: 'Kallias, or ideas on the Beautiful,' and shall publish them at Easter. This form is well adapted to the subject, and my interest in it is increased by its artistic character. As I shall quote the opinions of most æsthetical writers on the Beautiful, and endeavour to prove my maxims as much as possible by examples, this dialogue will swell to the size of a decent volume, like the 'Geisterseher.'

Want of time rather than want of inspiration will prevent me from writing any poetical work this winter, although I must avow that the very doubtful state of my health, if it does not exactly oppress my spirits, still does not allow them their full scope. If I get quietly through this winter my spirits will be all the better for it.

You will have read Döderlein's death in the papers. He died a fortnight since. It is a pity that the situation is not remunerative enough to induce Reinhard to take it. I think he would be a great acquisition.

The circle of my acquaintances has been increased by the arrival of a countryman of mine, who is superior to all the others. He was for some years tutor to the Prince of Wurtemberg, but had a quarrel lately with the Prince's father, and would not on any account be induced to remain, although he thereby sacrificed most excellent prospects. He has come here to study jurisprudence, having thrown up theology altogether.

Forster's conduct will assuredly be blamed by every one; and I can foresee that he will finally have to retire with disgrace and shame. I feel no sympathy for the Mayence folks; all their acts betray a silly desire of notoriety rather than any firm principle. I should like to know if Huber is still amongst them, and if he purposes remaining there. I have heard nothing more about him here.

Do you know of any one capable of putting German into good French, as I might stand in need of such a man? It is all I can do to resist the desire of mixing myself up in this affair of the King's, and writing a pamphlet upon it. I think this affair worthy of a serious treatment; and a German author, who would come forward and give his opinion boldly and eloquently, could not fail of making an impression on these misguided beings. When a man comes forward alone, and publicly expresses an opinion, people are inclined—at first at least—to regard him as expressing the opinions of his class, if not of his nation; and I am of opinion that in this affair the French are rather sensitive as to the opinions of others; added to which, the subject offers every advantage for the defence of the good cause, which is not open to abuse. The writer who takes up publicly the cause of the King, will be allowed, by the very circumstances, to express a few more truths than

any other, and will be more readily believed. You will perhaps advise me to hold my tongue; but I am of opinion that with such a stimulus, a man ought not to remain a silent spectator. If every free-minded man had remained silent, no steps would ever have been taken towards the amelioration of mankind. There are moments when a man must speak out, as the inclination drives him on, and the present seems to me to be such a moment.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 27 December, 1792.

I look forward to your 'Kallias' with pleasure. You are the very man to do more in the shape of a philosophical dialogue than has hitherto been done. Your dramatic talents will prove of service to you here. The form is known to you; the persons of the dialogue will readily take a defined and characteristic shape in your imagination; the bony skeleton of philosophical opinions will grow beneath your hands to a well-proportioned shape, and will receive life and movement; and instruction will be clothed in a pleasant narrative. This form will also enrich the subject. How often does it not happen that conversation develops, corrects, or enlarges our ideas! And a fictitious conversation will be attended with similar results. In a word, the work will give you pleasure; and, such being the case, I look forward to more than one such work from you.

I have made the acquaintance of a young man here who is just returned from the University. His name is Von Senf; and I find he has a most philosophical turn of mind, and much knowledge, combined with a mainly character.

Your idea of writing in defence of the King of the

French would interest me more if it were done already, before his fate is decided. I can find you a good translator here, in the person of Lautier, of the Prussian embassy, who is master of the language, and will be glad of any additional occupation if you should carry out the idea. Let me have your manuscript as early as possible.

Whether a man ought to be silent, or whether he ought to speak out, is a difficult question. The voice of reason is not hearkened to in the moment of excitement; everything halts between the two extremes of passion, fear, or arrogance. Passion alone can have any effect on passion; but it must be the noble to the abject, inspiration to ravings, true patriotism to the spirit of insurrection. But when the crisis has not yet commenced, in my opinion a well-intentioned writer ought not to accelerate it. However noble may be his intentions, he is never *master* of the means he employs. He ought not to trust the work of his mind to chance, but he may make the work of chance subservient to noble ends.

Once the crisis has passed, it is then time enough for a calm and unbiassed examination. Such an examination would bring a host of new ideas into circulation, which would have a salutary effect at any future crisis. I myself have reserved many things that I have been turning over in my mind for such a moment. I have no doubt that, at the present moment, an eloquent appeal from a foreigner of merit could not fail to have a certain effect on the French people; but I doubt whether the effect would be a *lasting* one. Political sophistry was perhaps never carried to a greater extreme than at the present moment by this people; and the rapidity with

which their sentiments undergo a change from one extreme to the other, makes it an easy task for the next speaker to efface from their minds the impressions made by the orator who preceded him.\*

KÖRNER.

\* How applicable to 1848! Where is Lamartine? What has become of Cavaignac? Idols of an hour, they are forgotten! Will Louis Napoleon last? Time will show!

## 1793.

'Kallias'—Chronic attacks—Marc Antonio—Raphael's cartoons—Piranesi—Rousseau's 'Dictionary of Music'—Schiller's theory of the Beautiful—Kant's philosophy of inherent evil in Man—Huber again—Huber calls on Schiller at Jena—Huber goes to Switzerland with Madame F.—Schiller has another attack of illness—Körner proposes visiting Jena—Schiller takes a country-house—Huber at Dresden—Schiller revises his poems—Burney's 'History of Music'—Schiller corresponds with the Prince of Augustenburg—Delicate health of Lottchen—The pleasures of Home—Heilbronn—Schiller has a son—Ludwigsburg—Dannecker—Schiller's state of health at Ludwigsburg.

Jena, 11 January, 1793.

Many happy returns of the new year, dear Körner, and may we all enjoy good health and spirits. I am very well, though the critical time of year is at hand, and an occupation which absorbs my attention raises me above all feeling of bodily suffering. I often wish that I may enjoy good health until I have finished my 'Kallias.' It will give you great pleasure, for I feel that I improve as I advance. I have not yet got any part of it into order, or I should have sent you a specimen. If you have, or know of, any important

works on Art send me word. I already possess Burke, Sulzar, Webb, Mengs Winkelmann, Hume, Batteux, Wood, Mendelssohn, and some five or six others. But I wish to read some works devoted to particular branches of Art. I also want to make a good collection of engravings from Raffaele, Correggio, and others, provided they do not cost too much. Perhaps you can tell me of some? I also wish to read some good work on architecture.

I despair of doing anything in music; my ear is too old; but I am not afraid of my theory on the art of harmony being swamped, and perhaps you may make something out of it as applicable to music.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 18 January, 1793.

I begin to suspect that you fancy your attacks are dependent upon the change of seasons. There may be medical grounds for believing in chronic attacks, but I cannot persuade myself that there are not a thousand circumstances, the influence of which is known to us, which should countervail the effect of an unknown cause, of which we have but an obscure idea. Why should the state of the weather, which did you no harm in December, be more dangerous to you in January? Is it a sufficient proof of cause and effect that you were twice ill in January? And will you mar the enjoyment of your existence by the thought of a mere possibility?

I am very desirous to see your 'Kallias.' You seem inclined to give great development to it. I can recommend the following works on Art to you, in addition to those I have already mentioned. Hogarth 'On the Line of Beauty,' Hagedorn's 'Remarks on Painting,'

Duchas' '*Réflexions sur la Peinture et la Poésie*,' Lessing's '*Laocöon*,' Herder's '*Critical Forests*,' '*Kritische Wälder*,' the '*New French Encyclopedia*,' Reynolds' '*Lectures at the English Royal Academy of Arts*,' which are to be found at Weimar's scientific library', d'Argenville's '*Lives of celebrated Artists*,' Vasari's '*Vies des Peintres*,' &c. Sandrart's '*Academy of Arts*,' the best travels in Italy,—such as La Lande's, Volkmann's Moritz's, &c.

Engravings after Raffaele and other masters would cost you a great deal of money. The engravings of Raffaele's Cartoons by Marc Antonio are in high esteem. Raffaele's Bogen, from which most arabesques are taken, would be of great service to you. He has there given proofs of the finest sentiment for forms of simple beauty, free from any imaginative idea. He succeeded in pleasing the eye in despite of reason. Is there no opportunity of studying these Bogen (cartoons) at Weimar? I am little versed in architecture. Piranesi has made excellent engravings of all the best Italian masters. Volpato is more modern, but he does not please me so well as Piranesi. 'Weinlig's Letters on Italy' might be of service to you.

There are no doubt collections of old engravings in the library at Jena, and '*Herculaneum*' is to be found at Weimar. I, however, have a much higher opinion of casts than engravings, which are rarely correct. It is a pity we are not here together, as there are so many things that would be of service to you.

For music, I recommend '*Rousseau's Dictionary*' to you. Select those articles which do not enter into the details of Art; and at all events they will give you materials for study. I will send you the names of any



other works that may strike me as likely to be of service to you.

I doubt very much if I can go to Leipzig at Easter, as I expect a visit from my aunt from Zerbst.

She wrote to me the other day, telling me that my uncle had left me his most valuable ring, his watch, and his sword. This proves at least that he was not dissatisfied with me, and makes me almost conclude that he has given her secret instructions, which she will communicate to me personally. But I do not count upon it. You have not yet returned Petzold's manuscript on Magnetism.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 25 January, 1793.

Though I am not well, hitherto I have not had an attack, and it is now six days beyond the date of the one I had last year. My anxiety arose neither from low spirits nor hypochondriasis. I am much given to catching cold, especially in winter, and my last illness originated in an inflammatory catarrh. Similar causes have similar effects. I must therefore be as careful of my chest in winter as of my cramps in summer. Every sign of the Zodiac denotes some special suffering to me. And yet I can but hope that it may remain as it is, lest a change should take place for the worse.

My occupations, thank God! keep up my spirits. My investigations as to the source of the Beautiful, of which scarcely a particle is separable from æsthetics, lead me into a wide field, where unexplored regions are laid open to my view. And yet to produce anything good, I must make myself master of the whole. The difficulty of conveying an objective idea of the Beauti-

ful, and legitimizing it fully *a priori* by the power of reason, so as practically to prove it—without, however, rendering such proof necessary to substantiate it—this difficulty is almost insurmountable. I have attempted to make a deduction of my idea of the Beautiful, but I found it impossible without the assistance of the evidence of experience. The objection will always remain, that my explanation will be accepted only because it will be found to agree with individual judgments on taste, (and not as it ought to be, with a profession on objective principles), that the judgment on the Beautiful is found correct because it coincides with my profession of it. You will say that this is asking too much; but so long as this is not attained, taste will always remain empirical, which Kant maintains is unavoidable. And this proposition of the unavoidableness of the empirical—of this impossibility of an objective principle of taste—is the very point I cannot subscribe to.

It is interesting to remark, that my 'Theory' is a fourth possible definition of the Beautiful. It may be defined either as objective or subjective; and this, either as severally-subjective, (according to Burke and others); or, as a rationally-subjective, (Kant); or, rationally-objective, (like Baumgarten, Mendelssohn, and the whole herd of perfectionists) or, lastly, sensually-objective, a conclusion of which you cannot form any correct idea, until you have compared the three other forms with each other. Each of these theories has some practical proofs to support it; and each evidently contains a portion of truth. The only fault appears to be, that all regard that particle of the Beautiful which coincides with their theory—as the Beautiful itself. The disciple of Burke has the superiority over the disciple of Wolfe, by maintaining the direct action of the

Beautiful, and its independence of ideas ; but he again is below Kant, when he places it exclusively in the affection of the senses. The circumstance, that by far the greatest beauties of experience that hover in their mind are not perfect, but rather logical conclusions subordinate to the idea of an object, like all works of Art and beauties of Nature—this circumstance seems to have misled all those who place the Beautiful in visible perfection, as the logical result is mistaken for the Beautiful.

Kant endeavours to solve this difficulty by adopting a *pulchritudo vaga et fixa*, a free and intellectual beauty ; and he advances the somewhat curious axiom, that the Beautiful, if comprised in the idea of an ulterior object, is not perfect ; that consequently an arabesque, or something similar, is more perfect in this respect than the highest beauty of Man. I find that his remark may have the great advantage of drawing a line between the logical and the æsthetical. But I think it gives a most imperfect idea of the Beautiful. The greatest attribute of Beauty is the power of subduing the logical nature of its object ; and how can it do this when there is no obstacle to subdue ? How can it impress itself on an entirely shapeless mass ? I at least am of opinion, that Beauty is only the form of a form ; and that, what is called its substance, is nothing more nor less than a formed substance. Perfection is the form of a substance. Beauty, on the other hand, is the form of that perfection which stands in relative proportion to Beauty, as the substance does to the form. I have sent you here a confused mass, but I may return to the subject more fully when I am in a communicative humour.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 4 Feb. 1793.

Your last letter gave me much to think upon. When I compare your ideas with the result of my own investigations, a light is thrown upon many things which had heretofore been obscure to me. Our alchymical process is progressing, and we may, perhaps, yet succeed in discovering the philosopher's stone, in spite of Kant.

You feel the necessity of forming a theory of the Beautiful, independent of all authority. We look not for a voluntary, but for a necessary classification of the Beautiful and the non-Beautiful.

We shall never attain our object if we analyze the Beautiful as it is given us by experience, like a production of nature, and endeavour to distinguish it by certain marks and tokens. If we recognize any object as Beautiful, we at once acknowledge a judgment given, though our object is to investigate how far such judgment is warrantable.

Let us ascertain how we distinguish the arbitrary from the involuntary in other classifications. To classify is the second operation of our reason; the first is to distinguish. From the chaotic mass before us, some object attracts our attention by its peculiar distinctive marks; comparisons are drawn, and we classify it accordingly. \* \* \* \*

I shall write to you soon more fully on this subject.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 8 Feb. 1793.

This letter will prove to you that the angel of death has not crossed my threshold. Three weeks have

passed beyond the time of my attack last year, and four weeks over the period of my illness the year before. I have, therefore, some hopes that my constitution has weathered the winter at least. I attend regularly to my business, and occupation keeps me above water. But I shall have nothing ready for Easter. The work requires time and care.

Your letter, which I received a few hours since, gave me great pleasure, and has put me in a humour which will probably enable me to give you a short sketch of my ideas on the Beautiful.

What do you say to French affairs? I had commenced a pamphlet in defence of the King, but I could not get on with it, and it remains unfinished. I have not had the courage to read a French paper for the last fortnight, so great a disgust do I feel for these miserable cut-throats.

Jena, 28 Feb. 1793.

I shall surprise you, in a few weeks, with a new work of Kant's, which will excite your unbounded admiration. It will be printed here, and I have already read the half which is ready. The title is '*Philosophische Religionslehre*,' (Philosophical religious Doctrines); and the contents—can you credit it?—a most critical exegesis of Christian doctrines on philosophical grounds. Kant, as you will have had occasion to observe, is very fond of giving a philosophical colouring to his writings. His object in doing so is not, as is at once evident, to give greater authority to the work, but rather to connect the results of philosophical investigations with reason, and thus, as it were, to

popularize it. He appears to me, to follow in this a favourite axiom of yours, namely: not to reject anything so long as any result may be expected from it, but rather to ennoble it. I honour the principle, and you will see that Kant has acted up to it. The work has quite enchanted me, and I can scarcely await the remainder of it. One of the very first principles laid down, however, was revolting to my ideas, and probably will be so to yours. He maintains an inborn propensity of the human mind to evil, which he calls the radical evil, and which is by no means to be confounded with sensual passions. He places it above sensuality in the person of Man, as the seat of liberty. But you will read it for yourself. It is impossible to refute his arguments, however much one might desire to do so.

The Church, however, will give him little thanks for his pains: he disavows all doctrinal authority, and adopts as his exponent, the pure religion of reason. He hints broadly enough that Church faith is only of subjective importance, and that it were better if it could be dispensed with altogether. But as he is convinced that it cannot be dispensed with, and that there is no likelihood of that ever being the case, he makes it a conscientious duty to respect it. The Logos (as a philosophical *mythos*) Heaven and hell, the kingdom of God, and all these representations are most happily explained.

I do not know whether I mentioned to you that I am at work at a 'Theodicea.' I hope, if possible, to have it ready by spring, so as to incorporate it in an elegant edition of my poems, which Crusius is to publish for me. I look forward with pleasure to this 'Theodicea:' the modern school of philosophy is much

more poetical than Leibnitz's, and of a much higher character. Besides this 'Theodicea,' I have another poem in my mind, also of a philosophical nature, and of which I entertain greater expectations. But I cannot tell you anything more precise concerning it as yet. If circumstances permit, I shall include it also in this edition.

If you can procure Mylius's translation of Diderot's 'Jacob and his Army,' I recommend you to read it. The French version has not yet been published. Minna will read it with much pleasure. It gave me great delight.

We have taken a country-house for the summer outside the town. My second sister is coming on a visit, and may, perhaps, remain permanently with us. I shall then live more *en famille*, and have less noise about me, as I shall give up dinner visitors. As my wife is sometimes unwell, I shall be glad to have some one near me who enjoys good health, and is attached to me. My journey next summer or autumn to my native place, will depend upon the state of my health, which, for the last three weeks, has been suffering from the effects of spring.

The death of young Ludwig, who went to Curland, is contradicted here; and I heartily hope nothing has happened to the poor fellow.

Dorchen's letter has this moment explained the comical mistake.

There are no great prospects as regard Mayence yet. The Elector is at present at Erfurt, where the Coadjutor has also arrived. The latter now only receives one-half of his former salary, which never sufficed for his expenses. Heaven knows how it will all end!

If I find time, I shall enclose the continuation

of my theory. But it is your turn to write upon the subject.

SCHILLER.

The news about Huber startled me. He is on the point of taking a most injudicious step, in whatever light I look upon it. It is quite evident that six months hence they will quarrel. And why did he send in his resignation? Where can he go? Where can he find employment after his connections in Mayence and his marriage with Madame F—? Does he purpose living by his pen? He will have to eat small dinners if that is the case! Madame F— has nothing, and expects herself and children to be maintained by him, while he can scarcely maintain himself. I can't make out what he is after. Perhaps he looks forward to a Professorship at some University? As an *Extraordinarius* he could scarcely better his position, and I see little prospect of his being regularly appointed; he has not studied enough for it.

I shall do all I can to convince him of this; but I fear it is too late. Are you certain he was not obliged to send in his resignation to avoid dismissal? His reputation must be at a very low ebb indeed, if men reproach you for having anything to do with him. He cannot count upon his parents. At all events I should not counsel him, even for his own sake, to go to Dresden; he would have to put up with many annoyances. He could not come near you, of which I presume he is perfectly aware.

The same post that brought that letter, brought one for him, under cover to me, in his father's handwriting.



Probably he gave orders for it to be addressed to me, and I consequently expect to see him here.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 15 March, 1793.

I have been suffering from another attack, and am not quite right yet. The spring quite upsets me. Do not, therefore, expect a long letter from me. Huber was here for two days, and lodged with Schütz. I had only a few moments' private conversation with him. He owns he was hasty in sending in his resignation, but he cannot help it now. If I can believe him, he purposes living in Switzerland, where he is to publish a political paper on French affairs, about which he is at the present moment in negotiation with Voss, of Berlin. His father, he says, is not yet quite reconciled to his giving up his situation, but that he will gradually become so, and bring over his mother. After showing himself at Dresden, he purposes spending six weeks with his father, and then starting on his journey. As regards his connection with Madame F—, his mind is made up. F— himself is the only gainer in the affair. In his present circumstances, when he must risk all, it is a great relief to him not to have a wife to provide for. One child is to remain with him, and the other to go with the mother.\*

\* As regard the facilities accorded for divorce, I have been in company in Germany where a married lady—a very fascinating person—had *three* living husbands in the room. Two ex-husbands and one in office. At Heidelberg I was personally acquainted with a learned professor who had married two sisters; both had died, and he was engaged to the *third*, a very pretty girl. Both were in deep mourning for the departed wife and sister.

You need not fear a visit from him. He is perfectly aware he cannot see you. But he says he must go to Dresden. Count Görz called upon him at Frankfort with a letter, notifying to him to give up the Archives to him (the Count), and to report himself at Dresden. On this notification, to which were added a few hints as to his principles, which had caused suspicion, he gave in his resignation. Some months before, Lucchesini, of Frankfort, had endeavoured to procure his dismissal, which he mentioned in his despatches. I am not aware how far he is compromised: he assures me he gave no grounds for suspicion, but that being suspected, he felt it impossible to remain at his post.

Count Redern spoke to him at Weimar, and told him he had been too hasty. He has not explained himself further, but confesses that he acted too hastily, adding that it cannot now be remedied.

Nothing passed between us respecting Dorchen. As I forgot to mention the commission respecting the letters, and did not see him again, I have written him a line which will not fail to reach him,

I think you ought now to discard him from your thoughts altogether; you need not reproach yourself with having estimated him above his deserts. The mistake was a pardonable one, and I do not think the consequences will be so bad, as the state of your feelings at present make you suppose. Dorchen's eyes have been so thoroughly opened, that she can now feel no regret for his loss. She will soon forget him, and you must help her to do so.

I hope the visit of the Duchess of Curland will be of some service to Dorchen. Have you heard from R— and do you think he will come forward? I should be

glad if the Duchess could bring about a marriage between them.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 22 March, 1793.

You will have received my last letter at least eight days since. I was quite well for two or three days, when an attack came on during one of my lectures. My existence is so cut up by these attacks, that I cannot sit down steadily to anything. My lectures will close in a few days, and I shall then be able to resume our æsthetical correspondence, to which I look forward with pleasure.

Huber has answered my letter, and tells me that the letters in question are at Frankfort with his other effects, and that he cannot send them till after his return. He will forward them under cover to me, and you will do the same with his letters. If it may be done, I should like exceedingly to read one of those letters—the letter he wrote to Dorchon some two or three years ago. If you can find time, and D—'s conscience will permit it, send me a copy of it, or ask D— to let me see the original before she seals it up with the rest. I wish to know to what extent his treachery reached. From the present moment I think you ought to forget him altogether. If you want vengeance, I should say that —— will procure it for you fully.

In other respects he is *à son aise*. He has been informed that he will receive a pension of two hundred dollars. Voss, of Berlin, has promised him two hundred carolines a year for his political paper. He is on good terms with his father, and hopes gradually to be

reconciled to his mother. I shall write to you more at length when I am better. My powers of writing are exhausted for to-day. I wish you could make your visit to Jena a certainty. It would be a joyous prospect for me.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 27 March, 1793.

Herr von Münchhausen, who is probably known to you as an author, by his little work on 'Masters and Servants,' will deliver you this letter with many greetings from us all. He was a constant guest at our house, and will prove a pleasant acquaintance. He played a conspicuous part at the late Assembly of the Diet. He is an independent gentleman of landed property in Thüringen, who seemed on this occasion to wish to speak his mind freely. It was feared at first he would prove a second Mirabeau, and Court and Ministers outbid each other in acts of civility to him. His book, the style of which is somewhat obscure, was not understood by all, and many suspected him of democratic principles; but, according to my notions, he is anything but a democrat; he is rather an aristocrat, who defends the privileges of that class, but expects the nobility to deserve them. In this latter respect he may have preached here to deaf ears, and he does not leave over-satisfied with the result. He is however a man who is not deficient in mind and character. Farewell! I shall write again shortly.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 28 March, 1793.

I have still two of your letters unanswered before me. Herr von Münchhausen will bring you a few.

lines, just as many as will suffice to introduce him to you. I shall not send you a line to day on æsthetics. I have not been idle, but I wish to be more master of my subject before I write to you. Your attacks are annoying, but on the whole I think you cannot complain of this winter; the attacks are not so frequent, and are of a less violent nature, notwithstanding that you did not spare yourself as much last summer as I could have wished. As you will have no heavy work this summer, I hope better days for you. I only wish you had no lectures at present. My hope of seeing you at Jena acquires daily a greater degree of certainty. My colleagues all took a run last year, and I shall demand a mouthful of fresh air this time for myself, as a relief to the Dresden climate. We have hit upon a plan of spending fourteen days at Jena, children and all, without putting each other to any inconvenience. You live in a garden; give us up your town residence. We will spend the daytime with you: the children and servants can board with your old maids, and we will sleep in your apartments.

Count Gessler and some others also purpose visiting Jena; but this will not take place, I presume, till the end of summer. At Pentecost we expect a visit from my aunt from Zerbst, who will remain a fortnight with us. Dorehen will then probably go with the Duchess (who is at Berlin) to Carlsbad, and as soon as she returns, we shall start. Mind and be in good health, that our joy may not be clouded.

Huber is dead to me. R— purposes paying us a visit after the vacation. I thank you for having procured the letters from him. I will send you his, and Dorehen will select one to show you. I almost doubt as to R—'s coming forward. I hoped he would have

declared himself this winter, but he had various engagements to keep him away. If D— had been free two years ago, she would now be R—'s wife.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 7 April, 1793.

To-day I have taken up my quarters in the garden, and rejoice in no small degree at seeing the fields and sky. During the whole winter I did not get into the fresh air more than five times, and I now feel like a prisoner who once more sees the day-light. I have five days to devote to a disagreeable work, and I shall then return to our correspondence on Beauty.

Our meeting in summer will do us both good, and the thought of it gives me pleasure by anticipation. You will not, however, be able to take up your quarters at my town residence: we gave it up, as it had no kitchen, and we now have our own *ménage*. The cookery of our Mamselles did not agree with my delicate stomach. But this circumstance must not interfere with your plans in the least, for in all probability I shall take an apartment in town before Michaelmas; and should I not by that time have found one to suit, I know of two or three lodgings which are to be had by the week. You need only write to me how many rooms you want beds in.

I have seen Herr von Münchhausen, and find him a most interesting person. He is not one of those whose good qualities come out in a first interview, and we were scarcely an hour in each other's society; but he warmed gradually, and we should have probably drawn closer towards each other, if a visitor had not come in. I forgot to ask him the name of his country seat; send it to me, if you have it.

You speak of other Dresdeners who purpose coming to Jena. Who are they?

Ramberg is making a drawing for my 'Kallias,' which is to be engraved, and will remain my property. I gave him free scope, and am anxious to see what he has hit upon.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 20 April, 1793.

I have been daily expecting a letter from you, with something new for the 'Kallias,' and have kept back my materials for an answer. To-day I send you nothing. My thoughts are rambling too much for me to collect my ideas.

I wish you joy of your country residence. Let nothing disturb your enjoyment this summer. No lectures, no heavy work; no more mental exertion than is necessary to a rational existence.

The persons who purpose visiting Dresden are, first of all, Count Gessler, and a young Government-assessor, of the name of Senf, who is one of my most esteemed acquaintances. He is a man of a thoughtful turn of mind, and has a soul that warms towards all that is noble and beautiful. His natural modesty makes him appear bashful at times, and is a drawback to his getting on in the *beau monde*; but in a friendly circle he is not deficient in gaiety. Münchhausen will also probably visit Jena about the same time. In short, we shall be a joyous circle. In the evening, after our discussions during the day, I shall be glad to throw off all prosy considerations, and to live in a better world. You must manage to be in good health. I have enjoyed excellent health this winter, and I feel no traces of my former attacks. I expect something good from

Ramberg for your 'Kallias.' I should have liked to have seen him here, but I hear that he goes to Berlin.

You will have been puzzling your brain all this time to know why I send the inclosed volume of Sermons. I do not expect you to read them, though I listened to one of them with real pleasure. I know the author to be an estimable young man, and a learned divine, who endeavours zealously to fulfil his duty. He means this copy for the proprietors of the 'Literary Gazette,' and wishes it to be reviewed by a man of rational ideas. He expects criticism, but he wishes it to be such as not to lower him in the opinion of his congregation, as the benefit of his services to them depends in some measure on their estimation of him. His modesty has given rise to these fears, though I think they are unfounded. I recommend him to your good offices. You will find an opportunity of putting in a word for him in the proper quarter.

KÖRNER.

Huber has been here, and happily we did not meet him anywhere. The name of Münchhausen's property is Steinburg, near Kloster Häfeln.

Jena, 5 May, 1793.

I have been a long time without writing to you, and I only send you a few lines to-day. During the unfriendly April weather, my attacks prevented me from thinking or writing. I should like to resume our æsthetical correspondence, but other more pressing work must first be expedited. First of all, there is a revision of my poems, some of which I must have ready for the press. I fear this revision will cost me



much time and labour. The 'Gods of Greece,' a poem which has already undergone a great many corrections, gives me already much trouble, as there are not more than fifteen verses in it with which I am quite satisfied. The 'Künstler' will require much more labour; and of the new ones *in petto*, I do not even harbour a thought. My collection, comprising three new poems, will not exceed twenty. Select them for me. I wish to know if we agree in our choice.

I shall have them printed here, that I may correct the proof-sheets myself. The edition will be in no respect inferior to that of Didot's. I cannot bear to see verses broken, no matter how long they may be; and to avoid this I shall select the largest-sized octavo paper. Each page will contain not more than sixteen lines. This of itself will make the edition more elegant. I have *carte-blanche* in this respect; and as the volume will not consist of more than nine or ten sheets, it will always be cheap, notwithstanding the high price of the paper.

My ideas on Beauty have meantime received considerable development, and I have discovered a landmark of freedom of representation. I have enlarged the range of my ideas, and have applied them to music, not going beyond Sulzer and Kirnberger. I expect some light from you upon the subject; but the little I have done is a glorious confirmation of my theory. Should you know of any work on music likely to be of service to me, send me word.

I must conclude. If the Duchess is still with you, present my respects to her. Some years since, she was so polite as to send me a greeting.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 11 May, 1793.

I fear lest you may be too severe in the revision of your poems. Your style is changed. Much will displease you now which bears the stamp of the wildness of youth, but which is perhaps well suited to works, excellent in their way. You need not spare errors of language and versification, but I beseech you to be tender towards what may appear to you too rich in metaphors. I am aware they jar on a more refined taste. But the date of the year in which each was written will suffice for your excuse. Errors in the measure, which may have arisen from carelessness, I do not wish to protect. But I do not wish the idea to be too much sacrificed to the exactions of truth. When it arises from the character and the situation of the writer—when it contains no contradictions in itself, though it be only to be understood by an exalted imagination, it would be unpardonable to sacrifice it. Many poems have a radical fault in the groundwork of the plan; but make up for this by the perfection of the details. This seems to me to be the case with the 'Künstler.' That work was written rather in a philosophical than in a poetical spirit. It would be almost necessary to change it into a poetical elixir before giving it a form. It strikes me, that the impression left by the complete work was only suited to Art; but to make such a change would cost you more labour than to write a new poem, which would be more advantageous both to you and the public. I am sorry I have not your 'Anthology.' I lent Huber my last copy, and he has not returned it to me. I have in vain endeavoured to procure another; I may therefore overlook a poem, but as regards the following

seventeen, I should not entertain the slightest doubt. — 'The Künstler,' 'The Gods of Greece,' 'The Hymn to Joy,' 'Resignation,' 'Effusions of the Passions,' 'Reproach to Laura,' 'Phantasy to Laura,' 'Clara at the Piano,' 'Secrets of Memory,' 'The Hymn to Love,' 'Brutus and Cæsar,' 'The Parcæ,' 'My Flowers,' 'Elegy on the Death of a Young Man,' and 'The Blue-stocking.'

I congratulate you on your εὐρηκα in your theory of Beauty. I fancy I can see a glimmering of light in the distance, but I have not yet been able to make it out distinctly. Let me hear soon what you have found. With the exception of Rousseau's 'Dictionary,' and Burney's 'History of Music,' I scarcely know what to recommend. You will perhaps find something in them respecting the music of the ancients.

The Duchess is still here, and takes up many an hour of my time. She thanks you for your greeting, and sends many in return.

Dora greets you heartily, and begs you to tell Lottchen that the lodgings taken for Herr von Gleichen are in the Frauengasse, at the swordsmith's, up three pair of stairs, No. 399, and that after the month is up, they will be continued by the week.

Farewell! and may you enjoy the fine weather undisturbed.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 17 May, 1793.

You must have patience with me: in this changeable weather I suffer from my old malady, and lose two days out of three; so that I must make up for lost time in the intervals. I must not neglect the 'Thalia,'

and I am but badly supported by my *collaborateurs*. I have consequently been under the necessity of writing two articles for it.

I coincide with your remarks on the revision of my poems, and I think them so just, that I feel inclined to publish them by way of preface to the revised edition. The revision of the 'Artists' is what I fear most. My ideas on Art have since received much development; many previous views are changed, many opinions abandoned. But yet I must acknowledge that I find much true philosophy in the 'Artists,' which astonishes me in no small degree.

In addition to the poems you have enumerated, I think there are two or three others worthy to survive. 'Hector and Andromache' is one of the best, and 'Amelia in the Garden' may be forgiven. Amongst my effusions to Laura, 'Delight' is one of the best. I feel inclined to sacrifice 'Laura at the Piano.' I am glad you have had pity on the 'Blue-stocking.'

As soon as the 'Gods of Greece' are ready for launching, I shall send them to you. I flatter myself you will confess that the Muses have not yet quite forsaken me, and that criticism has not frightened away inspiration.

The accompanying pamphlet is a pendant to your sermon; but I have a stronger interest in recommending it than was the case with you. It is written by my father, and the text will inform you why it was published. I wish you could place the three enclosed copies in the hands of men most likely to draw attention to it. You will do me a great favour if you manage to get it spoken about at Dresden.

Herr von Gleichen will have arrived at Dresden by

this time. His acquaintance will, perhaps, be an acquisition to you and Minna. He loves and understands Art; is no mean landscape painter in oils; and is a good theorist. He is a man of much talent and learning: he lives at Rudolstadt, on his private fortune, and is consequently somewhat lazy. His wife is a mild and excellent creature, and a very old friend of my Lottchen. You will soon find that you need not put yourself out for them, and that they will be most pleasant acquaintances. Minna will also have a companion.

Farewell! and greet yourself and Minna from us both. It is a pity you are not here for the vaccination. Many children have been sent here from all parts to be vaccinated, and with the happiest results.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 31 May, 1793.

Your long silence and the bad weather made me anxious about you. The warm weather must come soon, and I trust you will then be well again. We have not yet been able to take up our quarters at the Weinberg.

I am glad you are working for the 'Thalia.' You should not neglect it, and I wonder you do not receive more contributions. It strikes me that the young man who wrote the 'Historical Sketch of Malta' might become a valuable contributor; and surely, in Jena, there are many clever pens in the philosophical line.

The publisher, Gessner, of Zurich—a son of the poet, who has studied at Leipzig, and who has a head of his own—sends me word that he wishes through the medium of the 'Thalia,' to bring before the public

some scenes of a play, which Hottinger will shortly publish at Zurich. I told him to send them to me. This might lead to a correspondence with Hottinger, who would be a valuable contributor. I look forward with pleasure to your 'Æsthetical Treatise.' I have just now been occupied more with the Useful than the Beautiful; that is to say, I have been studying the will of my uncle of Zerst, which my aunt has brought here with her. The result is not satisfactory. At the outside, my aunt will not receive more than 30,000 dollars which she can dispose of; the rest of the property remains as a fund in the concern, of which the present proprietors receive only the interest. I shall receive at least one-half of my aunt's property, which will not exceed 600 dollars per annum. In short, my brilliant expectations have dwindled into a mere nothing. I must not touch my capital now, and I must endeavour to earn enough to provide for all my wants that are not covered by the interest of my capital and my salary. My aunt is most friendly, and remains two or three weeks with us.

Dorchen is gone with the Duchess to Carlsbad, and will return in a fortnight.

I am glad we agree respecting the revision of your poems. Send me the 'Gods of Greece.' It struck me, that in the 'Artists,' the philosophical might be separated from the historical part. I have nothing to say against the three poems I omitted. In my last I adhered too closely to the number mentioned in your letter. I have not yet heard anything of Herr von Gleichen. I expect much pleasure from his society. I shall endeavour to bring your father's pamphlet into as much notice as possible. I have given one copy to old Wagner. Moritz has been here; I should have

liked exceedingly to have made his acquaintance, but no opportunity offered itself. The history of his marriage is most romantic.

My Carl is not yet quite fit for vaccination, and is suffering from his teeth; but we will speak about it with Hufeland, at Jena, where we hope to see you in August. My head is a regular desert just now. None of the works at this year's Fair have pleased me particularly. Kant's work displeased me, on account of its northern harshness, and its artificial and dogmatical sentences.

Herder's 'Letters towards the Furtherance of Humanity,' seem to be an exclusive production, which is greatly wanting in salt.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 20 June, 1793.

It is a long time since I wrote, but the enclosed must be my explanation. But you have been equally silent. Have you a similar excuse?

I wrote this Treatise in less than six weeks. Judge, therefore, whether I have been studious, and studious enough for an invalid. This work has given me much pleasure, and I think not unreasonably so. Look upon it as a sort of precursor of my theory of the 'Beautiful.' I know beforehand that on one point I shall have you on my side, and I am curious to know if I have come up to your notions.

I shall soon set to work on my dissection of the 'Beautiful.' It will consist of a series of letters to the Prince of Augustenburg, with whom I already correspond on the subject. I owe him some public mark of respect, and I know he is not indifferent to it. This form also procures me the great advantage, that it

makes it almost a duty on my part to write in a free and agreeable style, and I may thus derive an advantage from my want of knowledge in dogmatics, as such letters, to such a man, would not permit of them.

To the theory of the 'Beautiful,' I shall add a treatise on the principle of the Fine Arts, and I trust I shall produce something good; nor do I purpose neglecting my poems, but they are getting on slowly. Can you not manage to come here sooner? I am impatient to exchange ideas with you, and I also will, through you, acquire some knowledge of the principle of music, as I am determined to master it.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 1 July, 1793.

I have now an additional reason for wishing that we could meet in July. If you cannot, or will not come here, I will cheerfully go with my wife to Leipzig, and remain with you as long as you like. I would propose Ronneburg as a watering-place, where we could live in each other's society, and have all the benefit of the waters at the same time. It is said to be a very agreeable place of residence, and living is cheap. In short, you must endeavour somehow or other to manage it, even should the greater distance fall to my lot. A change of air will do you good, and you must leave Dresden and its neighbourhood; and, besides, Dresden is too far for us.

I cannot put off my journey to Wurtemberg, as my father has placed all his hopes upon it, and I owe him that much love. He will be seventy years old in October, and, therefore, further delay is out of the question; the health of my wife, also, demands the care of some skilful physician; I count a good deal on Gmelin, of



Heilbronn, where I purpose taking up my abode. I also hope my native air will do me good, and I shall remain over the winter there.

I enclose you sixteen louis d'or; I received, a few weeks since, the long-desired remittance from Denmark. Having a long journey before me, not knowing what expenses I may incur at a strange place, and, owing to my wife's illness, I cannot send you more at the present moment, especially as our payments have not been regular of late, and Göschén has not paid me for some time; but should you stand in need of more, I trust you will not spare me at your own expense; Göschén must fork out when I want him, and a hint from you will suffice.

I now beseech you to manage so that we may certainly meet; and if it is put off till August, it will not be so, as the health of your children, or of my wife, might spoil our plans. My sister, from the 'Solitude,' has not arrived, and cannot come now, as my mother is ill, and she cannot leave her. My sister-in-law has gone to a watering-place, in Suabia, and here we are, entirely abandoned, and no kind hand to help us should we need assistance. I, for my part, am much better than I have been for some time past, and if you were here, I could fully enjoy your society. How long this will last, Heaven knows! I take advantage of these intervals to prepare myself for new trials.

Yours,

SCHILLER.

Jena, 3 July, 1793.

It is now quite certain that my wife's confinement will take place, at the latest, towards the end of September; I entreat you do not let this pleasure deprive

me of the other I looked forward to, and which I counted upon as certain. Try and come to us about the middle of this month. I must leave this early in August, that my wife may have at least one month's quiet before her confinement, and it will take some time to settle down quietly in Wurtemberg. A month will be lost in making arrangements—in short, you see, there is no time to be lost, and I trust you will do what is in your power.

I cannot tell you in what good spirits I feel. My anxiety respecting the severe attack of my wife is now explained, and hence my joy at looking forward to the completion of my domestic happiness. I often stand in need of all the powerful aid of philosophy, to keep up my courage, on witnessing the sufferings of my beloved Lotte, and on feeling my own sinking state of health. I have now got rid of one half of my sufferings, and, as regards the other, which concerns myself alone, I do not make much account of it. I fancy I perceive the dying torch of my life renewed with fresh light in another, and I am reconciled to fate.

This great change also promises me a favourable reaction in the health of my wife, and the physician tells me that he entertains the best hopes from it. The improvement in her health, and the joyful event that awaits me, cannot fail to have a happy influence on mine. If all passes over well, and Heaven preserves to me both mother and child, nothing essential will be wanting to my happiness. Farewell! and rejoice me soon with such an answer as I hope for.

Yours,

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 7 July, 1793.

My heartfelt congratulations on the dispersion of your anxiety respecting Lottchen's health, and on the happy prospect which is opening before you both. The author should, perhaps—like the soldier—be neither husband nor father; but woe to him who would confine himself to an author's existence! In our youthful years, it is possible to live for Art alone, but when our inspired moments become less frequent, and when our occupations are more confined to works of study, of criticism, and of taste, we begin to feel the want of a home, and to yearn for some new source of enjoyment in the joy of the beings that surround us.

Your last letter but one, made me sad. I felt the necessity of accelerating our meeting; but on my side, I did not see the remotest chance of being able to do so. Judge for yourself. About eight weeks since I waited upon the President of the *Appellations-gericht*, and requested a month's vacation. The time was then indifferent to me, and as Dorchén's return from Carlsbad might be delayed, I did not wish for July. The President proposed August, as he had given leave of absence to Appellations-rath Heydenreich for July—we agreed for August. The change in the Senate takes place almost immediately after, and I am placed in the second Senate with Heydenreich. One of our colleagues is so ill that he is unable to attend, and, therefore, there are only three Councillors, besides myself, to do all the work. We have also more work on our hands, and it is utterly impossible for me to leave before Heydenreich's return, not on the President's account, but on that of my colleagues, who count upon my assistance, and I should do myself an injury. To leave at such a juncture would be a very impolitic step.

I have given you these details. to convince you it is no fault of mine that I cannot meet your wishes. I cannot expect you to put off your journey, as the time for Lottchen's confinement approaches : we must, therefore, bid farewell to this hope. Let us not unman each other—we shall surely meet next year. A sojourn in your native air will do you good ; your Lottchen will be restored to perfect health, under the care of your family, and you will have less anxiety for the young being which owes its existence to you, having the experience of your mother to counsel you.

The money you sent me came quite *à-propos*, provided you can spare it. At Michaelmas we change our apartments, which will put me to some expense. Our new ones are situated in the open square, near the Japanese Palace, opposite the white gate. Nearly the whole of the house is ours, and the interior arrangements are excellent, so that you will be better lodged when you next come to see us. On the second story, where I have my private rooms, there is a fine view over the walls to Neudorf, along the banks of the Elbe. There is scarcely any difference in the rent.

Dorchen has returned from Carlsbad, and the Duchess remains with us till Tuesday. We shall then take up our quarters at the Weinberg, where Minna, who is not very well, will undergo a cure. The children and myself are in good health. My Carl would please you exceedingly. They tell me I show a preference for the boy. It is so far true that I can occupy myself more with him than with Emma.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 17 July, 1793.

It is all up then with our meeting. Your reasons are too strong to be overruled. In your place I should not act otherwise. You are right: we must not unman each other, for in a year at latest—perhaps sooner—we shall meet. I entertain greater hopes of my health than I have done for a long time, and feel less anxiety about my wife, as I look forward to a salutary crisis.

The joyous prospects before me shed a light into my heart. I shall feel at once the joys of a son and of a father, and between these two throes of nature I shall feel happy to my heart's content.

I shall now probably start earlier than I had intended—perhaps early in August. For as the time for my wife's confinement approaches, the cramps she suffers from may become more dangerous.

The love of my country has become vivid within me, and the Suabian, whom I thought I had laid aside, is stirring mightily. But it is eleven years since I left my native land, and Thüringen is not the place to make a man forget Schwaben. It is not likely I shall see the Duke of Wurtemberg, as my residence will be at Heilbronn, and I shall not visit Stuttgart. I have made arrangements about apartments, and many civilities have already been held out to me. I am very curious to make Gmelin's acquaintance, and to witness his magnetic powers. He writes me word that he has given up great magnetic cures, but that his faith in the efficacy of this means is not the less firm. I shall give you a faithful account of what I see and hear.

Have you read S. Maimon's 'Wanderings in the Province of Philosophy?' You will find many excellent

remarks in it. Farewell! and greet Minna and Dorchén heartily from us both. My wife will write shortly—as soon as we are somewhat quieter, for during the last few days we have been distracted.

SCHILLER.

Löschwitz, 29 July, 1793.

Your long silence had made me anxious respecting your health, and the postscript to your letter reassures me on that point. You could not be unwell while writing it. I cannot give you so good an account of my health. But I am not wanting in excuses for having been so idle. My aunt and suite only left us a day or two since. Her society took up much of my time, and often put me out of humour. Carl has not been well; no more has Minna, and owing to Dorchén's absence at Carlsbad, she was not able to nurse herself.

I agree with all you say about Kant's 'Moral Philosophy.' Your apology for him is clever, but I almost think you do him too much honour. He is perhaps deficient in the feeling for moral beauty, and I am not yet convinced of the evidence of his system.

I cannot leave this before August, and I hope I may not be prevented then. The small-pox prevails here, and it will be wonderful if my children escape the contagion. Carl suffers so much from cutting his eye-teeth, that he is not a fit subject for vaccination. I expect Dorchén back on the 2nd of August. I hope we shall not again be deprived of her society. The Duchess would like to keep her much longer.

KÖRNER.

Löschwitz, 9 August, 1793.

This letter will, perhaps, find you in your native land. Until I know your address, I shall direct my letters to Jena. I am curious to learn what impression Wurtemberg makes upon you, after all that has been told you since your absence. Schwaben is dear to me, and not only on your account. I have made the acquaintance of many young men from Oberdeutschland, whose energetic flow of youthful spirits was refreshing; whilst here, men are perhaps superficially more polished, but are only the more shallow within. I have two young men here to visit us now and then, but I do not get on well with either of them. One is a good-natured, kind-hearted fellow, but—empty; the other has more talent, but encourages a taste for the tragic, which often makes him a bore. The latter's name is Von Senft. His favourite study is Kant's 'Philosophy;' but he has some taste for the Arts. From sheer weakness he allows himself to be ruled by his relations, who are harnessing him to the yoke of the law, that he may get a lucrative appointment, and they may live upon him.

I hope soon to hear of your arrival at Heilbronn. Do not omit to write to me about Gmelin. I have not yet read Maimon's 'Essays,' but from the extracts from his works that I have read, I look upon him as a man of talent and sound philosophy.

It is a pity you did not see Moritz; I expect much good from him respecting his researches at Berlin on the German language.

Will you find time for poetical labours? And how does the revision of your poems get on?

My authorship is in a bad condition. I have not yet completed the few sheets I purposed writing on the

‘War of Succession in Spain.’ Woe to me if literary works were all I had to rely upon !

Yours,  
KÖRNER.

[Schiller is now in his native land, after many years’ absence, having first left it in disgust at the tyranny of the Duke. Heilbronn is a fine old town, situated on the Neckar, and immortalized by Goethe’s ‘Götz von Berlichingen.’ Here old iron-fisted Götz died. His iron-hand, so contrived as to clasp a sword, he having lost his hand of flesh and blood in battle, may still be seen in the old castle. There are few scenes more beautifully described than the death-scene of Götz von Berlichingen.\* Matthiesson, the poet, in his travels mentions a Fräulein von Berlichingen : “In the little town of Frankenthal,” he says, “I went to visit a seminary for young ladies. As Diana among her nymphs, so did here a Fräulein von Berlichingen take the lead of her schoolfellows in point of grace and beauty. She listened with intense delight to all I said to her of her celebrated forefather of the iron-hand, and told me how she had seen my friend Böck (the actor) perform the part of the old hero, and she never tired in dwelling upon the subject.”] (1786.)

Heilbronn, 27 August, 1793.

I have been a long time in writing to you, dear Körner ; but the fatigue of the journey, ill health, and all sorts of distractions prevented me. We arrived here safely on the 8th instant, after a tiresome journey, but

\* Sir Walter Scott has translated Goethe’s ‘Götz von Berlichingen.’



without any mishaps. My wife bore the fatigue very well, and is in good health. I am as usual. I found my family in excellent health; and, as you may suppose, delighted to see me. My father, who is in his seventieth year, is the picture of a robust and hale old man; and a person not aware of his age, would scarcely call him sixty. He is always on his legs, and this is what makes him so youthful and healthy. My mother has recovered from her late attack, and promises to attain a good old age. My youngest sister has grown into a very pretty girl, and gives proofs of much talent. My second sister is an excellent housekeeper, and takes care of my *ménage* at Heilbronn.

Living here is dearer than at Jena. Food, lodging, and wood are costly articles. The high charges for the first at the hotel compelled me to have my own *ménage* at once, and this put me to a considerable outlay; but the difference is so great, that I shall make a great saving in the end.

I have been to Ludwigsburg, and to 'the Solitude,' but without calling upon the Duke of Wurtemberg, who has, at my father's request, allowed him to come and stay with me now and then at Heilbronn. I have not yet visited Stuttgart, and have seen but few of my old schoolfellows. In Gmelin I have found a pleasant and mirthful companion, and clever physician. He is still a great believer in magnetism, but never, or very rarely, has recourse to it. As far as I can judge from the few conversations I have had with him on the subject, my faith in it will rather diminish than increase. Gmelin is *not* the man to be aware of self-delusion; and in his praises of magnetism I detect too much inclination in him for the wonderful. Many good and reasonable folks at Heilbronn, who are also Gmelin's friends,

have this doubt about him. But I am neither capable of forming, nor willing to express an opinion upon it.

I have not as yet made many acquaintances here, as I keep mostly to the house. The people are more free than might have been expected in a Reichstadt (royal city.) But of the Arts and Sciences there is mighty little to be seen.

I find a little literary *pabulum* in a small circulating library and at a weekly vegetating publisher's. The Neckar wine tastes all the better for it, and that is something I wish I could give you. Notwithstanding the dearness of everything else here, I can drink double as much, and better wine, than I could for the same money in Thüringen. Farewell all! and think of us sometimes with love.

SCHILLER.

Ludwigsburg, 15 September, 1793.

Wish me joy, dear Körner—a little son has arrived! the mother is well, the youngster a fine little fellow and all has passed over admirably. We had scarcely been here six days when her time commenced

I have left Heilbronn, where no domestic comforts were to be found, and where there is nothing to compensate for the want of them. I am comfortably lodged here, and am a step nearer to my family and my friends. Ludwigsburg is only three hours' drive from Stuttgart and 'the Solitude.' The town wears a gay and lively aspect; and although it is a royal residence, it is like living in the country. The Duke, it seems, does not wish to notice me, and that is exactly what I desired.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 22 September, 1793.

I congratulate you, and your dear little wife on having entered our order. It is an exquisite joy to see a little being hopping about one of so close a connection. He who has not felt this enjoyment, has not tasted of the brimming cup of pleasure of life. We heartily rejoice that all has gone off so satisfactorily. Write us word soon how the invalid is getting on.

If you had free choice, I do not wonder at your preferring Ludwigsburg to Heilbronn. It must be a curious sensation to you to find yourself once more in your native place.

Humboldt pleases me exceedingly, and we often see each other. He is well versed in the literature of the ancients, and has much talent for philosophy. As an author he is weak on many points. He does not know how to derive sufficient advantage from what are often excellent and sound ideas. His writings have something dry and unsatisfactory about them; and the fault lies in the style rather than in the subject. It strikes me he is defective in arrangement: he does not excite the attention: he fatigues the reader by too many details: waxes heavy: does not distinguish rightly between light and shade, &c. I remarked this particularly in a manuscript treatise of his on the study of antiquity, which he lent me to read, accompanied by Dalberg's and your criticisms upon it. Dalberg's did not please me at all. He has mistaken Humboldt altogether. On the whole I have not discovered anything very genial about Humboldt, save a love of perfection, and a feeling for all that is noble and sublime. His conversation is most agreeable: his language is frank, jovial, and attractive. I wish he remained here longer. His wife is much taken up with her little one, and

therefore not too communicative. Göschén has unyoked me; and we rejoice; ho! ho! Maurillon is to finish the 'War of Succession in Spain' in four weeks; and will do it quite well enough for Göschén's purpose. I had arranged a plan for doing this work *con amore*, but I had no time. This is an additional proof of the unprofitableness of my literary labours.

KÖRNER.

Ludwigsburg, 4 Oct. 1793.

My small family' is thriving, and my wife has suffered much less from her attacks since her confinement. I am still a martyr to my old malady, and my native air has not yet done much for me. Otherwise I am quite satisfied with my residence here, with the exception of the expensive living, which, in many respects is even dearer than at Dresden.

I see a great many of my former acquaintances, but few of them interest me. Here, in Suabia, there is not so much substance as you suppose, and what there is, is wanting in form. Many, whom I left, with clear heads and aspiring minds, have become materialists and boors. In many others, I observed the same ideas which I had formerly endeavoured to combat; a proof that they are mere reservoirs. M. Conz, whom I think you know, is the best of them, and he has greatly improved. A recent work of his, 'Analekten,' from the Greek poets, contains, among many tolerable, some good things. One of my former most familiar friends and companions, Dr. Höven, of this place, has become a physician; but as an author, for which he was well adapted, he is somewhat in the back-ground. From my thirteenth to my eighteenth year, he and I wandered together through all the different

stages of mind. We spouted verses and studied medicine and philosophy together. I usually gave the bent to his inclinations. Our roads now run in such contrary directions, that we should scarcely meet if I did not still retain a few medical reminiscences. His former exercise, however, in style and poetry, is an assistance to him in his medical writings.

Amongst the young artists at Stuttgart, Dannecker,\* a sculptor, is the best: he is far superior to Hetsch. In Rome, where he lived for some years, he perfected his taste: his conceptions are noble, and he realizes them with a masterly hand. Their dependance upon the Duke, who overwhelms them with work, is a great drawback to the young artists here. I have not yet been to Stuttgart: at first owing to my wife's confine-

\* Schiller, when he wrote this letter, was little aware that Dannecker would one day execute a statue to his memory, erected by his country to the honour of the poet, and now a noble ornament in the square at Stuttgart.

Johann Heinrich Dannecker, one of the most celebrated of modern sculptors, was born at Stuttgart, on the 25th October, 1758. He studied at the Karlschule, at 'the Solitude,' where Schiller was educated. In Rome he made the acquaintance of Goethe and Herder, and at Paris he met Canova. In 1799, he returned to Stuttgart with a high reputation, and was appointed Professor of the Fine Arts—His 'Ariadne' is perhaps the most celebrated of his works. The symmetry and grace of this naked female figure, sitting on a panther, as the bride of Bacchus, is familiar to all, and is to be seen at Frankfort. In the Villa Sommariva, on the Lake of Como, there is a 'Cupid and Psyche' by Dannecker, a perfect gem of Art. The translator had the honour of conversing with Dannecker some twelve years ago. He had then a studio on the ground-floor of a house close to the palace of the Duke of Wurtemberg, at Stuttgart. He was a kind benevolent and fine-looking old man.

ment and now because of my health. The Duke has an object, in not noticing me; but he does not throw any obstacles in my way. He has given my father leave to go to a watering-place for an unlimited period; and this watering-place is no great distance from here, so that he must have thought my father wished to be near me.

I have not been able to work much; there are even some days in which I do not touch a pen, and hate the sight of a desk. I never felt myself richer in ideas for literary productions, and never was I less able to work, from that most miserable of all obstacles, bodily suffering. It is out of the question for me to attempt any great composition, and I am glad, when from time to time, I succeed in completing any small work. I have just commenced a pamphlet, which often gives me much pleasure. It is on 'Ästhetischen Umgang,' (Æsthetical Discourse). I am not aware that the subject has ever been treated philosophically, and I hope that my pamphlet will prove to you that the subject is a most interesting one. I also propose writing a pamphlet on the 'Naïve,' but only for the 'Thalia.' I am not satisfied with anything I have hitherto read in explanation of this subject, and hope to throw some new light upon it.

I should like you to read Ramdohr's new work: 'Charis, or on the Beautiful, in relation to the Fine Arts. It is a remarkable work in two respects: first, as being a most miserably washy philosophical work, for which it was intended; and secondly, as being a most useful, nay most excellent, work as regards the empirical rules of taste in the Fine Arts. It is evident that this man is well acquainted with first-rate works of Art, and that he is by no means deficient in the

talent of laying down his experience in rules for guidance; but, as soon as he attempts to ascend to principles, he is lost in the clouds. I wish you would read his book and send me your opinion of it.

I am curious to know who will be appointed in Reinhold's place at Jena. He will have left before I return. Fichte would certainly be a valuable acquisition, and would more than replace him in point of mind.

It is sad that my illness should thwart all my prospects! I believe I could manage to be appointed tutor to the young Prince at Weimar. He is now ten years of age, and the plan of his education will require development; and as I am on excellent terms both with the Duke and Duchess, and I should be satisfied with a smaller salary than I receive at present, I have no doubt of success. I should then be in a very comfortable position at Weimar. But my attacks prevent me from thinking even of accepting any binding engagement. Such a position near our Prince would not be a bad one for the present, and would hold out prospects for the future, which, now that I have a child, are not so indifferent to me.

Farewell! and let me soon hear from you. If I have been a bad correspondent of late, you must forgive me. When I am more settled I shall write more regularly, and, I can assure you, you are nearly the only person I write to. My wife greets you heartily; if there is time she will add a line. Minna is, I trust, quite well again by this. A thousand greetings to you all from us both, and from my little Carl Friederich Ludwig.

SCHILLER.

P.S.—The letter has remained over a post-day. My wife grows stronger every day, and is able to go out walking.

Dresden, 21 October, 1793.

Each successive post-day I have anxiously expected a letter from you, and always put off writing that I might answer you at the same time. You must manage to leave Schwaben. It was much better when we were only twenty miles from each other. To-day, at last, I have received your letter of the 4th. The news of your wife and little one gave us great pleasure. But it is sad that your malady will not leave you. But you need not lose heart because your physical powers are not in proportion to your mental aspirations. The latter are so many proofs of a better state of health, and that you fancy yourself a greater invalid than you really are.

You should not let the appointment of tutor to the Prince of Weimar slip through your fingers. Your ill-health would not prevent your giving valuable instruction from time to time. This is not a case where pedantic punctuality is necessary, as at academical lectures. Some one else will be appointed under you to superintend his schooling. This duty, owing to the age of the Prince, will probably be entrusted to some noble, or to an officer. Your physical ailments are known; and if you are offered the situation, they cannot expect more from you than you are capable of performing.

I have had a fortnight's holidays, and the accompanying article is the result. It may be serviceable for the 'Thalia.' I have followed your advice for



once, and have not polished, but give it in its crude form.

I am very curious to see your treatise on the 'Naïve.' How is your theory of the 'Beautiful' progressing?

I have not yet seen Ramdohr's 'Charis.' I shall get it.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 25 November, 1793.

I feel half-inclined to be anxious about your long silence. If the health of yourself and wife was better, I should feel less concerned at not hearing from you. I should have written to you long since, if I had not been taken up with your treatise on the 'Sublime.' I am brooding over all sorts of ideas which it has engendered within me, but I prefer letting you hear them in their primitive state to deferring writing any longer.

I agree with you as little in the principle laid down as with Kant. In the results we agree, and there is much, especially your definition of the pathetic, which I subscribe to entirely. But I think that, like Kant, you confound in the development of the idea of Sublime, the effect upon Man, who is capable of moral inspiration, with the subject itself. Kant concludes his investigations of the Beautiful and of the Sublime, with the state of the subject which accompanies those phenomena. He asserts that beyond these limits there is nothing to be found. But how if Kant, by his own investigations, should have pointed out another path to the objective of the Beautiful and Sublime? How,

if the categories should be the barren rock from whence this living water may be struck ?

Categories exhaust all the requisitions of the definition of a representation, according to form and matter.

The matter (material—*stoff*) of a representation consists in the attributes of an object. These attributes (*merkmale*—distinctive marks) are found :

- a. When we regard the object alone (quality).
- b. When we compare it with other objects (proportion).

This connexion is :—

- a. Subjective (comparison, quantity).
- β. Objective (combined action, *Ineinanderwirkung*, relationship).

The form of the representation consists in the manner of framing a whole from the connecting parts.

This connexion takes place :—

a. With the conviction of self-action (diction in the sense of the word) ; thence the representation of the Possible : the matter is given, the form imagined ;

b. With the knowledge of a conception of an external impression. Matter and form are given (comprehension in the widest sense, the Real. Quality is made evident).

a. By comparing the object with other external objects.

b. By comparing the object with an internal object, put together by the imagination from given materials (Ideal). This is the estimation of the object according to ideals :

a. Of the subjective—good (the Useful, the Agreeable).

b. Of the objective—good (the Perfect, the Beautiful).

So it is with quantity.

But enough for to-day, or my letter will be too late. So the new Duke of Wurtemberg is well-disposed and good towards you and your family?

KÖRNER.

Ludwigsburg, 10 December, 1793.

I have for some time past left you in the dark respecting my doings, but I had a physical aversion to writing of any sort. A lasting illness, such as this under which I am suffering, and which nothing relieves, is enough to overcome a stronger fortitude than mine. I struggle against it with all the powers of my mind and fancy, but I am always driven out of the field. Since my last letter, many circumstances have occurred to shake my firmness—the illness of my little boy, who is, however, now quite well again; my own illness, which scarcely allowed me to do anything; the uncertainty of my future prospects, as I now see but little chance of an appointment at Mayence; doubts of my own genius, which is not sustained and encouraged by contact with others; the total absence of intellectual conversation which has become a necessity to me. Sinking under ill-health, I am compelled to derive all my activity from my own resources, and instead of receiving succour from without, I am obliged, on the contrary, to conceal as best I can the disgust I feel at the society of the persons around me.

My nervous temperament has made my feelings much more exciteable; and anything like coarseness, harshness and want of taste, grates upon them more readily. I am more exacting from men than formerly,

and have the misfortune to be brought in contact with some who are completely at a non-plus in this respect. If I were not conscious that my journey here was chiefly out of regard to my family, I should never forgive myself for having come. But wherefore should I depress your spirits with these observations, and what good will it do me? May Heaven grant that my patience does not give way, and that I may still attach some value to a life which is so often interrupted by a living death. You must not therefore be astonished or offended if I am the less active of the two in writing. I remember the time when it was the reverse, and it grieves me that I must receive more than I can bestow. I will not deny that for a time I was touchy towards you. For some time past, employment alone has made my existence supportable, and under these circumstances it may have happened, that I regarded this subjective value, which my more recent labours have *for me*, in an objective light, and had a better opinion of them, than they may have deserved. In a word, I fancied that in my letters of last winter, as also in some of the treatises I have since published, I had scattered several ideas which were deserving of a warmer reception than you gave them. With all this barrenness around me, it would have been so beneficial to me to have received encouragement from you, and with the opinion I entertain of you, I could only explain your silence or your indifference to *my own* disadvantage. And in truth, I stand in need of encouragement, rather than the reverse: too great a confidence in my own powers was never a fault of mine. I feel now that you could not be aware how much I stood in need of your assistance; you could not guess at the state of my soul, but in

moments when I found my hopes and my expectations deceived, I did not render you so much justice. This confession proves to you I have got over that state of mind, and have decided on my plan. Forget then all, and let it not have influence on your unconstrained action towards me.

Be so good as to send me, when next you write, the originals or the copies of those letters of mine, in which I commenced the development of my theory of the Beautiful. I may perhaps succeed during my correspondence with the Prince of Augustenburg, in making sufficient progress to be enabled to publish the first volume next Fair. Ten sheets are already completed, in which I regard the Beautiful and Taste in their respective influence on Man and on society, and in which the most valuable ideas of the 'Artists' are philosophically developed. My health will not permit me to postpone any plans which I have a wish to see completed. As soon as one half of my correspondence is copied, I shall send it to you.

The death of the old Herod will in nowise effect me or my family, except that all men who, like my father, were brought in contact with him, rejoice at having now a human being to deal with. And the new Duke is this, in every good and every bad sense of the word. Huber purposes, as soon as he is married to Madame F—, to settle down at Tübingen, as he finds Switzerland too dear. He has written to me to say that he first wishes to have an interview with F—.

Since her confinement, my wife has enjoyed much better health than formerly, and this is now my greatest consolation. The youngster is thriving, and my family at 'the Solitude' are in excellent health. A thousand greetings to Minna and Dorchen. I enclose

a letter from my Lotte to the latter, which has been ready for sending for the last fortnight.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 20 December, 1793.

I had been making inquiries about you in all quarters—as I could not explain your silence—when your letter arrived. It dissipates my anxiety in some measure; but the desponding tone that prevails in it, makes me sad. That your health is no worse must, under your peculiar malady, be regarded as a good sign. The winter naturally cannot be favourable to you; but if you get through it without any serious attack, you may look forward with more confidence to the summer. Think of your age, and remember that for two years I had to struggle against a less serious illness, and that it is only since last year that I have been really well again. And even now I am obliged to be careful. I suspect you of not being over careful in the choice of your clothing; of not taking exercise; of sitting up late at night, &c.

If your native place does not give you enough intellectual occupation, Jena will please you all the better for it afterwards, where you may look forward to pleasant talk with the young men of the University. Is there no chance for Weimar? Do you think you have nothing more to expect from the Coadjutor?

That you have misunderstood my opinion of your recent labours, is to be attributed to your present mood. You must accustom yourself to remember this, that the more a person or a work interests me, the more severe I am in passing judgment upon it; and that every new production of yours, makes me expect still greater things from you.

I do not know whether I mentioned to you that Schlegel, whom you know, is looking out for a situation as a tutor. I have promised to recommend him to your good offices, should you hear of anything likely to suit him. He is well versed in ancient and modern languages, and he conducts himself much better of late. He has become modest, and does not ask so many questions.

Have you read Klopstock's 'Grammatical Dialogues?' The form is most disagreeable to me, and it is a labour to wade through so much harsh and dry writing. At the same time, the work is not wanting in substance. Some of the translations it contains appear to me excellent.

What do you say to Kant's new Treatise in the September number of the 'Berlin Monthly?' His remarks on civil law pleased me the least.

KÖRNER.

1794.

Stuttgard—Want of intellectual society—Schiller's bust by Dannecker—Schiller returns to Jena—'Reinecke Fuchs'—Schiller proposes a new periodical with Goethe, Kant, Garve, Engel, Jacobi, Gotter, Herder, Körner, Klopstock, Voss, Maimon, Baggesen, Reinhold, Blankenburg, von Thümmel, Lichtenberg, Matthiesson, Salis, Schlegel, Humboldt, Woltmann, and others, as contributors—The 'Horen' is the name given to the new periodical—Schiller devotes himself to the study of Kant—Luther's house at Wittenberg—Schiller and Humboldt meet Körner at Weissenfels—Goethe and Schiller draw closer towards each other—Wallenstein—Schiller visits Goethe at Weimar—An English translation of Goethe's 'Iphigenia'—Körner's opinion of Schiller's calling as a poet—Schiller commences a correspondence with Goethe—Goethe's objection to Newton's theory of colours—Pindar—Schlegel—Schlegel's Dante—The first number of 'The Horen'—Schiller in a dilemma—Humboldt's 'Treatise on Women.'

Ludwigsburg, 3 February, 1794.

I am still in the land of the living, and the ominous month of January is past: I may therefore hope for a short respite. I have also felt much better for the last fortnight, than during the two preceding months, when the pertinacity of my attack deprived me of all fortitude. It was impossible to me to write to mortal man, not even to you, however high I would have paid for the pleasure of an hour's intercourse with you. If my health remains as it is now, weather permitting, I shall think of leaving this in March. We shall start



as soon as possible. 'I shall then feel that I am nearer you, and all will go on as formerly. You may perhaps be able to take the journey you were obliged to postpone last year, and thus I shall have a pleasant prospect in view for the summer. My wife is right well, and the youngster is life itself. He is already a source of enjoyment to me, and his vivacity makes me hope that in six or eight months, he will be a droll little fellow. So stands it with us—better therefore than my long silence will have led you to presume.

I hope to be able to send you half a portion of my 'Æsthetical Letters.' As I found it would be impossible to me to finish more than one volume for the Easter Fair, I have not sent a line to Göschen, and shall have the manuscript four months in my desk yet. These letters will contain some important observations on Kant's 'Criticisms of Judgment,' but nothing very conclusive. I may perhaps find time to impart to you the thread of my ideas.

SCHILLER.

Stuttgard, 17 March, 1794.

I have changed my quarters, and am much a gainer in point of society, as there are many clear heads at Stuttgard. I cannot forgive myself for not having adopted this resolution sooner, as even in a financial point of view I should not have been much the loser. I hope to spend some pleasant months here, as I do not purpose leaving before the end of May. I trust to be of some service to my father here, though, from my peculiar position, I can expect nothing for myself.

The Military Academy has been abolished. This is justly regretted, although it was no longer in a flourishing condition. Not to speak of the revenue Stuttgard

derived from it, this institution was the means of distributing much artistic and scientific information amongst the population, as not only did it count many of the professors of the academy in its ranks, but many of the scholars held most of the subaltern situations. The Arts flourish here in an unusual degree for the south of Germany; and the number of artists, many of whom in no respects are inferior to yours, has greatly refined the taste of the public for painting, sculpture, and music. There is a literary society here, which makes an annual outlay of 300 florins to procure the new political and literary works. There is also a tolerable theatre, with a first-rate orchestra, and an excellent *corps de ballet*.

Amongst the artists, Dannecker, the sculptor, ranks high above the rest—a real genius, whom a four years' residence in Rome has made a master in his art. His society is of great benefit to me, and I learn much from him. He is taking my bust, which will be an excellent work. Miller's copper-plate engraving of me will be ready by Easter.

Hetsch is no stranger to you; but, in point of genius, he is not to be compared to Dannecker. Another excellent sculptor, who was at Rome at the same time as Dannecker, is Schiefhauer. Of the musicians, Zumsteg is the best; but he has more genius than science. Of the *dotti*, a Catholic chaplain of the late Duke, of the name of Werkmeister, is first-rate; and the interest he takes in 'Kant's Philosophy' makes him doubly valuable to me. On the whole, amongst the learned clique here, there are more second-rate heads than striking geniuses—which, however, does not always prove a disadvantage.

I shall not be very assiduous during these eight

weeks; but after an eight months' existence in a desert, it will do me good to find myself again in the midst of thinking beings. I have not yet sent you anything, as my manuscript must be copied, and it first requires correction. For the last eight weeks I have not looked at it, being occupied with a plan for enlarging my 'Wallenstein.' This conception is gradually ripening into maturity, and I trust to have it ready in a few weeks. My health is pretty good, and the rest are well; and the youngster is every day a new source of pleasure to us.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 28 March, 1794.

I rejoice to find that Stuttgart pleases you; but do not allow yourself to be induced to remain there longer than till the end of May. I shall certainly go to Zerbst this summer, and should like to meet you at Jena or Leipzig. I have not yet decided when I shall start, but it must be before August.

Dannecker is well known to me by name. Have a cast taken of your bust, and send it to me the first opportunity. Dannecker will see it packed, that it may arrive safe. Remember me to Hetsch. Zumsteg is a man of no ordinary talent, and I should like to see him at work at some great composition. There is a great deal of genius and poetical fancy in his compositions to your poems. I had in my hands the other day 'Des Pfarrers Tochter von Taubenheim' (the 'Vicar's Daughter.') I hate the poem, and would as soon witness an execution as sing it; but the music is full of vigour and originality. Zumsteg may aspire to a prominent place in the German school of musicians; and in this branch, I am of opinion that our nation has

produced greater men than in the Fine Arts. The names of Glück, Haydn, Mozart, and Bach, will always be spoken of with respect. The character of German music is more dignified than lively. Mozart was perhaps the only composer who succeeded in comic as well as in tragic composition.

I heartily wish you joy of your 'Wallenstein.' As soon as you can command good health and spirits you will make rapid progress. But I beg of you do not leave me so long in the dark. I am curious to see whether you will have greater difficulties to contend with in your present method of working. It strikes me that the chain of ideas in carrying out the separate scenes is often brought to bear upon the plan in a manner to be turned to account. All here are well, and I purpose having the children vaccinated, as the epidemic prevails here in a mild form. Carl has cut his teeth, and is more lively than ever. I am longing to see your youngster. It will be truly gratifying to behold our children playing together before us. The very sight of my boy makes me feel a younger man.

I have been idle of late. I am now reading the Greek poets. I wish to make myself perfect master of the language, so as to form a judgment whether they really deserve the high rank that is awarded to them, and whether their reputation is founded on tradition or on truth. I must confess that Æschylus often delights me. There is a simplicity in his plan which is quite refreshing, and I have found more power and elevation in his language than I had expected. At times his similes are too crowded, and there are long passages in his works which are strikingly poor in ideas. In a word, he often wants taste. But his writings speak undoubtedly of the man of high genius who has

arranged his subject with clearness and dignity. In his 'Prometheus' especially, his talent for the Sublime is manifest, and his plot is well-laid, so as to make the interest gradually increase until it arrives at a climax.

KÖRNER.

Stuttgart, 23, April, 1794.

A little patience, dear Körner, and as I become settled in my domestic existence so will our correspondence again be regular. If no unforeseen circumstances occur, I shall leave this in six or eight days, and hope to be able to write to you from Jena in eight or ten days at latest. I heartily yearn for a life of quiet and tranquillity; and this wish stirs so mightily within me that I shall leave my country with a lighter heart. My family at 'the Solitude' are well, and I may hope to see them all again.

I have enjoyed much better health this than last spring, which it is true is partly to be attributed to the unusually fine season. For the last month the trees have been in leaf, and from the summer-house in the garden which I occupy, I feel the influence of the early year. My wife and the little one are well; I only fear he may suffer from his teeth on the journey, as they begin to teaze him.

I look forward to your visit to Jena with almost childish joy. You must manage to remain at least a fortnight with us. You can live with me. I have changed my apartments, and have plenty of room.

My bust, by Dannecker, is a masterpiece. It is only a pity that I did not sit earlier, as he cannot finish it before my departure. But we are to have it early in July, and you can then take away a cast of it.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 18 May, 1794.

I merely send you a line to tell you that I arrived here safely three days ago. We got through the nine days' journey capitally, and the little fellow was so well that he was a source of pleasure to us rather than otherwise. Here at Jena I received your letter enclosed to Humboldt, and congratulate you on the happy result of the vaccination of your children. You have now got over the worst, and can truly enjoy your family circle. Humboldt never tires of speaking about you, and my heart always opens when he does so. What joyous days we shall pass when you come here to complete the triumvirate ! I find Humboldt\* a most agreeable and

\* There were two Stolbergs, two Schlegels, and two Humboldts, one of whom, Alexander von Humboldt, the author of 'Kosmos,' is still an honour to the age he lives in, and to the country that gave him birth.

Carl Wilhelm von Humboldt was born at Potsdam on the 22nd of June, 1767. In 1802, he was appointed Prussian Ambassador at Rome ; in 1808, Member of the Privy Council of State at Berlin ; in 1810, he was appointed Prussian Ambassador at Vienna, with the rank of a Minister of State. He signed the Treaty of Paris with Count Hardenberg, and the Treaty of Peace between Prussia and Saxony, signed at Vienna in 1815. He subsequently occupied other high diplomatic functions. He laboured assiduously in the field of literature, and wrote various works on the construction of the Sanscrit and eastern languages. He translated Æschylus's 'Agamemnon,' and is the author of various original works. He died on the 8th of April, 1835.

His brother, Frederick Henry Alexander von Humboldt was born on the 14th of September, 1769. After travelling through Holland, England, Italy and Switzerland, he was appointed Inspector of the Prussian mines. In 1799, he visited South America in company of Aimé Bonpland. Their mineralogical and geological researches and discoveries were published in Paris, in 1807, under the title of 'Voyage de Humboldt et Bonpland dans l'Intérieur de l'Amerique.' In 1818, he projected a

at the same time a most useful acquaintance. In conversation with him all my ideas develop themselves more readily and happily. There is a totality in his being, rarely to be found, and which I never discovered in another man except in you. It is true he has the advantage of you in a certain fluency, which it is easier for a man in his position to obtain than for one of us; but the advantage he has over you on the surface, is greatly counterbalanced by depth on your part.

In his last edition of his 'Philosophical Religious Doctrines,' Kant has an attack on my 'Treatise on Grace and Dignity,' and he endeavours to defend himself against my assertions. He speaks in high terms of my treatise, and styles it a masterpiece. I cannot tell you how glad I am it fell into his hands, and that he expressed this opinion of it. I will write soon again.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 25 May, 1794.

I am truly glad you are at Jena again. Our correspondence suffered much from the distance between us. I now trust soon to hear of 'Wallenstein,' and that the *Æsthetical Letters* are progressing. I entertain great hopes of your health. But do not neglect the body when you are absorbed in work or recreation.

journey to East India, but relinquished it. In 1822, Alexander von Humboldt accompanied his royal master and friend, the King of Prussia, to the Congress of Verona; from thence he proceeded to Paris, where from 1826—1829 he held lectures on Natural History. He afterwards visited Siberia and the Caspian Sea on account of the Russian Government. Member of all the scientific and learned societies of the world, his works need no enumeration here.

I congratulate you on having got over the journey so well, and on the good health of the little one. All here are well. The children drove out yesterday for the first time, and Carl was glorious in his first essay in trousers. He was told that a beard was a necessary addition to the trousers, and when the tailor brought them, he turned round and said, "Where's the beard?"

Humboldt will prove an agreeable companion to you, as he was to me. Tell him I am preparing an answer to his last letter, which was a valuable one. It is only within the last few days that I have been able to methodize my ideas, and I see I am still far behindhand. In all which you, Kant, Humboldt, and myself have written about the Beautiful, I find many excellent signs; but I think the idea is anything but exhausted. There must be a principle of the Beautiful, to which source all these signs may be traced. Humboldt's remarks in his letter on the distinction between the Beautiful and the Characteristic seem to me worthy of the highest consideration, and have caused me to think a good deal on the subject. Ask Humboldt to show you what I wrote to him respecting Kant's categories. I am curious to hear your opinion of it.

I am not astonished at Kant's\* admiration of you.

\* This great philosopher, whose name is so often mentioned in the correspondence of Schiller and Körner, is also a Prussian, being born at Königsberg on the 22nd of April, 1724, where he died on the 12th of February, 1804, never having been at a greater distance than thirty miles from his native place.

Immanuel Kant, the founder of a distinct system of philosophy, which completely upset the dogmatical and metaphysical doctrines of Leibnitz and Wolff, is justly regarded as one of the greatest geniuses of that flourishing period. In 1770, he was appointed Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at Königsberg.



There is a certain similarity between you both in the character of your mind which a close observer will easily distinguish. How is the 'Thalia' getting on? I have not seen a number for an age. I am reading hard at Greek. I felt a want of fluency in reading the Greek poets, which was an obstacle to my enjoyment of them, and an impediment to a full appreciation of them. I wish to know what effect these recognized models will have upon me when I am able to read them as a new production. Authorities do not bias me; but I think I am sensible to true worth when I discover it. I already find that the more I read the Greek authors, the more they please me. I commenced with Æschylus, and his 'Prometheus' and 'Agamemnon' more than realized my expectations. There are many excellent passages in ἐπὶ τὰ ἐπὶ Θύβας and the whole is characterised by a noble simplicity. What Schütz has not edited is unknown to me. His 'Commentaries' proved of the greatest possible service to me. I am now reading the 'Iliad,' and I must confess it charms me more than ever. That the Gods have so little of the Ideal about them is striking at first. But moral beauty did not then enter into the idea of those superhuman beings. The poet, like the artist, represented them in a human shape. He merely attributed greater powers and intellect to them. The consciousness of their power often degenerates into despotic arrogance, and places them beneath the human heroes. In the latter I find true nature—a surprising simplicity—a patriarchal open-

He never married. Reinhold's 'History of Philosophy' throws more light perhaps than any other work on Kant's philosophy. Reinhold, whose name is by this familiar to the reader, was a pupil and ardent admirer of Kant, whose works he expounded, he being at the time Professor of Philosophy at Jena.

heartedness—something bordering on the old days of chivalry, &c.

This year's Fair is not rich in literary productions. Goethe's 'Reinecke Fuchs' ranks perhaps highest. What do you say to Herder's 'Treatise on the Resurrection?' The style pleases me. It is a difficult task to idealise dogmatics in this manner. I do not think much of the fifth volume of his 'Scraps.'

KÖRNER.

Jena, 12 June, 1794.

I have not written much since my return, but am all the richer in plans. The enclosed will inform you of the best of them. It is a plan I have been turning over in my mind for the last three years, and which has at last found an enterprising publisher willing to undertake it. Humboldt is greatly taken with the idea, and we count greatly upon you. If we succeed, as I hope we may, in procuring the best writers for this Journal, its success with the public is certain. Here, *in loco*, we are four: Fichte, Humboldt, Woltmann, and myself. We have already written, or shall shortly write, on the subject to Goethe, Kant, Garve, Engel, Jacobi, Gotter, Herder, Klopstock, Voss, Maimon, Baggesen, Reinhold, Blankenburg, von Thümmel, Lichtenberg, Matthisson, Salis, and others. We purpose that you shall be a critical member, which demands some labour, but which insures better payment for your contributions. A critical member is to receive six louis d'or per sheet, and by way of encouragement every seventh sheet will be paid double. I am to receive besides a fixed salary as editor.

Our Journal is to be an epoch-making production

(*ein epochen machendes Werk*),\* and all who aspire to be men of taste must buy us and read us. I am well stocked with materials for two years to come: Fichte is very prolific, and Woltmann is an excellent historian. As regards your department, Humboldt and I have had many an hours' conversation upon it, and we are not yet agreed, so we shall probably have first to await your arrival.

I have the more reason to hope you will all come here, as Humboldt will not have yet left. He makes an excellent third in our circle (as you may know from experience), and his love and esteem for you are unbounded. Fichte† is a man well worth knowing, more from his intrinsic merits than from anything else. Philosophy may expect great things from him yet.

You have no doubt seen Goethe's 'Reinecke Fuchs.' It pleases me beyond measure, especially on account of the Homeric tone, which is copied without affectation. With this exception I know of no other work in this year's Fair worth mentioning. All my letters to the Prince of Augustenberg have been destroyed in the

\* The name selected for the new periodical was 'The Horen.'

† Johann Gottlieb Fichte, another distinguished philosopher of the Kant school, had, in his younger days, many difficulties to contend against to earn even a decent livelihood. He was born on the 19th of May, 1762, and after completing his studies in 1784, at Jena, we find him as private tutor, first at Zurich, then at Leipzig, and finally at Warsaw. In 1792, he wrote his 'Criticism on all Revelations,' a book which was universally attributed to Kant, and which made a great sensation at the time. This was the foundation-stone of his reputation. In 1794, he was appointed Professor of Philosophy at Jena. He was subsequently appointed Professor of Philosophy at Berlin. He died in 1814.

great fire which reduced to ashes the palace at Copenhagen. It is lucky I kept copies of them.

Since my return I have enjoyed tolerable health; I never was so long before without an attack. I go out much oftener, as I do not suffer so much from oppression on the chest; my other powers are unimpaired. Lottchen is also well, and my young man, who has cut four teeth; could not be better. He already makes tremendous attempts at speaking, and his limbs are so active, that I am sure he will be able to move about in a wicker-work\* in a month or two. Considering his age, this is saying a great deal, as he is only nine months old.

Miller's copper engraving of me is finished, and I shall send you a proof by next mail. The likeness is not very correct, but still it is a good one, and the engraving is first-rate.

SCHILLER.

I enclose the engraving to-day.

Löschwitz, 17 June, 1794.

I have this moment received your letter, and must give you at once my opinion upon its contents. In the projected Journal I find again the old plan we had so much talk about during your stay here. You have now taken a great stride in advance, and you may rely upon my co-operation. Above all things, however, I must beg of you to take a *collaborateur* in the editorship, whose duty it would be to write and answer all letters to contributors, publishers, printers, &c. This

\* A basket-work, very like a hen-coop on wheels. The child is placed in the midst of a large basket on wheels, which he cannot overturn, and which allows full action to all his movements.

is not work for you, and would soon disgust you with the whole affair. Can you find a fitting person for this office at Jena? If the plan succeeds, there will be sufficient work for a secretary.

I have no objection to make to the printed article. By excluding remarks on the religion and constitution of the State, much ill-blood will be avoided, as well as regards the censorship, as the position of the committee towards the contributors. As a critical member, I should vote against any attacks on religion and the State. To some this might appear to be setting bounds to the freedom of expression, but I do not think this freedom requisite when Man has advanced further on the road to perfection.

If the department of philosophical history be not filled up, I think I might send contributions in that line. The philosophy of Art, in the widest sense of the expression, is my favourite study, and to me it is both a pleasure and a necessity to study and compare the results of the investigations of ancient and modern writers on these subjects. The style must be elegant. I shall take up Plato as soon as I have come to a satisfactory organization of my own ideas.

The conditions held out are very tempting, and I am almost astonished that a publisher agreed to them so readily. I think it very fair, that, for a term of three years, no other use is to be made of the contributions. To the list of contributors mentioned, I think the following might be mentioned:—Claudius, Heinse, Schulz, Schlosser, Eichhorn, Sprengel, Heydenreich, Pezzel (author of 'Faustina'), Ludwig Schubart, and Plank.

As a critic, I should lay particular stress upon urbanity of tone, and elegance of language. Some of

our best writers are deficient in this respect. German writers are wanting in a certain *coquetterie*. The form is often disregarded, from their minds being too much preoccupied with their subject, in which they become powerfully absorbed. Even Fichte, for example, in his notice of the French Revolution, is often faulty in style. Altogether, the book does not come up to my expectations. There is much excellent matter in it, and it has given me a high opinion of his talents; but there are many passages which are hard, and in my opinion erroneous, especially what he says about the treaty. It has often made my fingers itch; and if there were not many reasons to prevent me from writing on politics at the present moment, I should feel greatly inclined to break a lance with him on various points.

You have done me a great pleasure by sending me the copperplate. The engraving seems excellent. Frauenholz was here the other day, and I saw a copy at Graff's, which did not please me so much as that you have sent me. Miller has worked well. Graff is very well satisfied, and says the engraving is in many respects superior to the painting. I shall soon have the picture.

I have read 'Reinecke Fuchs.' I do not deny its merits; but when I consider the time and labour Goethe must have spent upon it, I think he might have employed both better. There is much dry and tedious matter in it. The last volumes of letters for the benefit of mankind, please me better than the first. Say many kind things for me to Humboldt, and thank him in my name for the interest he has taken in Schlegel's authorship.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 4 July, 1794.

You have not said one word in your last about your journey here; and yet Humboldt and myself are impatiently waiting to hear the day is fixed. I must be informed beforehand, that your rooms may be ready. I beg of you to let us know in your next.

I have good prospects in view for the 'Horen.' Goethe has joined us, not only as a contributor, but as a critic and member of the committee. Engel, of Berlin, and Garve, have notified their readiness to send contributions. I expect answers from the others by every post. A society is under formation such as Germany never saw before, and the combined result of our labours cannot fail to turn out well. I hope this example will have due weight with you. The department you have selected seems to me well chosen, as it will gain from you what Reinhold and those who think with him, who always draw a line of distinction between the philosophy of reason and the individuality of thought, are not capable of giving. The philosophical researches such a labour requires, are the only points on which I have to remark. I am not acquainted with your powers in that respect. As regards Plato, Tennemann's Treatise on 'Plato's System of Philosophy' may spare you much unnecessary labour.

I think it is worth the attempt to try your hand at biographies of men distinguished by their talents. Success, I think, would be certain. The Dresden library would provide you with materials; and by making your selection, the work would be one that would agree with all your ideas.

I have given up work for a time to enable me to study Kant. Once for all, I must master him, if I do not intend to advance with unsteady steps in my specu-

lative studies. Humboldt's conversation greatly facilitates this labour. I shall probably soon have occasion to communicate some of Fichte's ideas to you, which will certainly interest you. Your criticisms on his works are too true to admit of a defence of them; but, with all its faults, the work in question bears the stamp of a creative genius, and gives rise to great expectations of the author, which he has already begun to realize.

Humboldt, who sends many kind greetings to the ladies, requests me to inform you that he is still in negotiation respecting the Schlegel affair. Vieweg, of Berlin, has declined the offer, and he now purposes trying Hemmerde, of Halle. Humboldt has been suffering from an attack of intermittent fever, but it is now leaving him. Myself and small family are in good health. I shall follow your advice about Carl, and let Nature have her way.

My reason for not having yet sent you my letters to the Prince of Denmark is, that I have not yet brought them into order to have them copied. Since I despatched them I have made many material alterations in them, without which I should not like you to see them.

SCHILLER.

Löschwitz, 11 July, 1794.

You desire to know the day of my departure, and I will give you the best information I can on the subject. I purpose going first by Wittenberg to Zerbst, where I must remain at least a fortnight, not to offend my aunt. We shall be at Leipzig towards the middle of August, when, if possible, we shall run over and pay you a visit. But I cannot promise to a certainty to go further with my wife, who is a great sufferer from



cramps and dizziness—and the wild boy, who would greatly increase the difficulties of the journey. It would grieve me exceedingly to miss seeing you. With the exception of you and Humboldt, I would relinquish everything else at Jena, not to lengthen a journey with a family, which is always attended with inconveniences. Consider, therefore, if you cannot manage to come with Humboldt to Leipzig. This would be the surest place for our meeting.

What you write about the 'Horen' is very satisfactory. The acquisition of Goethe is an important one. If he keeps back his elegies for the journal, that alone is something gained. Engel is a lazy dog, and will not contribute much. Something may be expected from Garve. I am glad you are of opinion that philosophical history is suited to me. I am not a bad linguist, and I have of late been studying the Greek poets and prose-writers. Biographical works, no doubt, offer attractions; but much time is wanted to collect materials, and there are often gaps which it is very difficult to fill up. Should I discover such materials for a biography, I might be tempted to the work. May the genius of philosophy extend his blessing to your study of Kant!

I should like to be acquainted with Fichte's 'Treatise on Kant's Philosophy.' His little pamphlet on the 'Doctrines of the Sciences' pleased me exceedingly; but it is often obscure and unsatisfactory. I wish to know what system you follow in your study of Kant. Want of time alone prevents me from going through all his works again, as I feel the want of doing so. I should pick out all such parts as appeared to me perfectly clear, and then see whether anything could be made out of them; if there was any connection between them; if they were imperfect; from what point it would be ne-

cessary to start to prove the evidence of the whole ; and to advance gradually from the unknown to the known.

Say many kind things to Humboldt for me. I am sorry he has been laid up, and feel much obliged to him for the trouble he has taken about Schlegel. My reply to Humboldt is nearly finished.

I look eagerly forward to your 'Æsthetical Letters,' My next letter to Humboldt will prove to you that I have not been idle.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 20 July, 1794,

I am very sorry we shall not see you here, especially as it will be impossible for me to go to Leipzig. The state of my health, which deprives me of my night's sleep, and makes a thousand small wants necessary, which are not to be procured on a journey, prevent my undertaking it. All I can promise is, to go as far as Weissenfels, so that I may at least see you for few hours, if you can come so far to meet me. If Humboldt is sufficiently recovered from his attack, of which he has had a relapse, he will accompany me. We should manage to be there about noon, and leave at mid-day on the following morning. If you can agree to this, let us know at once, that we may fix the day.

I find I suffer most on journeys, and that the consequences of a journey frustrate the object I had in undertaking it. It is only when I am at home, and at rest, that I can enjoy a few calm hours.

I should have liked to have seen you all, and the children ; but I have long been accustomed to see my best enjoyments marred by my illness, and must

learn resignation. Since my last letter, the intense heat has brought on severe attacks, so that I have been fit for nothing. The study of Kant is almost my sole occupation, and I perceive I am making progress in it. No further step has been taken with the 'Horen,' and Kant has not yet sent an answer. Should I write to you during your journey, I shall send the letter under cover to Professor Ernesti at Leipzig. Farewell! Humboldt sends many greetings.

SCHILLER.

Zerbst, 7 August, 1794.

It is a pity you cannot come to Leipzig; but I do not yet relinquish all hope of seeing you there. We shall remain another week here, and your health may meantime improve. At all events I shall meet you at Weissenfels, and you can fix any day between the twentieth and the end of the month. Still I think you would do better to get over the additional twelve miles, to find more comfortable quarters at Leipzig. Write to me at Leipzig under cover to Kunze.

Our journey has been attended with some inconveniences. Minna and Dora were as usual ill from the motion of the carriage. We were delayed, driven wrong, and did not arrive at the night's quarters till midnight; Emma caught cold, and the doctors of Wittenberg consoled us by saying that she would have the scarlet fever. You may fancy what a state Minna was in. All are well now. Carl got through the journey better than any of us. I preferred passing by Wittenberg, never having been there before, and it is also a short cut to Zerbst. Nor do I regret having done so: Luther's sitting-room, his table, chair, his grave, a letter in his handwriting, and indited in that racy

style so peculiar to him, the desk from which he thundered forth—all these were objects of interest to me. I love such relics. It was also interesting to me to behold the name of Peter the Great, written by himself in chalk characters on the wall of Luther's room. In other respects the University buildings, and especially the library, have a very monkish appearance. The air in them seems oppressive. The country is finer than I had expected.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 21 August, 1794.

On Tuesday evening next, I shall be at Weissenfels with Humboldt. I dare not go further, as this will be the first day I shall have gone out, after being confined for twenty to my room. Manage to arrive there between seven and eight in the evening, and, if possible, to remain a day or two. I am quite anxious to see you again, and shall make a holiday of it. I put off all other matters till we meet. A change in the weather shall not prevent my arrival: a severe attack of illness would alone hinder that, in which case Humboldt would go alone. As we are not acquainted with the inns at Weissenfels, we shall give orders to drive us to the best, which must serve you as a guide, and so we are sure not to miss each other.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 1 September, 1794.

We arrived here happily and in good time, and I also hope you have not suffered from the inclemency of the weather. Receive once more my thanks for the sacrifice you have made, and tell Minna I highly appreciate her kindness in giving you up to me for a

few days. It does men's hearts good—who, like us, live apart in the body, and are so near each other in mind—to meet at times and look into each other's face. I knew it beforehand, and did not doubt for a moment that I should find you unchanged; but it did me endless good to convince myself of it with my own eyes, and as it were, to feel with my hands the reality of my expectations.

I count upon your promise respecting the 'Treatise on Music.' It is quite in your line; and the work is not so complicated as to prevent you from attending to other matters. Chance may throw other materials in your way. Your idea of the representation of a philosophical egotist and his counterpart, would afford rich matter for a drama or a novel; but, treated only in a philosophical point of view, it would be dry, as is the case with Mendelssohn's 'Dialogues.' Your notion of popularizing metaphysics in the shape of 'Letters to a Young Woman,' would, I think, meet with insurmountable obstacles; and the result would scarcely repay the labour.

An ideal sketch of the relations of authorship with culture in general, would, I think, offer a rich field for speculation; for the influence of authorship acts so prominent a part in modern days: and, at the same time, it would be highly interesting to define it in its true social character, a definition the want of which is severely felt. Such a subject would stand in close connexion with its effects upon the human understanding, and the noblest results of philosophy might be concentrated on it.

On my return, I found a most friendly letter from Goethe, who comes frankly forward. Some six weeks

since we had a long and animated discussion on Art and its theories, exchanging our respective conclusions, which we derived from entirely different reasons.

Curiously enough, our ideas coincided ; a fact which was the more interesting, that the points of view we started from were diametrically opposed. We were enabled to exchange our ideas to the profit of both. Since this conversation, these scattered ideas have struck root in Goethe, and he now feels the want of drawing closer to me, and of taking me as a companion in the path he has hitherto trod alone. I rejoice in this prospect of an interchange of ideas, from which I shall derive such benefit ; and I shall faithfully communicate to you by letter all that passes between us. He has already sent me a treatise, in which he makes the axiom, that Beauty is perfection and liberty combined, applicable to organic natures.

It is a great loss to the 'Horen' that he had already disposed of his novel to Ungern. He regrets it himself, as he would have given it to us. He has, however, promised us as many contributions as it is in his power to furnish.

I enclose the 'Anthology' I promised Minna, and the 'Thalia' for you, which contains your 'Treatise on Declamation.' Articles of this nature will be of great service to the 'Horen.' You will yourself allow on re-reading it, that this simple and loose style is best adapted to the subject in short fragments.

I found all well on my return. It was my first separation from my child, as yours from your family ; and it was with a feeling of grateful joy that I found myself once more in my little domestic circle. I am now here alone for three weeks, for my wife has sought refuge

with the little fellow at Rudolstadt, as vaccination is general here, and he is cutting his teeth.

SCHILLER.

Jena, Sept. 1794.

I send you to-day the unfortunate opera, which I forgot to enclose in the last parcel, with Matthisson's review of it, which contains some important æsthetical observations, upon which I should like to hear your opinion. It would have been easier to have kept back these ideas until the work is complete, to give them more substance; but what is written in a journal, or spoken from the desk, is always a public secret, and when certain things are not sought for, they are not found. I am now occupied with my treatise on the 'Naïve,' and shall take up 'Wallenstein' again. This work causes me great fears as to its success, for every day I imagine I discover that I am more and more deficient in poetical representation, and that the spirit of poetry only visits me at times, when I am in a philosophical vein. What shall I do? I risk seven or eight months of my life on this enterprise, which I have good reason to place in doubt, and run the risk of bringing forth an abortion. What I have hitherto produced in the dramatic line, is not exactly of a nature to encourage me to proceed; and a patch-work, like 'Don Carlos,' would disgust me now, however much I may feel inclined to pardon it as a production of that period of my life. I am, in fact, treading upon ground perfectly new, and hitherto unexplored by me, for within the last three or four years I have put on quite the new man in poetical compositions. I wish you could spare time to draw the comparison, and send me your opinion. Treat me as if I were an enemy—as if you were criticising

your own writings, when you take up your pen. I promise to obey you religiously.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 10 September, 1794.

Our meeting has had a beneficial effect upon me also, and I feel, more than ever, how desirable it is that we should do so oftener. You must at first have observed the pressure of the atmosphere upon me, but it was so long since I had been deprived of such enjoyment! It has been a fearful warning to me. Woe is me, if ever I should relax so much as to feel oppressed in your presence!

I have not forgotten the *musica*, and have already collected materials. Your ideas on the influence of authors, come home to me. I have already occupied myself with the subject, and may some day put my hand to the work.

I rejoice from my heart that you and Goethe have drawn closer towards each other. Meyer spoke to me of a letter of Goethe, which is full of your praise. "It was a long time since he had enjoyed such intellectual conversation as with you at Jena." Let me share as much as possible in your correspondence with him.

Many thanks for the 'Anthology'; it is a singular pleasure to re-read it now. The continuation of your treatise on the 'Sublime' pleased me much more than the commencement. Many passages might rank amongst your best productions. I recognize your former powers, and I regard it as a proof of a change for the better in your health.

I have this moment received your second letter, with the review—a startling production. It is a pity that



many an idea goes no further, but you will find means to find them a better place.

I shall not answer you to-day in respect to your want of confidence in your poetical powers, I must first have a clearer insight into the reasons of your dissatisfaction with your former productions. The subjective displeases you in your works; you strive to represent the pure object, but you can yourself distinguish the progress you have made from manner to style in your last works; for example, in many passages of the 'Gods of Greece,' and of the 'Artists.' If your dramatic works do not please you, it may be asked whether you have not disturbed your fancy, by striving after philosophical substance? whether your ideas would not be clearer, by working with more ease and less exertion? How, if you were not to set earnestly to work at 'Wallenstein,' but to leave it to chance for your imagination to provide you with poetical matter? If you can only acquire enough to feel an interest in the work, the love of the object would answer for its completion.

Enough for to-day, I shall write again soon.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 12 Sept. 1794.

Your letter gave me great pleasure, as it proved to me how well we understand, and how necessary we are to each other. No, it cannot happen to you any more than to me, that any heterogeneous external influence should spoil the pure form of your being. Our two souls have the power to preserve themselves pure—to cast off all spurious matter, and to rise victorious over all unholy contact.

I wish you could cast your ideas on the ideal of authorship into form with as little delay as possible.

It would be a glorious commencement for the 'Hören.' I also regard such work as well adapted to give you courage, to bring your powers into play, and, in some measure, to decide your fate as an author. If you can set to work at once, you need not, on that account, neglect collecting materials for the 'Musical Treatise.' Jacobi, of Düsseldorf, has signified his readiness to join the 'Hören.' From Humboldt's brother (Alexander), who has an appointment as Prussian *Oberbergmeister* (Inspector-general of Mines), we may expect some good articles on the philosophy of natural productions. He is undoubtedly the first man in Germany in this department, and has, perhaps, a clearer head than his brother, which is saying a great deal.

I am working out my correspondence with the Prince of Augustenberg, which I shall be able to send you three weeks hence. Under the title, 'Æsthetical Education of Man,' it will form a complete work in itself, and therefore be quite independant of my 'Theory of the Beautiful,' although a good introduction to it. I take much pleasure in the work, and endeavour to make it as perfect as possible.

At the same time, I am occupied with a treatise on 'Nature and Naïveté,' a subject which interests me more and more, and in which I think I shall be successful: I write from the heart, and *con amore*. It is a bridge to lead me to poetical productions.

Ramdohr was here the other day, and informed me that he had made your acquaintance. What do you think of him? I must own, his acquaintance was not uninteresting to me, even though I made it at the very moment I am occupied with ideas of art. It appears to me, however, that the good ideas which he puts forth are not of his own growth, and the pom-

pous tone in which he expresses an opinion, displeases me in no small degree. Men of his stamp are, however, so rare, that we must make some allowance for them. He has seen many works of Art, and his ideas are founded on experience, rather than on speculation; he has, therefore, some points that interest me; but I doubt if he is capable of appreciating what I impart to him.

I am going next week to pass a fortnight with Goethe at Weimar. He sent me so pressing an invitation that I could not well refuse it, as he has proffered every comfort and freedom to me. Our nearer acquaintance will be attended with important results for us both, and I rejoice in it beforehand. The Court has gone to Eisenach, and Goethe has emancipated himself, so that we can live unrestrained in our ideas. I shall write to you assiduously.

His 'Iphigenia' has been translated into English; and, as far as I can judge, so happily that it might pass for an original, without losing anything of Goethe's style.

I am anxious to hear your further opinions respecting my poetical calling and my dramatic works.

You are of opinion that I set to work at 'Wallenstein' with too much reason and too little enthusiasm. But this is only applicable to the plan, which cannot be calculated with too much severity. Imagination and the inspiration of the moment must fill up the details. But this is what I fear the most:—that imagination, when it comes to its turn, will play me false.

Farewell! I have good accounts from my small family at Rudolstadt, and my health is tolerable. My hearty greetings to Minna and Dorchon. Now that you have Graff's original painting, if you should think

of giving away Dorchon's copy of my portrait, I put in a plea for it.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 19 September, 1794.

It is no easy task to express an opinion upon your calling as a poet; and I do not answer for my being satisfied some time hence with what I write to you to-day; but you must content yourself with what I have as yet been able to put together.

In your earlier productions, the diction and measure were perhaps alone poetical; the subject, on the other hand, was rather the produce of the reason than of the imagination. Something similar is to be found in the first period of the art of poetry in Greece. It is also natural that a poetical taste should first take an external instead of an internal development. By internal poetical form, I mean the result of the intellectual creation from given materials in the brain of the poet. Step by step with your own development did the interest of your productions increase in the value of ideas and beauty of external form. This made your reputation; but I can understand that this does not satisfy you. You recognize the character of the poetically-conceived (*das poetisch-gedachten*); and it is this which I think you miss in most of your productions. You cannot say in *all*, for I could prove the contrary. The question therefore is—Is what you find fault with in your works to be attributed to deficiency of genius, or to the circumstances of the moment?

For the internal poetical form I think the following is requisite: the appearance of the subject under a defined shape. By this shape, Thought becomes an element of the poetical fancy; an object capable of

being represented. The imagination must—so to speak—give a body to the production of reason ; provide it with a garb by which it becomes recognizable. Genius then receives the material upon which it is to operate, from the hand of imagination ; the mind hovers over the chaos, and the creation commences. This is the second requisite of internal poetical form.

You have given proofs enough that you are not deficient in genius. Your historical and philosophical works speak for you ; but your genius does not seem to allow sufficient time to imagination to complete its work. Your conception is not clear enough.

The material with which the imagination is to clothe the idea must be conceived beforehand ; for this, conception, susceptibility, and repose, or ease, by turns are requisite. You are not wanting in susceptibility, but you are more so in repose. And this is, methinks, as I observed before, the point on which your powers will be tested. And for this reason I should not advise you as yet to make any plan for 'Wallenstein.' Your ideas must first attain a perfect shape, must exist with all their peculiarities : they must be brought by your imagination into the foreground ; all that is abstract must appear in individual forms ; and then only is the time to think of projecting a plan for the whole.

I recommend you, therefore, again to give yourself up to the peaceful enjoyment of the Beautiful in all its branches. Let your imagination collect, undisturbed, stores of treasures, and they will gradually accumulate, and answer in a measure all your expectations.

Enough for to day.

I am glad you are with Goethe. Remember me to him, and send me long accounts of your common

proceedings. Let me have soon some of your latest productions to read.

I have made a proposition to Humboldt, respecting a periodical on the Literature and the Arts of the Greeks. It will not interfere with the 'Horen,' as it is meant for a small circle of readers only. Schlegel's 'Essays,' which he has shown me, gave rise to the idea. They are really well written, and want only a little finish. I, myself, who have become a greater admirer of the Greeks every day, hope to be able to do something. You could also at times send us an odd contribution.

You should read the 'Philoctetes' of Sophocles. Nothing of the Greek writers had such an effect upon me; not even 'Antigone.' This is more deserving of a translation than any of the others.

The editors of the 'Literary Gazette' have sent me the contract, and engaged my services for the art of poetry. This is precisely the department I prefer. I am only surprised that it was not overstocked already. You see, therefore, that you have addressed yourself to a man in office.

Ramdohr has been here, but I only saw him for an hour, *en passant*. I was on intimate terms with him eighteen years ago, at Göttingen. He has retained a certain *coquetterie*, which pervaded even his slightest actions. We had not time to enter into any interesting conversation. I do not expect great things from him. Dorchen's copy of your portrait has already been promised to Lieutenant Thilemann. But she will do you another, which, as she has made great progress, will, in all probability, be a better one.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 29 Sept. 1792.

I had purposed writing to you before, and from Weimar; but it was quite out of the question. Every moment, in which I was fit for anything, was devoted to Goethe's society; and my purpose was to turn to account the time I passed in his company, by the utmost development of my knowledge. I must make amends for lost time in my letter from Jena.

I arrived here the day before yesterday, after spending a fortnight in his company. I am very well satisfied with my visit, and I think it has had a good effect upon me. But this, time alone can show. I shall gradually inform you of all that passed between us in our conversations; the impressions he has made upon me, and the conclusions we have arrived at. To-day I have neither time nor inclination. On my return, I found I had my hands full of work, and I am suffering from a change in the weather. Nor can I to-day answer your last letter.

I have not yet seen my wife and the little one. I expect them to-morrow. Humboldt's child has been vaccinated twice, but it did not take; so the whole operation was in vain. Your assiduity gives me great pleasure, and I trust it will continue, that we may count upon you for contributions for the first three numbers. We are going to set earnestly to work with the 'Horen.'

Farewell! my hearty greeting to Minna and Dorchén. Tell the latter that her promise has given me infinite pleasure.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 9 Oct. 1794.

My bust has arrived quite safe from Stuttgart, and is a masterpiece. All who behold it express their admiration at the likeness and the masterly execution. Dannecker purposes sculpturing it in marble, and has already ordered Carrara marble from Italy with that view. This makes him somewhat reluctant to give casts, but I hope he will let me have one. I have already written to him, asking him for one, and requesting him to send it to you direct.

My 'Letters to Denmark' occupy much of my time; nor is this my sole occupation. This is why I have not yet been able to write to you more fully, and you must have patience with me yet. I send you, meanwhile, a treatise by Goethe, which is, however, nothing more than a rough sketch for private perusal. I shall communicate to you anything else he may write or send.

We have resolved to correspond with each other on various subjects, our object being thereby to procure various articles for the 'Horen.' By these means, Goethe is of opinion that assiduity will be forced into a more direct channel; and that, without our being aware that we are working, materials will gradually be collected. As we agree on so many important points, at the same time that we individually differ so much, this correspondence may really become interesting.

He will let me see the novel he is writing as soon as each volume is finished. I am then to write him my views as to what ought to appear in the next; and how the story ought to end.

He will then study this anticipatory species of criticism before he sends his manuscript to the publisher.



Our conversations on composition gave rise to this idea, which, if carefully followed out, is capable of placing the rules of poetical composition in a very desirable point of view.

His researches in natural history, of which I shall have occasion to speak again more fully, have interested me as much as his poetical character; and I am persuaded that here also he has entered on a right path. His objections to Newton's theory of colours seem to me to be very satisfactory.

Five of Fichte's public lectures appear in print at this Fair, and I recommend you by all means to read them.

How are your literary labours and your music getting on? Materials for the first number of the 'Horen' must be ready in a fortnight. I should like to have something from you in the second number.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 17 Oct. 1794.

I rejoice at the success of your bust, and I hope Dannecker will let you have another cast. I had heard of him somewhere or other before you mentioned him to me. We stand in need of a sculptor at Dresden, and Suttgard may not perhaps suit him as a residence. I am half inclined to concoct a plan for bringing him here, as he is so well-informed and talented an artist. If Dannecker has no objection, I think the matter could be managed through Chamberlain von Rackenitz.

I impatiently await a detailed account of your stay with Goethe. His treatise contains some good ideas, especially the latter part of it. Shall I send it back to you, or may I keep it?

I expect much good from your correspondence with

him. I am glad to see that Goethe shows so much interest in finishing off his works. His latter productions struck me as rather poor,—wanting in substance.

I was astounded to hear you were already collecting manuscript for the 'Horen.' I thought nothing was to be done before Easter. But so much the better! I shall make haste and send you something. Do you purpose publishing any more numbers of the 'Thalia?' Schlegel will have a treatise ready in a day or two, which he would like to have inserted. Humboldt can show you a specimen of it.

I am still reading hard at the Greek authors. I have finished Sophocles, and am now at Pindar, who at first did not please me at all. I discovered some good poetical passages; but what gives unity to every ode—the external impulse—was repulsive to me. The Muse appears to me lowered to the condition of a slave to riches. Paid inspiration is sickening. Gradually, however, I am accustoming myself to the cast of thought of a people whose refined sensitiveness and patriotism could be inspired for physical strength and agility, and with the idea of victory before the eyes of Greece. I could then understand that poetry and music might sing the praises of those victories. And in the manner in which Pindar celebrated them, the *personal* worth of the poet transpires, which may give pleasure even to us.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 25 October, 1794.

I have not yet received Goethe's reply to my first philosophical letter, otherwise I should have enclosed you both. I prefer sending them to you, to writing to you concerning them, or I should never get out of this

circle of ideas. In these 'Letters' you will also find the most important subjects that passed in our recent conversations, as I allude to them continually.

Let me have Goethe's manuscript back again. My first contribution to the 'Horen,' the commencement of my letters, is also in Goethe's hands. I should have sent you the manuscript first, but it would have caused delay. I hope to have it back in a day or two. I am well pleased with this commencement, and I trust you will be so also. I hope you will soon have something ready for the second number, which will follow close on the heels of the first. Two more numbers of the 'Thalia' appear; one is already published, and the other ready for the press, so that I have no place for Schlegel's Treatise. But it will do for the 'Mercury.' I read his Treatise at Humboldt's, and, although I do not reject the idea, his reasoning and development of it did not quite satisfy me, and I find too much random conjecture in it.

Pindar never pleased me, and my first impression was disgust at seeing genius thus thrown away. I will sound Dannecker, but I doubt if he will leave his country; first, because he has a large circle of relations to attract him; and secondly, as he would avoid any appearance of ingratitude towards the ducal house, to which he is indebted for his entire education.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 28 October, 1794.

I send you a 'Treatise' by Schlegel,\* which I alluded

\* August Wilhelm von Schlegel, the elder of the two brothers, was born at Hanover in 1767. He spoke and wrote fluently most of the modern languages, and as a classical

to in my last. If you cannot make use of it for the 'Thalia,' give it to Humboldt. At all events, Schlegel wishes you to show it to Humboldt. I shall write to the latter soon; remember me to him.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 29 October, 1794.

I send you the first batch of my 'Letters,' which you must return to me as soon as possible, with 'Goethe's Elegies,' and one of his epistles. They will constitute the first number of the 'Horen.' In the second, I

writer of his own tongue, ranks high in Germany. He became an active and valuable contributor to the 'Horen,' of which our friend Schiller was editor. His translation of 'Shakspeare' is a masterpiece. In 1790, in conjunction with his brother, Frederick Schlegel, he started a periodical—'The Athenæum,' which appeared regularly till 1800. In 1802, he started the 'Almanack of the Muses' with Tieck. He was the intimate friend of Madame de Staël, which talented writer is said to have derived many of her ideas in her work 'Sur l'Allemagne' from the poet. He travelled with her in 1805. He was appointed private secretary to the Crown Prince of Sweden in 1813, and in 1818, Professor at the University of Bonn. About this time he visited England, to prosecute the study of the Oriental languages. He then returned to Germany, and was appointed Inspector of the Museum of National Antiquities at Bonn. In 1827, he held public lectures at the University of Berlin. He is also the author of many political works. His brother, Frederick von Schlegel, was born in the year 1772, at Hanover. He studied philosophy first at Göttingen, and afterwards at Leipzig. He married the daughter of Moses Mendelssohn. Like his brother, he was a good linguist, and is the author of many works, both in prose and verse. For some time he held public lectures at Paris. In 1801, he published a work on the 'Learning and Wisdom of the Indians.' He died at Dresden in 1829.

hope to have you for company. Let me know whether you are working at the 'Treatise on Music,' or on 'Authorship.' In haste.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 7 November, 1794.

It is a long time since anything has had such an effect upon me as your 'Æsthetical Letters.' On a first reading, I found a few things in the third and fourth letters which I thought objectionable. But the eloquence of the fifth carried me away with it, and the ninth letter gave me the most uninterrupted enjoyment. You are aware of my practice, that when I am deeply interested in a work, I am prone to criticise severely. In this instance, I have endeavoured to fathom all I found in this work which did not quite satisfy me, and I shall discuss those points with you.

You will have given 'Schlegel's Treatise' to Humboldt. If he cannot manage to procure it a place in the 'Mercury,' I shall ask Bertuch to do it for me.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 7 November, 1794.

I counted on receiving by to-day's post, the manuscript which I sent you on the 29th of October, and must entreat you to send it to me immediately, if you have not already despatched it. Cotta insists upon the publication commencing before the New Year; there is, therefore, no time to spare, as it must first pass through the hands of the Committee here, and it will be ten days on the road from this to Tübingen. Humboldt showed me your letter to him, which gave

me much pleasure, as you have told him much that is true respecting his style. I almost fear he does not possess the inborn talent that constitutes the author, and this want cannot be remedied by art. Why you do not quite come up to it, is to be attributed to your exacting too much from yourself; with him, it is the quality of the Ideal which is faulty. With you, therefore, the remedy is in your own hands; with him the task is not so easy.

Goethe has been on a visit with Meyer here, which has caused a slight interruption in our correspondence. He is much occupied in preparing a series of connected tales, after the manner of 'Boccacio's Decameron,' and which he intends for the 'Horen.' Send me back his manuscript on the 'Beautiful' by the first opportunity.

I am curious to hear your opinion on the first series of my letters. Goethe was greatly delighted with them. Herder turns away from them with disgust, as so many sins of Kant, and "pshaws" his opinion. I enclose you two of Goethe's letters, and a note from Herder, which will tell you more.

I am sorry your work for the 'Horen' is getting on so slowly, not on account of the 'Horen' (as we have materials enough for the first two numbers), but on your own account. I hope, however, you will have something ready by Christmas. The enclosed letter from Garve will show you that you need not fear his competition in the 'Treatise on Authorship,' should he ever purpose treating that subject.

SCHILLER.

Schlegel's article will appear in the last number of the 'Thalia.'

Jena, 10 November, 1794.

Your opinion of my letters gave me great pleasure; and I presumed on so much. That I have advanced as propositions many ideas of Kant without proving them, was unavoidable in so circumscribed a notice of a subject which comprises the entire man. The reader must think—for in philosophical works this labour cannot be done for him; and if the general explanations do not give him the key to the more difficult passages, it cannot be given to him at all. I do not think I have supplied uncalled-for difficulties, for the treatise is, as it were, cut out of one block. One stands for all, and all for one. The subsequent letters, moreover, consist in the development and application of the axioms herein laid down.

Truly, you have not understood rightly how I proposed the idea on authorship to you, if you are of opinion that I have exhausted the subject myself. It strikes me, that the subject is far from being exhausted; and a coincidence of opinion is rather to be wished for than to be feared. It is much better that we should work towards the same end—that we do not start from the same point:—our individuality is guarantee enough.

In the formation of a literary ideal I should recommend particular attention to the relation between the Objective and the Subjective, on which everything seemingly depends. In the intercourse with man (*In dem lebendigem Umgange*) all that is objective becomes subjective, as here the whole individual chimes in, and the effect is an individual one. As regards literary elocution, the effect is to be produced on a peculiar branch, and this branch must be studied to produce

the desired effect. At the same time, it is necessary to cause an effect upon every individual, as an individual; and this must be done through the medium of individuality. The requisition is therefore: generalised individuality. If I took up this subject, this is the main idea round which I should turn; but its riches are infinitely greater, as you will find by diving into it.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 20 November, 1794.

I have read Goethe's letters with great pleasure, and Herder's note almost with indignation. What a pitiable thing it is not to suffer any other views of a subject but his own, and out of self-complacency to shut his eyes to the merits of others. Did he find nothing else in your letters but Kant's ideas? And though he may not agree with all Kant says, can he deny the elevated flight of his philosophy—if he is at all capable of expressing an unprejudiced opinion? For he can never be accused of dullness.

Garve's letter is the twaddle of a sick man. It almost gives rise to the notion that he has been at the pains of picking out all the trivial and uninteresting points in the subject he could discover. The 'Horen' may congratulate themselves on not receiving contributions from him.

It is a pity you cannot let me see Goethe's 'Epistle' and 'Elegies' in manuscript. He seems to take a great interest in the 'Horen.' If only you and he are industrious, I have no fears for the success of the journal.

I think there is still much to be said on authorship;



but your last letter is so full of what would have given savour to my treatise, that for the present—until your letter shall have been somewhat forgotten—I shall not dare to bring my wares into the market. I am collecting materials for the 'Treatise on Music.'

Professor Erhard, who had formerly an appointment at Stuttgart, brought me your letter. I have given him all the information and counsel I could, and shall introduce him to some persons here who may be of service to him. But I see little chance for him. What he wishes to teach, every man fancies himself equally competent to teach, and as to caligraphy, writing masters abound here like sand on the sea-shore. As a schoolmaster, he would have to put up with a very moderate salary.

Humboldt has not answered me, and I almost fear I expressed my opinion too frankly. But why did he ask it of me? I esteem the man too much to tell him anything but what I think. In addition to my former observations, I may remark, that his style is very effeminate. He will always be more successful in fine and delicate outlines, than in bold and great conceptions. With Fichte, on the contrary, hardness appears to preponderate.

• What is your opinion of Goethe's novel? Is it free from a certain deadness and coldness, which I have remarked in many of his more recent productions? 'Wallenstein' seems to have sunk into oblivion—and not one word about a poem!

KÖRNER.

I wish the accompanying advertisement to appear in the 'Intelligenz-blatt:' let me know what there is to

pay. Zschiedrich, of joyous memory—who, moreover, stands high in the opinion of Wieland—wishes to become an author *incognito*.

Jena, 5 Decr. 1794.

I send you a line simply to give a token that I am alive; as I am overwhelmed with the duties incumbent on me as an editor. My 'Æsthetical Letters' for the second number of the 'Horen' have cost me much labour, and as they absorbed all my attention, to the exclusion of everything else, the announcement of the 'Horen' was postponed, which now brooks no further delay. You will see it announced next week in the advertising columns of the 'Literary Gazette.' You will appear, but under another name, which you must adopt for your articles in the 'Horen;' as it is an object to command the respect of the public by the number of our contributors. Your number is six-and-twenty.

Your letter gave Humboldt great pleasure; a journey he was obliged to make to Erfurt prevented him from answering it.

I must now entreat you not to leave the 'Horen' in the lurch, and do not deceive the hopes I entertained that the 'Horen' would offer an opportunity of procuring you an agreeable and a remunerating employment.

Goethe's epistle has left long since, and therefore I can only send it to you in print. In the first number you will find the commencement of a series of tales from his pen. But this commencement, which was intended as a sort of introduction, in nowise answered

my expectations. This is unlucky for a first number ; but it cannot now be remedied.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 12 Dec. 1794.

Let me commence by congratulating you that the vessel has been launched at last. I am very curious to see how i will be received by the public. The open and secret warfare which is now raging, is an unfavourable moment for anything that does not bear a political character. We should not, however, be discouraged, if its success during the first year does not respond to our expectations.

I am looking eagerly forward to the continuation of your 'Letters.' If possible, send me the manuscript. I will send it back by return of post.

I, myself, have not been idle, and as I have now a fortnight's holiday, and no work in arrear, I hope to complete something, if no unforeseen impediment steps in between. But I feel I must select another line if I am to send many contributions. You once mentioned biographies. I feel half inclined to take them up. The collecting of the materials would, I think, occupy less of my time than the philosophical weaving, in the manner of Penelope. Our library would provide me with abundant materials from German history. Name a few, whose lives you think would suit the 'Horen.' I should prefer Germans and statesmen to *savants*, as the incidents in the lives of the latter are seldom interesting. In the Middle Ages, especially, many men of merit lie buried in oblivion. I am also of opinion that there are large tracts of

untrodden ground in Italian history. And some are not wanting, especially as regards the days of Dante, Petrarch, &c. I should like to hear your opinions upon this, and am, in the meanwhile, working away at my music.

I saw something the other day which struck me as well suited for the 'Horen.' Schlegel showed me a fragment of his brother's (the poet) work on Dante. There is an announcement, and an extract from it, in Bürger's Journal. There are some excellent metrical translations in it, accompanied by an historico-philosophical commentary, remarkably rich in genius and artistic lore. The spirit of the original is well preserved in the translation. I have taken upon myself to ask Schlegel, who is in Holland, through his brother, whether he will let you have the manuscript. Let me hear if you have any objection.

The 'Æsthetical Treatise' in the last number of the 'Thalia,' has many good points. It is, I presume, taken from your lectures. Your remarks on the limited powers of the human intellect are happy, and are deserving of further development.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 19 December, 1794.

I send you to-day a parcel of advertisements. Try to place them in good hands. Make Gessler one of your commissioners, as his connections may be of service to us. I do not think I shall be able to send you my letters in manuscript; I cannot get them ready for a week, and Cotta must have them three weeks hence. Your reproach that I am treading in Kant's footsteps, will be more applicable to this second part than to the first; but it could not be avoided; the development of

the last causes demanded it. I, however, trust that I have observed a greater simplicity throughout than people have hitherto been accustomed to.

I thank you much for the trouble you have taken about Schlegel's 'Dante.' It is a valuable contribution to the 'Horen.' I have made over his brother's Treatise to Biester, as he offered more than I could; nor was there room for it in the 'Thalia.'

Let us soon see some of the fruits of your labours. I should be glad to see you take up biographies. You could do so with great success, but I have a presentiment that you will not carry out the project. Experience has taught me that the preparatory labours for an historical work are most discouraging, and an immensity of time is lost. You would soon find that your time might be better employed; and the tediousness of the work, before any result is obtained, would soon disgust you. You might, perhaps, take a greater interest in characteristic sketches of men of great genius, especially of poetical genius; here everything stands in close connection with something great and important, which keeps the mind continually on the stretch; and this is the very point on which your ideas continually turn. Even something more general would suit you; for example, on poetical genius, on the distinctions of minds, on creation and enjoyment, &c. &c.

You will receive a cast of my bust without fail, and before the month is out. The cast is already made; Dannecker writes me that he has only to give it a last touch. Meyer and Goethe both express their admiration of it.

The other day Goethe sent me a few stray sheets of his novel, which have really surpassed my expectations. It is a true representation of himself; calmer and colder,

it is true, than in 'Werther,' but true to the life, and of the richest simplicity. Sudden sparks of the youthful and enthusiastic past flash at times in the work. As far as I have read, a calm, clear, and cheerful system of reasoning pervades the whole, which is written with a sincerity that shows how entirely he was wrapt up in his work. I think I may count upon him. I have left you out, as I did not like to give you a false name.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 26 December, 1794.

The style of the announcement pleases me, and it is perhaps one of the first advertisements that ever had any artistic merit. I shall send it to Gessler, who will take an interest in it; but it will scarcely please his Silesian neighbours, if nothing is said in it about dung and ploughshares. I hope, moreover, soon to see him here.

Amongst the contributors, the name of Dr. Gros is alone unknown to me, unless he be the so-called Marquis de Grosse, author of 'Genius.' I was astonished to read Funk's name. As an author he is certainly unknown, and he always desired to remain *incog*. His vanity, however, flattered at his name appearing in such good company, may outweigh his political reasons.

I hope soon to be able to send you Schlegel's Dante. The other Schlegel would have preferred seeing his article in the 'Thalia' than in the 'Monthly Review.' He did not care about remuneration.

You may be right in saying that the hunting up of historical matter is not adapted to me. Historical essays should, in fact, only be written at Göttingen.

Your propositions please me, and I trust soon to do something of the sort ; but I shall first work out the philosophical matter I have already collected, for which I have three treatises in view :—

1. On the limits of doubt.
2. On the involuntary tendency of ideas.
3. On the use of principles in philosophy.

These occupy my time just now, and I hope soon to be able to send you something. My materials will soon be in order ; and I shall aim at the greatest clearness and precision of form, avoiding technicalities as much as possible.

We look forward with pleasure to your bust ; I feared Dannecker might have made objections. It is vexatious that I cannot see the continuation of your 'Letters' in manuscript. Perhaps you can manage it, if they are ready sooner.

I look upon the Coadjutor as a dangerous contributor. He writes a great deal, but not always with the best success ; at the same time, nothing he sends can be rejected.

Is Humboldt ready with his 'Treatise on Woman,' or has he been working at something else ?

KÖRNER.

Jena, 29 December, 1794.

Many returns of the new year, which I trust will have found you and yours in good health. I must, however, commence it by being hard upon you, in my quality of Editor. If you can, within three weeks, let me have an article for the 'Horen,' you will relieve me from a great embarrassment. Notwithstanding our grand announcement, our worthy contributors are few enough, and one half of them are

not to be counted upon this winter. I am, therefore, in a dilemma in the very first number, as Goethe and I are almost the only contributors to it; and unhappily Goethe does not give the most exquisite, nor I the most reasonable articles. Goethe's tales and my letters constitute the main portion of the first number, and these tales, as you are aware, do not come up to his other works. We must, therefore, look for a variety of good things, even should they not be of the most popular description; and I look to you for help. Goethe will not have his elegies inserted in the first number; Herder will wait till two or three numbers have appeared; Fichte is overwhelmed with lectures; Garve is laid up; Engel is lazy; and the others are silent altogether. I exclaim, therefore: "Master, help me, or I sink!"

Let me hear then, by return of post, that I may expect an article from you at the above-mentioned date. If you will do so I will postpone sending my letters to Cotta, and let you have them in manuscript. I also beg of you to let me know when I may expect to receive Schlegel's 'Treatise on Dante,' which will be most welcome. If you can let me have it at once, I should be able to let it take precedence of my letters.

Humboldt sends you, herein enclosed, a letter from Biester, respecting the other Schlegel's affairs. There would have been really no place for his article in the 'Thalia,' as Göschen insisted upon the last number being smaller. The Dr. Gros mentioned in the announcement, is the same Marquis Gros of whom I have often written to you—one of the clearest heads and deepest minds I have ever met with. He is at present studying jurisprudence at Göttingen. We have nothing to fear from the Coadjutor just now; he



has his hands so full of other matters that he has no time for writing. Owing to my peculiar connection with him, I was called upon to pay him the compliment.

The materials you have selected for your labours have aroused my interest. The first two subjects especially so: the limits of doubt and the involuntary tendency of ideas are of the highest order. If you could manage one of these at once, it would indeed be something. Otherwise I should prefer an article on music. In the first number you will find a treatise by Professor Meyer, of Weimar, (Ideas on a Future History of Art), which I was obliged to add, as the manuscript on hand was not enough. This treatise, which in point of language I found it necessary somewhat to alter, is a work of merit, and will afford you pleasure. It is rare that a man like Meyer has the advantage of looking about him in Italy, or that a person visiting Italy should possess so much artistic knowledge. Such a work is therefore valuable; as strange things must have co-operated to make it possible.

Humboldt's Treatises (for there are more than one) on Women, are no mean addition to the 'Horen.' He treats this subject really in a masterly manner, and I am convinced that nothing so connected has ever been written on the subject. His style has lost in some measure its former dryness and rigidity. There is a great and beautiful idea in his definition of the sex and of production, which he carries throughout the whole of nature,—even through the mind of man and the mental productions of genius. As soon as he has completed it, he will send it to you.

As regards my own labours, I feel satisfied with myself. My system is approaching a greater consis-

teney and maturity, which promise solidity and duration. The whole is well linked together, and a simplicity reigns throughout, which is evident to myself by the greater facility I find in the working out of it. The system turns upon the idea of reciprocal action between the Absolute and Finite—of the definitions of liberty and of time—of action and of suffering. But I will not anticipate.

Fare right well ! My wife sends her best greetings to you and yours. My little son is fresh and healthy, and is the joy of my life. Notwithstanding my cramps, I never felt so well in mind and heart. In other respects my health is tolerable enough,—at least not so bad as to cause any material interruption of my labours.

SCHILLER.

1795.

'The Horen'—First contributions—Goethe at Jena—'Wilhelm Meister'—Circulation of 'The Horen'—Körner writes a 'Treatise on Music'—Schiller's opinion of it—Körner's opinion of 'Wilhelm Meister'—Fichte's fundamental principles of Science—Voss volunteers his services as contributor to 'The Horen'—Dorchen as an artist—The Duke of Weimar doubles Schiller's allowance—Kant writes to Schiller—Goethe a constant visitor at Schiller's house—'Prometheus unbound'—'The Water-Tub'—Schiller changes his apartments at Jena—'Individual Destiny'—Matthisson—The second volume of 'Wilhelm Meister'—Körner purposes writing a critical review of Shakspeare's comedies—The 'Terpsichore'—Romance and the Drama—Goethe's Elegies—Names of the authors of the articles in the fifth number of 'The Horen'—The seventh number—'The Ideals'—The Power of Song—Woman's worth.

Dresden, 2 January, 1795.

Only a few lines, if but to tell you that I am not deficient in good-will to help you in your dilemma. I have laid metaphysics aside, as it would be impossible for me to write either of the three treatises I mentioned in so short a time. But on a close investigation of my materials, I found enough musical matter prepared to send you an article on the 'Ideal Character of Musical Productions.' I shall set to work at

once, and if it is not finished in three weeks, my assiduity must not be brought in question. I shall endeavour to avoid all long digressions. But I know enough of myself from experience, to counsel you not to place too much reliance upon me. I think I shall be able to tell you a week hence whether I shall be ready with it or not.

Schlegel has written to his brother respecting his 'Treatise on Dante,' and expects an answer by every post. Meanwhile, he is having the manuscript copied, so that he may be able to send it to you at once, should his brother agree to it. I rejoice at the healthy tone of your letter. Such a proof of your good spirits was an agreeable new year's gift to me. This year I hope to make a step in advance in my authorship.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 5 January, 1795.

Your letter, which I have just received, rejoiced me exceedingly, as it is written in a gay and joyous spirit, and makes me hope that I may soon receive something from you. To show you at least how grateful I should be for something, I send you a portion of my letters to satisfy your curiosity—I say a portion; for I have three other letters ready; but, as you will find, as this series closes well with the seventeenth letter, I keep the three others back for the next number. From what I send, you will be able to form an idea of my views. I do not deny that I am satisfied with the result: on no previous occasion have I succeeded in establishing so perfect a unity in the connecting links of a system, and I must avow that I regard the reasons

I bring forward, as conclusive. I beg of you, therefore, to make a fierce attack on any weak point you may perchance discover; each of your attacks will render me now good service, and heighten the perspicuity of my ideas.

You must put up with the abstract style, which assuredly has much flesh and blood in it for a theme of this description; for I think I have stood on the very outermost limits, and I could not well have deviated from the severity of the language without weakening the strength of the arguments. If, however, you should discover a word or an expression capable of being exchanged for something more familiar, I beg of you to point it out to me. I will do all that my humanity will allow me to do. You can keep the manuscript for two or even three days, but then return it to me, as the publisher will not be put off any longer.

You will also have received Humboldt's first article. If you have time—and for that purpose you may keep my letters a post-day longer—criticise him pretty sharply. You will render him and the 'Horen' a great service. Give my kind remembrances to the women, and a greeting to Schlegel. I entertain great hopes of him in time, when his ideas, in which he is rich, shall have run themselves clear, and form shall have gained the supremacy over matter.

SCHILLER.

Goethe will be here in a few days, and will remain probably three weeks. It will be a pleasant time for us. How I wish you could share it!

I enclose you Humboldt's article. Let me hear your full opinion of it. You may keep it over one post-day,

but no longer. Let me know as soon as you can how much space Schlegel's 'Treatise on Dante' will occupy.

Be so kind as to note down also the date on which you receive my letters. I should like to make out which post-day is most expeditious. I sent you my packet of letters yesterday, the 6th instant.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 11 January, 1795.

It was a kind act on your part to send me your 'letters.' I never read anything on this subject which gave me greater satisfaction. The form, it must be remarked, is not so attractive as in the first letters. But here the subject is too seriously considered not to cause a loss of beauty of style. I do not think it deserves the reproach in want of clearness and precision, but of a certain hastiness arising out of earnestness for the work. The continual recurrence to abstract ideas will tire the general reader. If it was desirable to create an impression by a first reading, it would be as well to make a few more breaks in it, and to introduce an example *in concerto*, to make an idea more tangible.

The contents are deserving of serious investigation, in which I cannot enter now, as it would take me away from my own work, which is approaching its termination. You will find much in this treatise to harmonize with your own ideas, so that of all men I ought to be the last to have any objection to make to it.

Two sheets are ready. Plan and subject are in order. As far as a man may rely upon things of this sort, I

think I may promise you the article by the end of the fortnight. I enclose you the commencement of Schlegel's 'Dante.' I will send the remainder of the manuscript by next post. The author makes it over to you with pleasure.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 16 January, 1795.

Humboldt's treatise, which left Jena on the 7th, did not reach me till the 13th at noon. Your letters, which left on the 6th, arrived on the 9th. There seems to be matter of high value in Humboldt's work. Delicacy and feeling are prominently visible. A few objections might be raised against the style. But he had many unavoidable and combined difficulties to contend against. The subject will not stand too much precision, and the greater the view it embraced the less possible was it to avoid the use of general ideas. The abstract ideas in the treatise would fatigue the general reader. The school-taught thinker would perhaps here and there demand more explicit language, although the very nature of the subject only allows at times of hints being thrown out.

Such a subject would appear to great advantage in a poetical form, or at least in one in which the personality of the author would be brought into play. Inspiration must pave the way to investigation. This is the case in some parts of the work, but I should like to see it prevail throughout, especially in the first part.

A calm and simple style is undoubtedly preferable, when full instruction can be given on any subject. But here the mysteries of moral and physical nature are not to be entirely revealed. The intention of the work is to point out certain coincidences, to hint at a

certain connection, and to enlarge the views of the natural philosopher. The starting point is neither on general ideas nor on experience alone. It is only the finest aroma of experience that is serviceable, and this again must be met half-way with a sort of contemplation by ideas of the highest abstraction.

If the style were to be simply didactic it would have perhaps been better to have started from the moral and æsthetical analogies between the two sexes, and then to have risen gradually higher—until an expansive view was obtained of the connection of the laws of Nature. Expression and punctuation are faultless. More diversity in the length of his sentences might perhaps be an advantage. Nor is it wanting in euphony.

Enough for to-day. I must to my music, in which I have made some progress.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 19 January, 1795.

I have this moment despatched my letter to Cotta, without attending to your observations. Your remarks of a certain hastiness may not be unfounded, but I think that this, as also the dryness of the eleventh and twelfth letter, is greatly obviated by continual references to contemplation and experience. That the Treatise in its present form is clear enough, even to men who are not followers of Kant, was proved to me in a very interesting manner last night. I read it aloud to Goethe and Meyer, who have been staying here for the last week, and both of them evinced an interest throughout which is seldom extorted by a mere piece of oratory. You know cold-blooded Meyer, who is usually circumscribed within his own peculiar radius; but in this instance he followed



the thread of the speculations with an attention, constancy, and interest, which quite astonished me.

I entirely coincide with all your remarks on Humboldt's work, but I am of opinion that in all your criticisms on works of this description, you think too much of the common reader, or have, at least, too good an opinion of the public taste of our day, than ought really to be the case. There are but two cases: people must either have a polished taste, and such a taste pardons readily slight deviations from form; and whoever does not possess taste, must submit to a little mental exertion, as the subject must here always take precedence of the form. I am very desirous to see your 'Treatise on Music.' Goethe is also anxious to have a sight of it. You have, doubtless, seen his 'Meister,'\* as it is already published.

The reason why you have not received the bust is, that the cast was a failure; but a new one has been taken, and you will soon receive it. Dannecker wishes you to have a perfect one, and works away at it after the rough cast is made. In ten days, the 'Horen' will be here, and in thirteen days, with you. Many thanks for Schlegel's Treatise. It is a great acquisition for the 'Horen.' The first half shall appear in the third number. My Carl was vaccinated four days ago, and I am in a state of nervous anxiety about him. The epidemic is very mild, and he enjoys excellent health.

SCHILLER.

\* 'Wilhelm Meister.'

Jena, 25 January, 1795.

I send you the first number of the 'Horen.' I hope the look of it pleases you. I wished it to be more solid than elegant, and think it has that appearance. I tremble for your criticisms on the last two articles. The 'Epistle' will please you.

I think I may count upon your Treatise for the third number. You have, if necessary, fourteen days before you, from the date of this letter. I need not write anything in that case for the third number, and shall give four or five sheets at once, with Goethe's 'Elegies' in the fourth. Goethe styles this fourth number the Centaur, as his 'Elegies' will afford a singular contrast to my philosophy. The 'Horen' is selling well. Each post brings me word that, even in the small towns, many copies are ordered. Cotta says he is well satisfied, and augurs a splendid sale from the orders he has already received. So my calculations were not so far wrong after all. My Carl will have the small-pox sure enough; to-day—the ninth since he was vaccinated—fever has commenced. As yet it is by no means of a malignant nature, and his health hitherto makes me hope that he will escape with a mild attack.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 24 January, 1795.

I send what I promised. I am curious to hear your judgment. There is much that stands in need of greater development, especially in the latter part. I purpose doing so some day. I am not quite satisfied with the language, but cannot make any more alterations in it. On the whole I think I have improved

in style. During the progress of this work, I have collected materials which I cannot make use of now; but which I may make available some day or other; for example, something on the art of dancing.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 5 February, 1795.

Only two words to-day to tell you that your 'Treatise' has given me great delight. It contains glorious ideas, which are as rich as they are original, and give me twofold pleasure, as they so unexpectedly harmonize and confirm me in my own ideas on Art.

I am even now occupied in noting down a few ideas which this Treatise has given birth to within me, as also a few objections I have to make to it. They regard the middle of the Treatise, which neither I nor Humboldt can quite understand, and which perhaps might be remedied. Time and leisure are at your command, as it is too late for insertion in the second number; and if I send it off from this, eighteen days hence it will be in good time for the third. I will send it to you by next post, with my observations.

It is very well written, in manly, calm, and firm language; only, as I observed above, it is deficient in clearness towards the middle, which may be attributed probably rather to the omission of some necessary sentences than to any fault in the language. I should like your first Treatise in the 'Horen,' to proclaim you at once a master in the art; and this Treatise combines all the requisites to do so if you will relieve it from the obscure passages. Nor would it do any harm if you were now and then to enter into fuller details, and bring the subject under closer contemplation. Humboldt and myself are also of opinion that some of the

general ideas might be passed over more lightly, but of this more in my next.

My Carl is getting on bravely. The virus took very well; but he had very little fever, and did not suffer much, although he cut a tooth at the time. It was with some hesitation that I agreed to his being vaccinated, owing to his teething; but Stark never let me alone, and now I thank him for it. The little fellow is all life and gaiety again, just as if nothing had happened. Humboldt's child is also getting on famously.

Another word about the 'Horen.' Herder has promised a contribution for the third number, and Engel has already sent one, much in the style of the 'Philosopher of the World.' Both of these, with Schlegel and Goethe, will keep you company in the third number. I shall not appear in it. You can show the enclosed letter of Herder's to Schlegel; but let me have it back as soon as Schlegel has read it. Cotta is well pleased with the sale of the 'Horen.' He writes me word that, since the 25th of January, he has received orders for more than a thousand copies. You have not yet said one word about the first number, which you must have received before now.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 10 February, 1795.

I wish you joy on your youngster being out of danger! I should not have had the courage to risk vaccination during teething time. We all rejoice that your anxiety is relieved. Say many kind things from us all to your Lottchen. Remember us also kindly to Humboldt. That my Treatise pleases you, will encourage me to send you something else. I will readily make any alterations where you may think them de-

sirable. I must confess that I trembled for the after-filing, and that is why I sent it to you as soon as the last line was written. When I see it again I shall perhaps find many things to alter.

I have received the 'Horen,' and think its first appearance in public respectable. Goethe's epistle is full of original humour. Cotta, however, would hardly be satisfied if the subscribers did not pay him, for fear of coming under the lash. The sketches of a 'German Emigrant' bear evidences of Goethe's pen, and contain happy passages; but they cannot be placed in comparison with 'Meister' (Wilhelm) which I am now reading. The last article is dry, especially the commencement of it; but it contains many good and fruitful ideas. The style is manly and serious, and makes me almost guess Fichte to be the author.

'Wilhelm Meister' has quite surpassed my expectations. I know of few compositions where the objective reigns so powerfully; the most vivid description of passion, and the calm simple tone of narrative, are most beautifully contrasted. Many passages are powerfully written and may compete with Werther;\* and how rich in character, what depth of thought and expression, which are not to be found in Werther. The second volume will doubtless be published at Easter.

The success of the 'Horen' might have been expected. They seem now to be fairly launched, and interesting contributions cannot fail to pour in from all quarters. I did not expect anything from Engel so soon. Herder seems to me to have reconciled a dose of hell with Kant's sins. Schlegel wrote to me the other day from Amsterdam. He purposes remain-

\* 'Werther's Leiden,' 'The Sorrows of Werther,' by Goethe.

ing there, as the family, where he is tutor, although partizans of the house of Orange, have nothing to fear from the French.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 16 February, 1795.

According to your last letter of the 5th, you proposed sending me back my Treatise, with your remarks upon it. To-day, being the 16th, it has not yet come to hand, and the accounts I hear of bad roads, of flooded rivers, and lost letters, begin to cause me some fears respecting it. Who knows? All our fine phrases may be sticking in some pool of mud somewhere between this and Jena.

I have set an air out of Goethe's 'Meister' to music, arranged for two guitars,\* an instrument which is now the fashion here, and a good accompaniment to the voice. Be so kind as to let Goethe have it by the next opportunity, and thank him at the same time heartily in my name for his work, which gave me singular pleasure. I enclose two copies arranged for the piano, one for your wife, the other for Goethe.

I return you, at the same time, Herder's letter. Schlegel is of opinion that the favourable reception of 'Dante' will give his brother the more pleasure, as the first sample of it, which appeared in Bürger's Journal,

\* *Zither* may mean the common guitar; but there is an instrument called the *zither*, the instrument *par excellence* of the Bohemian and the peasants of Bavaria. It is laid upon the table, has twelve chords, and is most harmonious. Duke Max of Bavaria is a first-rate performer upon this instrument, and often have I listened to it with pleasure in the village inns of Styria and the Tyrol.

attracted little attention. Another number of the 'Horen' must soon be out. I am waiting for it with as much anxiety as a man waits for his month's salary when that same has been increased.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 23 February, 1795.

Your fears about the mud-pool are unfounded. Your work is riding at anchor with me in a safe port; and if I had thought of the risk letters run on the road just now, I should have dropped you a line to calm your apprehensions. I have not yet found a moment to note down my observations. I have been busy at a knotty point in my 'letters,' and did not like to turn to anything else until it was untied. As it would be impossible to have it ready for the third number, and there is time enough for the fourth, a few days' delay is of little consequence. It is at present in Herder's hands, and as soon as he returns it to me, I shall forward it to you, with my remarks.

I sent your music to Goethe yesterday, with your message. We do not possess such a thing as a good piano in the house, nor a good performer; otherwise, I should have had it played. My wife, who has a guitar, is to learn it.

Let us consider if we cannot manage to meet *in pleno* this summer. I, for my part, am worth nothing, except in my own house. I hope, therefore, you will make up your mind to come and pay us a visit here. Humboldt and I can lodge you between us. After Easter, I remove to Griessbach's, one of the best houses in the place, and should I not find room for you all, Humboldt can manage a spare corner. You would have the society of Fichte, Goethe, and Meyer. Should the

ladies find our learned discourse tiresome, they can enjoy the fine country. We could pass a few pleasant days at Weimar with Goethe and Herder. The former has many interesting things to show you, and would be indefatigable in doing all in his power to please you. In a word, it is worth consideration.

The next number of the 'Horen' shall be sent to you without fail on Monday next. Herder has sent me an article for the third number, which is interesting enough in its way. It is on Individual Fate. You may imagine that the undefined ideas of Man's happiness, his destiny, &c., are touched upon.

Ask Schlegel to send me the missing sheets of 'Dante' you spoke of. I shall write shortly to his brother, and beg of him to send us many contributions.

H.\* wrote to me the other day, and made many inquiries after your party. He seems well pleased with his domestic lot. He asked me not long since whether he could not come and live at Jena, as he found Switzerland too expensive. I dissuaded him from doing so, and he remains at Neufchatel. He wishes to study Kant, that he may propound his doctrines in France. He tells me he has already translated an article of Kant's (in the 'Berlin Monthly') on theory and practice.

SCHILLER.

2 March, 1795.

I have not yet found time to send you your 'Treatise.' I have been suffering the whole week from tooth-ache, until it has rendered me unfit for anything.

\* Huber.



I enclose you Herder's opinion of your 'Treatise:' a gracious cabinet-letter from his Herderisch Eminence. Goethe thanks you heartily for your sympathy with his 'Meister.' He will shortly hear your music, he says, on the stage.

SCHILLER.

10 March.

I send you a few words on your 'Treatise.' I would have willingly entered further into the subject, but it would have unavoidably led me into a lengthened investigation—no easy task on a subject so new to me; See if you can make anything out of my observations, but I recommend you, at all events, to throw more clearness into your 'Treatise,' from pages thirty to forty.

Send me the remainder of Schlegel's contribution by return of post, otherwise it will come too late to be of service. Do not forget this. The sooner you can return me your own 'Treatise' the better; the manuscript for the fourth number must leave in a few weeks.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 15 March, 1795.

I have three letters of yours before me, of which the last two came in company with the second number of the 'Horen,' and my 'Treatise.' You have, probably forgotten to put up Herder's criticisms. I looked for them in vain. I shall attend to Humboldt's and your remarks, as well as I can. It will, however, cost me some time if I am to satisfy your demands of evidence.

I believe much interesting matter might be said

upon Music, which is not contained in this Treatise ; but I expressly omitted a great deal.

It is scarcely possible to expect anything more from Schlegel's brother just now. He is still at Amsterdam, and his family have not heard from him ; in fact, all communication with those parts is intercepted. I have only received one copy of the first and second number of the 'Horen.'

Fichte's 'Fundamental Principles of Science,' contains many excellent points, which I found on the first reading. I hope I may have time to study this work.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 20 March, 1795.

It is some weeks since I heard from you ; and I am most anxious concerning you ; especially as I had requested you to send me the remainder of Schlegel's article as soon as possible. It is now too late for it, and it must either be omitted altogether, or appear in the fifth number, if it is worth while.

Get your Schlegel to write to his brother and tell him to send us all he writes. I can give him five louis d'or a sheet, which he will not get everywhere. I hope he will send us poems. I trust soon to receive your Treatise, that I may send it to the publishers. I have kept a copy of it, which I must send off if I do not receive back the original.

You will have received by this the second number of the 'Horen.' Does it satisfy you ? I have some work in store for you, which I shall communicate to you in my next. The post is leaving.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 5 April, 1795.

It is some time since I have heard from you, and I have been equally silent. I have been occupied, the last three weeks, with an 'Essay on the History of the Netherlands;' the first number of which is ready. This prevented me from any other rational occupation; but the necessity of giving variety to the 'Horen,' demanded something of this sort. I expect your Treatise by every post. I am anxious to see you launched as an author in the 'Horen.'

I send you herewith the third number, where you will find Herder and Engel keeping each other in countenance. One copy is for Schlegel. Voss has volunteered his services as a contributor, and has sent some melodies, with music by Reichardt. I have received at last a miserable piece of workmanship from the Coadjutor, which I am at a loss how to get rid of.

My portrait, by Dorchon, arrived here the day before yesterday, and gave us all infinite pleasure. Give Dorchon many thanks in my name; my wife purposes writing herself. Goethe and Meyer, who are here, were much pleased with it. You do not say whether you have received my bust. You should have received it long ago. I trust nothing has happened to it.

I wish to hear something more satisfactory about your coming here than was contained in your last letter. I have been offered a chair at Tübingen, with a moderate salary, which would be gradually increased. I refused it, however, not wishing to be bound to any fixed duties; but even without that, I should not exchange Jena, and my unrestrained mode of living, for any other place on earth. I asked the Duke of Wei-

mar to double my allowance in case I should be prevented from my literary pursuits by illness, which he granted, so that I am, to a certain extent, provided for. I have not yet received my thousand dollars from Denmark, for the last year, although the Prince wrote to me very recently.

The good folks here speak of a treaty of peace between Prussia, Hanover, Cassel, and the French, as certain. The news is from a good source; I trust it may be true, as universal peace in Germany might soon follow.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 10 April 1795.

I am glad the bust has arrived safe, and that it pleases you. A few words from you to Professor Dannecker would please him very much.

I am desirous to receive back your Treatise; but do not hurry yourself. Luckily I have the first part of the manuscript in my hands; if I have the other by the 21st of April, it is time enough.

The number in which it will appear will be a rich one—it will contain eight distinct essays. Kant has written me a very friendly letter, but begs for a delay in sending his contributions. He purposes writing to me about my 'Æsthetical Letters'—which he praises highly—when he has studied them more. Meanwhile, I am glad we have induced the old bird to join us.

Goethe has been here for the last fortnight, and comes to us regularly every evening, when all sorts of matters are discussed. He is at present occupied in writing a tragedy in the old Greek style, 'Prometheus

Unbound.' The second volume of his 'Meister' will appear next Fair. Have you read a poem of Wieland's in the last number of the 'Mercury,' 'Die Wasserkufe' ('The Water-Tub')? It is very neat.

What do you say to a characteristic sketch of Goethe's genius, founded on all his works? Would it not be an interesting work for you? for you must now be seriously on the look-out for some subject. In three days I change my apartments, and I look forward to the change with pleasure, as I shall lead a much pleasanter life there.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 27 April, 1795.

At last I am able to send you my Treatise in its new shape. It took me much more time than I had calculated upon, and even now I am not satisfied with it.

I am very curious to see Goethe's 'Prometheus Unbound.' The news surprised me the more that I did not think it likely he would undertake such a work now. Herder's 'Individual Destiny' does not come up to my expectations. There is a leven-bitter, pompous, preaching tone about it; the whole Treatise is starched, and not like his other works. It contains some good stray ideas.

Methinks Engel has wasted too much elaborate language on an unimportant subject: the diction and style are elegant, but these were appreciated much more formerly than at the present day. People now look for something solid, and the picture must be worthy of the frame. The last article in the third

number, probably by Humboldt, contains many beauties. I remarked especially some delicately fine, and exquisite remarks characteristic of the Goddesses.

Schlegel will willingly send you more contributions. If you wish to write to him, send me your letter, that his brother may forward it.

I made the acquaintance here, the other day, of Matthiisson.\* He is a most pleasant person in society, natural without affectation. He has a fund of amusing anecdotes at his command, but I did not remark anything that could stamp him the man of genius. I have not yet seen his letters. Is it true that Fichte leaves Jena? The story goes here that he has got into ill favour with the students. It would be a great loss for Jena, and he could not better his literary position at any other University.

The peace will bring us another contributor in Funk. I only fear he will play truant to history. Your letters, he says, have greatly incited him to philosophical studies, and he made Thielemann give him all the

\* Frederick Matthiisson, whose reputation as a poet is fully established by Wieland's critique in the German 'Mercury' of January, 1789, and by a review of his poems in different numbers of the 'Literary Gazette' (1794) by Schiller, was born on the 25th of January, 1761. His description of scenery and nature is thus described by Schiller: "If we look merely for a true imitation of Nature in his descriptions of country scenery, we must admire the skill with which he knows how to bring the scenery he describes so vividly before our imagination—we fancy we behold Nature itself, and we feel as if we were allowing our thoughts to wander in the reminiscences of places we ourselves had visited." The indefatigable Döring has written a life of Matthiisson; and the travels of the latter in France, Italy and Switzerland, written by himself, are very interesting. He was a friend of nearly all the celebrated characters of his day.

works he had of Kant, Fichte, and Reinhold, which he carries about with him in his portmanteau. Kant would laugh heartily if he knew he was honoured and studied by hussars on the banks of the Rhine; and by two officers who rank high in military tactics.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 1 May, 1795.

For the last three post-days I have been impatiently expecting to hear from you, and I cannot explain your silence. Nor can I grant you any further delay with your Treatise, and must send it off on Monday the 4th of May at latest. I have not been well for the last few weeks. I have been suffering from a violent catarrh. I am only now recovering, and beginning to enjoy the fine season in my new quarters. My wife has also been unwell; the youngest alone has enjoyed good health. Goethe is still here, and we pass many a pleasant hour in each other's company. How I wish you could join our circle! Cotta, who passed through here the other day, entertains great expectations of the 'Horen.' His sale already reaches eighteen hundred copies, and he is well satisfied.

Try and take an active share in the journal. You will receive six louis d'or a sheet, and the small type will be done away with next year.

The continuation of my Letters will appear in the sixth number with Goethe's 'Elegies.' Fichte will not be here this summer. He meddled in the academical regulations, which so enraged the students, that they did all in their power to vex him, and he adopted the foolish plan of retreating; and leaving the field to that unruly set.

Humboldt purposes spending three months of this summer at Berlin. What do you say to his 'Essay on Manly and Feminine Form?'

SCHILLER.

Jena, 4 May, 1795.

To my great joy, I received your Treatise yesterday, and it leaves to-day. I have scarcely had time to cast my eyes over it, as for precaution's sake, I have had another copy taken. When I have read it in print I shall give you my opinion.

All you write on subjects of this description, appears to me substantial and correct. I shall write soon to Schlegel. Cotta will have sent you sixteen carolines for him; I pay him five louis d'or a sheet. Funk's return rejoices me. Nor am I sorry that he has given up history; he does not possess sufficient historical knowledge to write anything remarkable in history. Philosophical investigations do not require so much learned preparation, add vigour to the mind, and give greater pleasure.

I should like now to see you bring out something else for the 'Horen.' Have you hit upon anything? Think of a subject and let me know. A critical survey of the life of some celebrated poet, or something of that sort is well suited to you. I do not, however, yet know what I shall propose to you. I cannot find fault with your reasons for not selecting Goethe.

Matthisson's 'Letters' are a very mediocre production. You must have conversed with him in one of your bland humours, otherwise I doubt if you could have taken a fancy to him. I enclose a letter from Huber, which I received this morning. You will, perhaps, be glad to know how he is getting on. But



let me have the letter back, and do not forget to tell me whether Schlegel has received his money.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 8 May, 1795.

I am glad my Treatise arrived in time. I am anxious to hear your opinion of it. If Goethe is still with you, let me hear what he says about it. The 'Siege of Antwerp' is an interesting episode, which I think you have treated in a masterly manner. Sieges, generally speaking, have a greater interest for civilians than battles. The struggle of strength against strength, and the obstacles to be surmounted are more discernable. Such historical sketches will be welcome to every reader of the 'Horen.'

But what does Goethe mean by his 'Entertainments?' The first number was intelligible enough, and I recognized him in many passages. In the second number I read the first tale with some degree of interest, but I have not one word to say for the third, and what will become of it if it continues, *de crescendo*. From all quarters I hear complaints about these tales, and if I attempt to defend them, I am accused of partiality. Funk and Thielemann especially reproach me with it. I received a letter from the latter the other day, in which he speaks of your letters with the greatest enthusiasm. Humboldt's article is interspersed with some delicate touches of observation, but as a whole there is not much in it.

I have taken up the defence of Harmony against Rousseau. I should then like to turn my attention to philosophy, a field, however, where I should have to sow before I could reap anything for the 'Horen.' I

should not feel disinclined to draw a characteristic comparison between ancient and modern philosophers. As soon as I am clear respecting Kant and Fichte, I shall be at Plato.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 22 May, 1795.

With great enjoyment have I read the second volume of 'Wilhelm Meister.' What an affluence of character and situations! what vivid representations! how faithful are his observations, which are but appendages to the work! what elegance of expression and depth of colouring! Why does not Goethe exert all his powers on comedy? We are so poor in that respect.

The second volume of 'Wilhelm Meister' has made me hit upon a subject which I purpose working out—a critical review of Shakespeare's Comedies. Much has been written concerning the Tragedies, but I do not think justice has been done to the Comedies? What do you say to the idea?

Who is the poet Herder has translated from in the 'Terpsichore?' He displays much originality and many select ideas.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 2 June, 1795.

I have been suffering for the last fortnight; I was hurried with the continuation of my letters for the 'Horen,' and the bad weather gave me no peace. I am now better. My wife has had the measles, and is not quite recovered yet, though the attack was a mild one. It prevented my seeing Humboldt for twelve

days, as the measles were a barrier between us. The youngster is in good health. You must not expect much from my letter to-day; I write merely to let you know that I am still in the land of the living, and to explain my silence. Herder sent me a number of the 'Terpsichore,' which was a surprise to me. I enclose you a letter of his, in which he takes up an idea I let drop of his being reviewed by you; I should like to see you brought into contact with each other. The 'Terpsichore' deserves a good reviewer. Let me hear if you are inclined to do it.

I communicated to Goethe, who has returned here, your praises of 'Meister,' and he was greatly pleased. He will, however, have nothing to do with comedy. He says we have no social life.

In going over his manuscript for the continuation of 'Wilhelm Meister,' he stumbled upon an interesting subject, the distinction between Romance and the Drama, the principal idea of which pleased me exceedingly. The Romance, he says, demands sentiments and events; the Drama, character and action. In Romance, *chance* is allowed to play a part, but man must endeavour to give it a form. In the Drama *fate* must predominate, and man struggle against it, &c. The development of these ideas, which he entered into with me, imbues them with much truth. Voss's 'Louisa' is excellent, and gave me great pleasure.

Have you read Wolff's 'Prologomena to Homer,' in which the unity of the Homeric compositions is said to be most powerfully attacked?

Your printed Treatise in the 'Horen,' is in my hands. In a few days I shall receive the numbers that are for distribution.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 12 June, 1795.

You will have received my last packet. I hope to receive a favourable answer from you respecting the 'Terpsichore,' and should be truly glad to see you undertake it. Such a review would be well suited for the 'Horen,' and I should feel loth to let it go to the 'Literary Gazette.' It is, moreover, high time you should commence something for the 'Horen.' You must write at least ten sheets annually, and pocket three hundred dollars.

Be so kind as to forward the inclosed letter to Schlegel, with the greatest possible despatch. It is to request his co-operation in the 'Musen Almanach,' and there is no time to be lost. Let me know whether his brother has an article ready, or nearly so, which might be serviceable for the 'Horen.' Also let me know where Funk is to be found, and when he may be expected. Should you write to him, give him my kind greeting, and persuade him to write something for the 'Horen.'

SCHILLER.

END OF VOL. II.

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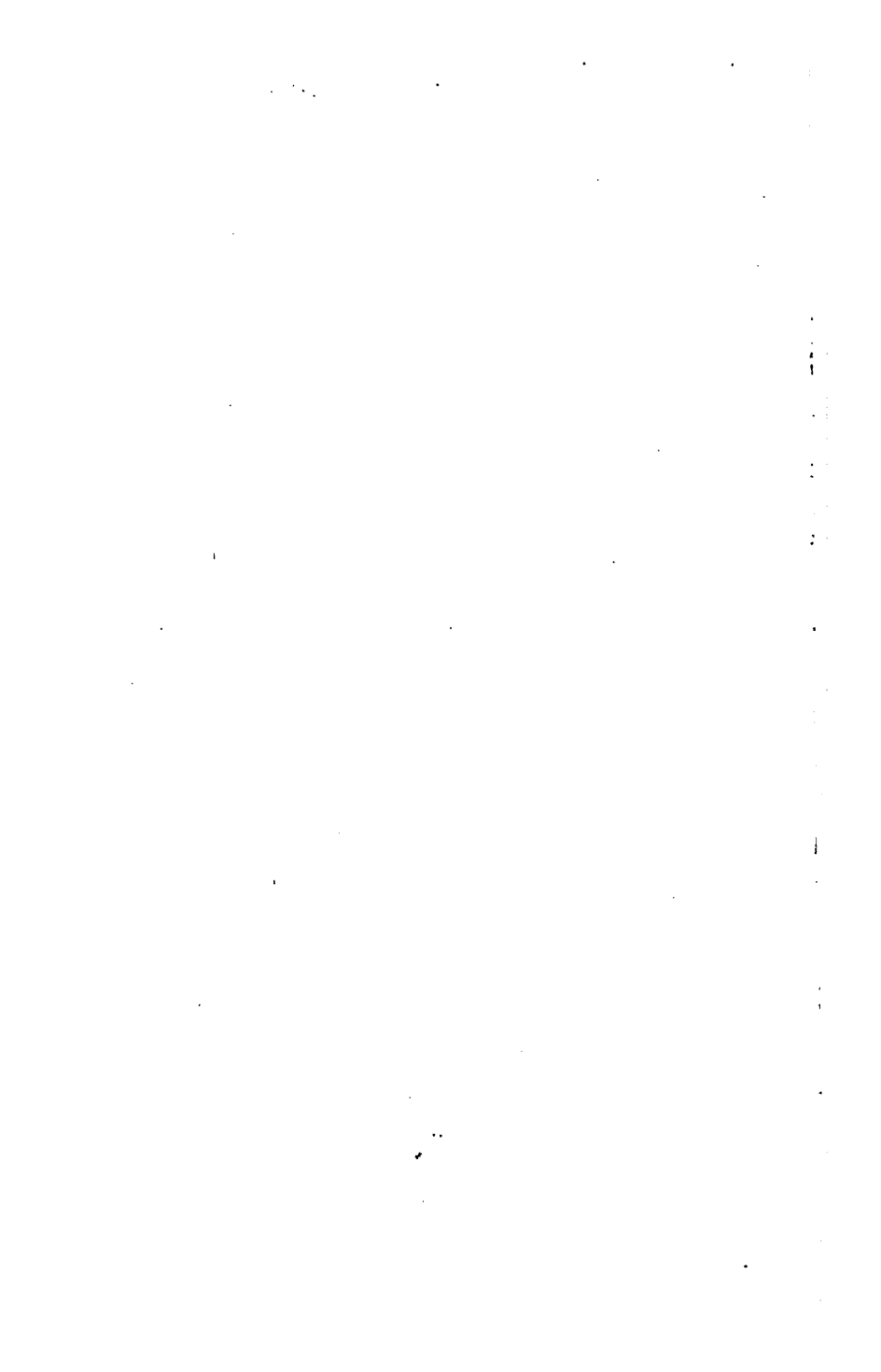
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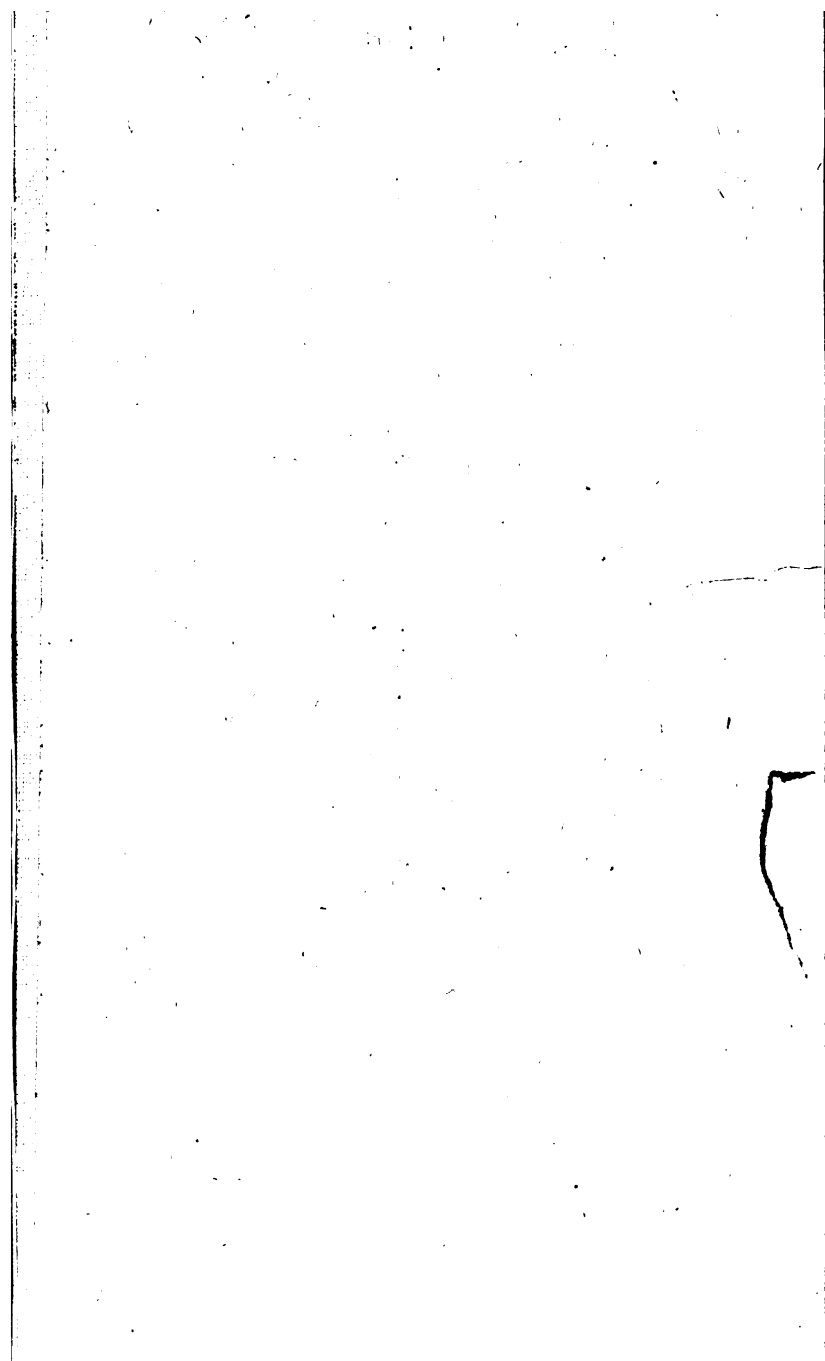
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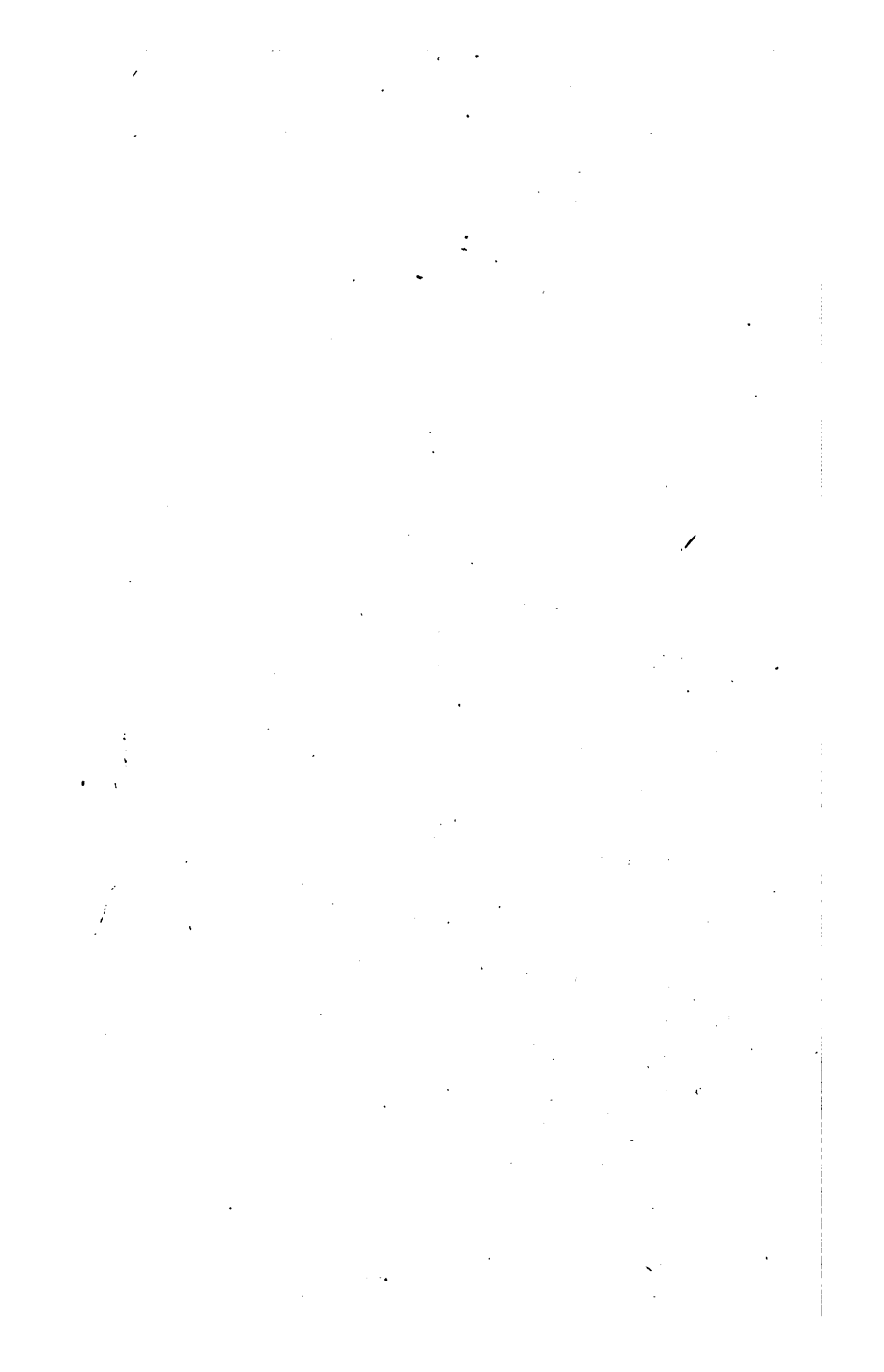
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